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EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

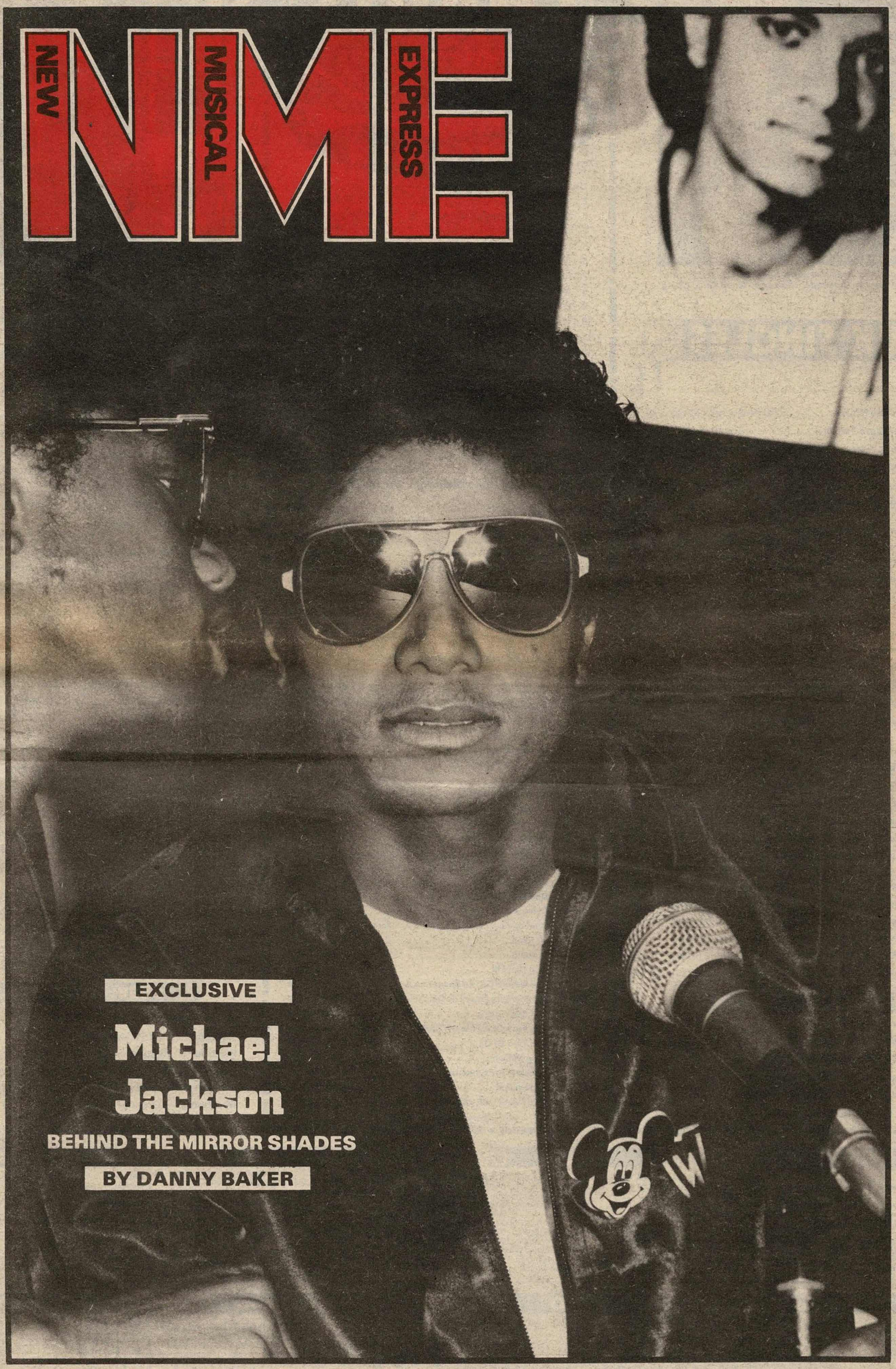
Pete Shelley — beyond Buzzcocks

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Beatles in print

Gang of Four ◆ Landscape ◆ Material ◆ Magazine

PiL, Adam & The Ants, Costello, Bizarre, Cale reviews



EXCLUSIVE

Michael Jackson

BEHIND THE MIRROR SHADES

BY DANNY BAKER

"Hey Mike, it's my turn for the Mickey Mouse badge today . . ." Brotherly ear-bashing from Randy Jackson. Pic: Joe Stevens.

Doncaster welcomes Futurism

2002 REVIEW — MAKING UP IN A TRANSIT IS HARD TO DO

366 141055

Pic: J. B. Sohiez.

The latest three Minott hero makes his mark. Sugar (nee Justa) Minott makes his first ever entry into the singles chart with 'Good Thing Going'.

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
April 4th, 1981

Pic: Santo Basone.

The League of Gentlemen — yes that's what they're calling this year's Second Division as a series of mediocre sides politely refuse to accept an unfair opportunity to enter the First Division.

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last			Weeks in	Highest
1	(1)	**This Ole House**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	4	1
2	(4)	**Four From Toyah**	Toyah (Safari)	6	2
3	(3)	**Kids In America**	Kim Wilde (RAK)	4	3
4	(12)	**Lately**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	4	4
5	(2)	**Jealous Guy**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	6	1
6	(6)	**Kings Of The Wild Frontier**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	6	2
7	(—)	**Captstick Comes Home**	Tony Capstick (Dingles)	1	7
8	(8)	**You Better You Bet**	The Who (Polydor)	4	8
9	(20)	**Einstein A Go-Go**	Landscape (RCA)	2	9
10	(7)	**Do The Hucklebuck**	Coast To Coast (Polydor)	6	5
11	(5)	**Reward**	Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)	5	5
12	(18)	**Planet Earth**	Duran Duran (EMI)	3	12
13	(22)	**Intuition**	Linx (Chrysalis)	2	13
14	(17)	**Mind Of A Toy**	Visage (Polydor)	3	14
15	(—)	**Making Your Mind Up**	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	1	15
16	(24)	**It's A Love Thing**	Whispers (Solar)	3	16
17	(30)	**What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted**	Dave Stewart & Colin Blunstone (Stiff)	2	17
18	(—)	**Slow Motion**	Ultravox (Island)	1	18
19	(11)	**I Missed Again**	Phil Collins (Virgin)	4	11
20	(23)	**D-Days**	Hazel O'Connor (Albion)	2	20
21	(10)	**Star**	Kiki Dee (Ariola)	5	10
22	(15)	**Jones v Jones**	Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	4	15
23	(—)	**Good Thing Going**	Sugar Minott (RCA)	1	23
24	(—)	**I Saw Her Standing There**	Elton John/John Lennon (DJM)	1	24
25	(—)	**Just Fade Away**	Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis)	1	25
26	(—)	**Poor Old Sole**	Orange Juice (Postcard)	1	26
27	(21)	**Ceremony**	New Order (Factory)	4	27
28	(—)	**Flowers Of Romance**	Public Image Ltd. (Virgin)	1	28
29	(—)	**Up The Hill Backwards**	David Bowie (RCA)	1	29
30	(9)	**Vienna**	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	10	1

BUBBLING UNDER

Vital Signs — Rush (Mercury)
W.O.R.K. Nah No No My Daddy Don't — Bow Wow Wow (EMI)
John I'm Only Dancing — Polecats (Mercury)
I'm So Happy — Light Of The World (Mercury)
Can You Feel It — The Jacksons (Epic)
Banal — Bill Nelson (Mercury)

US SINGLES

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	**Rapture**	Blondie
2	(2)	**Woman**	John Lennon
3	(3)	**Keep On Loving You**	REO Speedwagon
4	(4)	**9 To 5**	Dolly Parton
5	(7)	**Kiss On My List**	Daryl Hall & John Oates
6	(5)	**The Best Of Times**	Styx
7	(10)	**Morning Train (Nine To Five)**	Sheena Easton
8	(6)	**Crying**	Don McLean
9	(17)	**Just The Two Of Us**	Grover Washington
10	(12)	**What Kind Of Fool**	Barbra Streisand
11	(14)	**Don't Stand So Close To Me**	The Police
12	(9)	**Celebration**	Kool & The Gang
13	(19)	**Angel Of The Morning**	Juice Newton
14	(16)	**While You See A Chance**	Steve Winwood
15	(18)	**The Tide Is High**	Blondie
16	(11)	**The Winner Takes It All**	Abba
17	(21)	**Somebody's Knockin'**	Terri Gibbs
18	(23)	**Can't Stand It**	Eric Clapton & His Band
19	(24)	**Being With You**	Smokey Robinson
20	(26)	**Her Town Too**	James Taylor and J. D. Souther
21	(8)	**Hello Again (Love Theme From 'The Jazz Singer')**	Neil Diamond
22	(25)	**Don't Stop The Music**	Yarborough & Peoples
23	(15)	**Hearts On Fire**	Randy Meisner
24	(13)	**Treat Me Right**	Pat Benatar
25	(28)	**Just Between You And Me**	April Wine
26	(30)	**Ain't Even Done With The Night**	John Cougar
27	(42)	**You Better You Bet**	The Who
28	(34)	**Time Out Of Mind**	Steely Dan
29	(35)	**It's A Love Thing**	The Whispers
30	(20)	**Fade Away**	Bruce Springsteen

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last		
1	(2)	**Paradise Theater**	Styx
2	(1)	**Hi Infidelity**	REO Speedwagon
3	(3)	**Double Fantasy**	John Lennon/Yoko Ono
4	(4)	**The Jazz Singer**	Neil Diamond
5	(5)	**Greatest Hits**	Kenny Rogers
6	(7)	**Autoamerican**	Blondie
7	(6)	**Crimes Of Passion**	Pat Benatar
8	(8)	**Guilty**	Barbra Streisand
9	(10)	**Moving Pictures**	Rush
10	(14)	**Arc Of Diver**	Steve Winwood
11	(11)	**Zenyatta Mondatta**	The Police
12	(12)	**Back In Black**	AC/DC
13	(16)	**Another Ticket**	Eric Clapton
14	(9)	**Captured**	Journey
15	(13)	**Christopher Cross**	Christopher Cross
16	(21)	**Dad Loves His Work**	James Taylor
17	(15)	**Celebrate**	Kool & The Gang
18	(20)	**Winelight**	Grover Washington Jr
19	(19)	**Horizon**	Eddie Rabbitt
20	(17)	**Gaucho**	Steely Dan
21	(25)	**Gap Band III**	Gap Band
22	(22)	**The Nature Of The Beast**	April Wine
23	(28)	**Somewhere Over The Rainbow**	Willie Nelson
24	(26)	**To Love Again**	Diana Ross
25	(23)	**The Turn Of A Friendly Card**	The Alan Parsons Project
26	(27)	**The Two Of Us**	Yarborough & Peoples
27	(—)	**Face Dances**	The Who
28	(—)	**Sucking The Seventies**	Rolling Stones
29	(31)	**Evangeline**	Emmylou Harris
30	(30)	**9 To 5 And Odd Jobs**	Dolly Parton

US Charts Courtesy 'CASH BOX'

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last			Weeks in	Highest
1	(1)	**Kings Of The Wild Frontier**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	19	1
2	(2)	**Face Value**	Phil Collins (Virgin)	7	2
3	(19)	**Never Too Late**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	2	3
4	(4)	**Jazz Singer**	Neil Diamond (Capitol)	18	4
5	(—)	**Sky 3**	Sky (Ariola)	1	5
6	(13)	**Face Dances**	The Who (Polydor)	2	6
7	(3)	**Journeys To Glory**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	4	3
8	(18)	**Hotter Than July**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	20	1
9	(9)	**Stray Cats**	Stray Cats (Capitol)	5	4
10	(11)	**Manilow Magic**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	33	3
11	(14)	**Double Fantasy**	John Lennon and Yoko Ono(WEA/Geffen)	19	1
12	(12)	**Visage**	Visage (Polydor)	9	10
13	(10)	**Southern Freeez**	Freeez (Beggars Banquet)	8	10
14	(5)	**Vienna**	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	9	2
15	(30)	**He Who Dares Wins**	Theatre Of Hate (SSSSS)	2	15
16	(25)	**Solid Gold**	Gang Of Four (EMI)	2	16
17	(16)	**Very Best Of . .**	Rita Coolidge (A&M)	3	16
18	(21)	**20 Golden Greats**	Al Jolson (MCA)	2	18
19	(6)	**Makin' Movies**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	12	5
20	(7)	**Dance Craze**	Soundtrack (2-Tone)	7	6
21	(24)	**Moving Pictures**	Rush (Phonogram)	7	7
22	(17)	**Dirk Wears White Sox**	Adam & The Ants (Do It)	7	17
23	(15)	**Remain In Light**	Talking Heads (Sire)	6	15
24	(25)	**Guilty**	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	24	2
25	(—)	**Flesh And Blood**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	24	1
25	(—)	**My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts**	Brian Eno & David Byrne (Polydor)	2	20
27	(20)	**Another Ticket**	Eric Clapton (RSO)	4	20
28	(—)	**Toyah Toyah Toyah**	Toyah (Safari)	2	26
29	(—)	**League Of Gentlemen**	Robert Fripp (EG)	1	29
30	(—)	**Kilimanjaro**	Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

To Love Again — Diana Ross (Motown)
Intuition — Linx (Chrysalis)
Rhythm 'N' Reggae — Various (K-Tel)
Being With You — Smokey Robinson (Motown)
McCartney Interview — Paul McCartney (EMI)
Reckoning — Grateful Dead (Arista)

INDIES 33s

1 **Thirst** — Clock DVA (Fetish)
2 **Voice Of America** — Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
3 **Closer** — Joy Division (Factory)
4 **New Age Steppers** — New Age Steppers (On-U)
5 **Second City Statik** — Various (Static)
6 **Fresh Fruit And Rotting Vegetables** — Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
7 **Dirk Wears White Sox** — Adam & The Ants (Do It)
8 **Stands For Decibels** — The dB's (Albion)
9 **Unknown Pleasures** — Joy Division (Factory)
10 **The Blue Meaning** — Toyah (Safari)

INDIES 45s

1 **Just Like Gold** — Aztec Camera (Postcard)
2 **Poor Old Soul** — Orange Juice (Postcard)
3 **The Ha Ha Hee Hee E.P.** — Laughing Apple (Autonomy)
4 **Sorry For Laughing** — Josef K (Crepuscule)
5 **Rooms With Brittle Views** — Bill Nelson (Crepuscule)
6 **Tous Les Soirs** — Delmontes (Rational)
7 **Ceremony** — New Order (Factory)
8 **Do The Du 12"** — A Certain Ratio (Factory)
9 **Achieving Unity** — The Poems (Polka)
10 **Nagasaki Nightmare** — Crass (Crass)

Chart by: Mass Market, De Courcy's Arcade, Cresswell Lane, Glasgow G12 8AA

REGGAE

1. **Give Love A Try** — Trevor Walters (Nationwide)
2. **Human Life** — Ika Black (1-One-1)
3. **Tonight** — Revelation (Kingdom)
4. **Mr D.J.** — Mikey Dread (Dread At The Controls)
5. **Cruisin'** — Al Campbell (J.B.)
6. **Where Is My Man** — Christy Robinson (Student)
7. **Poor And Humble** — Wayne & Wade (Greensleeves)
8. **Be Kind To My Man** — Donna Rhoden (Santic)
9. **Riding** — Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
10. **Praise Without Raise** — Dennis Brown (Yvonne Special)

Chart by: Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W.1

DISCO

1 **Southern Freeez** — Freeez (Beggars Banquet)
2 **Can You Handle It** — Sharon Redd (Epic)
3 **It's A Love Thing** — Whispers (Solar)
4 **Somebody Help Me Out** — Beggar & Co (Ensign)
5 **Can You Feel It** — Jacksons (Epic)
6 **Don't Stop The Music** — Yarborough & Peoples (Mercury)
7 **All American Girls** — Sister Sledge (Atlantic)
8 **Time (Re-mix)** — Light Of The World (Ensign)
9 **Jones v Jones** — Kool & The Gang (De-lite)
10 **Burn Rubber On Me** — Gap Band (Mercury)

Chart by: Rainbow Soul Roadshow 01-368 9852

5 YEARS AGO

1 **Save Your Kisses For Me** — Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)
2 **You See The Trouble With Me** — Barry White (20th Century)
3 **Love Really Hurts Without You** — Billy Ocean (GTO)
4 **Music** — John Miles (Decca)
5 **Yesterday** — Beatles (Apple)
6 **I Love To Love** — Tina Charles (CBS)
7 **I Wanna Stay With You** — Gallagher & Lyle (A&M)
8 **People Like Me, People Like You** — Glitter Band (Bell)
9 **Falling Apart At The Seams** — Marmalade (Target)
10 **You Don't Have To Say You Love Me** — Guys and Dolls (Magnet)

Week ending April 3, 1976

10 YEARS AGO

1 **Hot Love** — T. Rex (Fly)
2 **Bridget The Midget** — Ray Stevens (CBS)
3 **Rose Garden** — Lynn Anderson (CBS)
4 **Another Day** — Paul McCartney (Apple)
5 **Jack In The Box** — Clodagh Rodgers (RCA)
6 **Power To The People** — John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band (Apple)
7 **Theme From Love Story** — Andy Williams (CBS)
8 **If Not For You** — Olivia Newton-John (RCA)
9 **There Goes My Everything** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
10 **Baby Jump** — Mungo Jerry (Dawn)

Week ending April 7, 1971

15 YEARS AGO

1 **The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore** — Walker Brothers (Philips)
2 **Somebody Help Me** — Spencer Davis Group (Fontana)
3 **Elusive Butterfly** — Bob Lind (Fontana)
4 **Dedicated Follower Of Fashion** — Kinks (Pye)
5 **Hold Tight** ... Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich (Fontana)
6 **Elusive Butterfly** — Val Doonican (Decca)
7 **Sound Of Silence** — Bachelors (Decca)
8 **I Can't Let Go** — Hollies (Parlophone)
9 **Substitute** — The Who (Reaction)
10 **Shapes Of Things** — Yardbirds (Columbia)

Week ending April 8, 1966

20 YEARS AGO

1 **Are You Sure** — Allisons (Fontana)
2 **Wooden Heart** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
3 **Theme For A Dream** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4 **Walk Right Back** — Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)
5 **Lazy River** — Bobby Darin (London)
6 **My Kind Of Girl** — Matt Monro (Parlophone)
7 **Exodus** — Ferrante and Teicher (London)
8 **And The Heavens Cried** — Anthony Newley (Decca)
9 **Will You Love Me Tomorrow** — Shirelles (Top Rank)
10 **Where The Boys Are** — Connie Francis (MGM)

Week ending April 7, 1961

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

CHARACTER ASSASSINS FOR HIRE

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

Beat just can't stop gigging

THE BEAT take to the road next month for their first major UK tour in almost a year. It will coincide with the release of their second album, as yet untitled, the follow-up to 'I Just Can't Stop It'. A feature of the tour will be the reduced admission price for the unemployed — tickets everywhere are at the one price of £3.50, but this is cut to £2.50 on production of a UB40 card.

Confirmed dates are Cardiff Sophia Gardens (May 2), Bristol Locarno (3), Nottingham Rock City (4), Leicester De Montford Hall (7), Aylesbury Friars (9), Hanley Victoria Hall (11), Birmingham Locarno (12 and 13), Lancaster University (15), Leeds University (16), Glasgow Tiffany's (17), Edinburgh (18), Manchester Apollo (21), Liverpool Royal Court (22), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (24), Gloucester Leisure Centre (25) and Portsmouth Guildhall (26). Several more dates have still to be finalised, including a prestige London venue.

As with their previous tour, there will be three bands on the bill. The opening spot will be filled by Nervous Kind on May 12, 21, 22, 24, 25 and 26 — with Mood Elevators taking over for the remainder of the confirmed dates. The second band will be The Au Pairs on ten of the shows, though their replacement on the rest of the gigs has yet to be named.

Although details of The Beat's new album haven't yet been announced, they have a double A-side coming out on April 10 on their own Go-Feet label — it couples two new band compositions, 'Drowning' and "All Out To Get You', and it was produced by Bob Sargeant.

The Beat *Pic: Adrian Boot*

'FASCIST GROOVE' — IBA PUT THE JACKBOOT IN

HEAVEN 17, whose debut Virgin single 'We Don't Need This Fascist Groove Thang' charted last week, have encountered some degree of the very attitude the record warns against — which is no doubt why it has dropped out of the Top Thirty this week.

Radio stations around the UK are showing a marked reluctance to play it, presumably because of its title and lyrics — and although the BBC won't officially give reasons, it's obvious that Radio 1 is not devoting air-time to the single proportionate to its success.

Bob Last of the British Electric Foundation, mentor of Heaven 17, has been told that — in the opinion of the BBC's Legal Department — the song's lyric libels President Ronald Reagan by referring to him as "Fascist". He's also been informed that, should the band wish to appear on *Top Of The Pops* they would first need to alter the Reagan reference.

Last Thursday, the band received their first official indication that radio's resistance was anything other than their own paranoia, when the IBA banned radio advertisements for the single — causing Virgin to scrap £3,000 worth of commercials. The IBA claims the lyrics breach its advertising guidelines, which state that no ad "may show partiality regarding political, religious or industrial controversy".

Heaven 17 have now recorded a slightly different set of lyrics, to remove the offending reference, in which *"Reagan, Fascist guard"* now becomes *"Stateside cowboy guard"*. They say they've consented to alter the words because they believe that radio play and *TOTP* will enable them to reach a far wider audience — who, when they buy the record, will still be getting the original version with its message intact.

"It's better than being dogmatic about it," says Bob Last. "We're not compromising what the song has to say. And we're not changing the lyrics printed on the sleeve."

Specials rally for unemployed

THE SPECIALS are to headline the benefit concert for the unemployed at London Rainbow on Labour Day — Friday, May 1. As reported by *NME* two weeks ago, this show is the culmination of a march by hundreds of unemployed from Liverpool to London. Also on the bill are Dambala, Pigbag and The People, the new outfit formed by ex-Selecters Charlie Anderson and Desmond Brown. Tickets are on sale now priced £3.50 and £3 — available from the Rainbow, the *Morning Star* (who are sponsoring the gig) and Rough Trade.

● The Specials are also lending their support to the first-ever Youth Unemployment National Rally to be held in London's Hyde Park on Sunday, April 12 (2–4 pm). UB40, Eurythmics (ex-Tourists Annie Lennox and Dave Stewart), Linton Kwesi Johnson and Matumbi are also expected to attend, though none is likely to perform.

Undertones relabelled

THE UNDERTONES are going out on an extensive tour, to mark the completion of a major new recording deal with EMI. They've been virtually inactive since leaving Sire six months ago, but have now formed their own Ardeck label which — under a worldwide licensing deal — is to be distributed by EMI. The first outcome of this arrangement will be the release of a single, still untitled, on April 21 — and that will be followed on May 4 by their new 14-track album 'Positive Touch'. Their first two albums and seven singles will be made available through Ardeck in the near future.

Their spring tour takes in three dozen dates, including two big London shows. The full itinerary comprises Glasgow Apollo (April 25), Edinburgh Playhouse (26), Newcastle City Hall (27), Middlesbrough Town Hall (28), Manchester Apollo (30), Bradford St. George's Hall (May 1), Leeds University (2), Leicester De Montford Hall (4), Derby Assembly Rooms (5), Birmingham Odeon (7), Blackburn King George's Hall (8), Nottingham Rock City (9), Liverpool Empire (10), Sheffield Top Rank (11), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (19), Brighton Top Rank (20), London Rainbow (21), Aylesbury Friars (23), London Hammersmith Palais (24), Norwich East Anglia University (25), Ipswich Gaumont (26), Coventry Tiffany's (28), Cambridge Corn Exchange (29), Swindon Oasis Centre (30), Reading Top Rank (31), Swansea Top Rank (June 1), Bath Pavilion (10), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (11), Portsmouth Guildhall (14), Malvern Winter Gardens (16), Cardiff Top Rank (17), Bristol Colston Hall (18), Torquay Town Hall (19), Northampton Lings Centre (20), Guildford Civic Hall (21) and Poole Arts Centre (22).

STOP PRESS

Baker for PiL

GINGER BAKER, legendary drummer and founder member of 'supergroup' Cream, has joined Public Image Ltd. He is now in intensive rehearsal for the band's soon-to-be-confirmed tour of Northern Ireland.

PiL's PR Keith Goodchild told *NME*: "John (Lydon) and Keith (Levene) were concerned about their ability to reproduce the extensive percussive effects from 'Flowers Of Romance' in a live performance situation, and they wanted the best in the business — we've got Ginger."

Negotiations are in hand for suitable Ulster venues, and Baker has apparently suggested that some of the talented drummers he discovered while living in Nigeria should accompany the PiL tour. If there is any problem with work visas, then the resident percussionists with the *Ipi Tombi* musical will take their place.

BOW WOWS RESCHEDULE

BOW WOW WOW are, after all, playing a handful of dates this month - all that remains of what was intended to be an extensive UK tour. As previously reported, the schedule has been decimated by the unwillingness of any record company to subsidise the cost of a tutor and chaperone for singer Annabella, while the band was on the road - and the remaining dates are near the group's home base. They are Nottingham Rock City (Tonight, Thursday), Lincoln Drill Hall (April 9), Birmingham Odeon (10), Northampton County Ground (11) and London Strand Lyceum (12). Subway Sect have been booked as special guests at the Lyceum.

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EUROBORES MEET THEIR WATERLOO

By EAMONN McCANN

MORE THAN 1,000 Irish gardai (police persons), some accoutered with Uzi sub-machine guns, have been deployed in this terrorised town to protect the 20 entrants for Saturday's Eurovision Song Contest — from, it is reasonable to assume, music lovers.

Meanwhile a number of warm human beings including Mr Smiley Bolger, a middling charismatic rock entrepreneur and poet, have gestated the First International Alternative Song Contest Organisation, which was set on Tuesday night to present 13 entitely new rock outfits competing in McGonagle's — an overground cellar with strobe lights which serves as the town's only regular rock venue — for the title of Best Bad Song of the Year.

"My mission," claimed Mr Bolger, "is to protect the indigenous rock and roll culture of the plain people of Ireland from the multi-national threat now at our literal doorsteps. You could say that I am a committed conservationist. In fact, do say that."

Mr Bolger was at pains to make the point that writing a quality bad song is not as easy as it sounds, if it sounds easy.

"The selection committee had to rule out a number of prospective entries when we found my feet tapping," he explained.

Clear pre-gig favourite for the FIASCO award was bad song biggie Shay Healy, the man who cobbled together the appalling 'What's Another Year?', winner of last year's Eurovision in Luxembourg which has sold a saddening three million and made for Mr Healy more money than he has the energy left to count.

Healy's new group, The Royalties — it includes two old-age pensioners on triangle — essayed his latest number, 'I Don't Give A Fuck Anymore', the title of which, he says, "speaks for itself."

Another strong contender was Bernard Patrick Fallon, former self- and T. Rex publicist and non-playing member of The Plastic Ono Band. The BP Fallon Light Orchestra, including two refugees from Leeds Art College, Nasal Manning and Ms Roof Feltin, discovered by BP while busking last week outside a downtown nunnery, rendered the meaningful 'Iron Bars Do Not A Mushroom Make'.

Plus The Old Roman Thix, which has to be said quickly, with 'Behind Every Successful Woman There's A Simpering Wimp', The Mad Hooers Of Mullingar, The Half Mad Irishmen and much, much more.

"This is a healthy, clean-cut gathering of all that is best in Irish society," observed Mr Bolger. "Guaranteed no bad vibes."

Meanwhile, anxious Dublin parents are keeping their children home from school and indoors this week lest they be accosted in the streets by elements of the cloth-eared caravanserai which has converged on the town for the "official" contest. Never in its long and troubled history has the capital of Ireland hosted so awesome an assembly of deaf cretins.

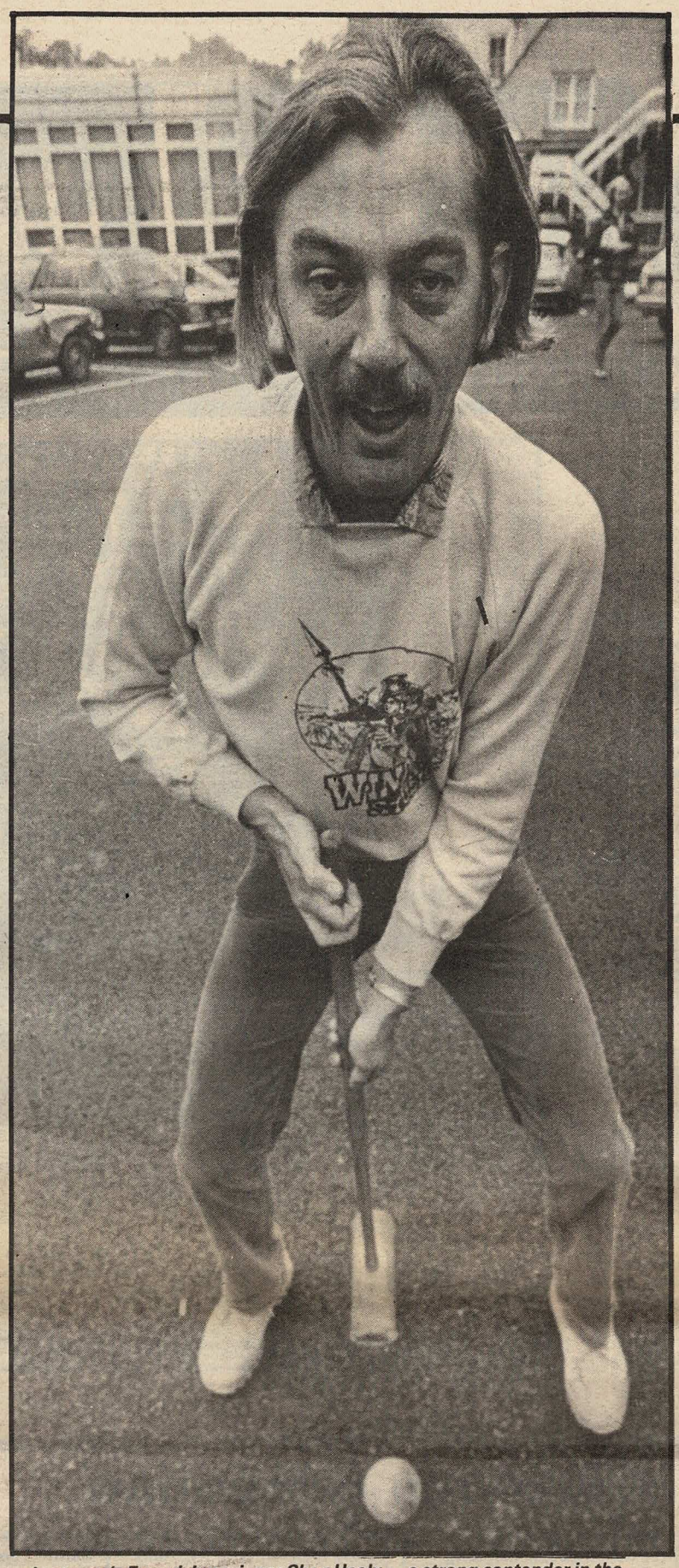
Six of the town's most over-priced hotels now feature wall-to-wall numnucks as the 19 foreign bloated "delegations" of agents, double-agents, dealers, wheelers, chancers, prancers, "singers", semi-literate mediatockrities, employees of the BBC, Buck's Fizz and other debris settle in where they can be observed from the public footpaths boasting that they once knew Cliff Richard and vomiting Guinness.

Rehearsals, run-throughs, sound(!)-checks and associated carry-on is already underway daily at the Royal Dublin Society's stadium in Ballsbridge, which is built like an aircraft hangar except that the acoustics aren't as good: a sensible enough site for the din of iniquity which is to be sent out against all Europe on Saturday night.

Climatic conditions have been in sympathetic conformity with the mood of the musical masses. Thick banks of sombre cloud began gathering above the Wicklow Hills in the middle of last week as the first batches of Eurobores jetted in. The cloud formations have now begun ominously to move across the sky billowing blackly and threatening to blot out all light and, for all we know at this stage, life, as if e'en the heavens themselves mourned for the imminent death of music.

Thus the importance of Mr Bolger's life-enhancing initiative. The city's rockers rallied to the cause, with the members and managements of established local outfits, including The Atrix and The Lookalikes, forming changing line-ups. Under FIASCO rules performers could appear in more than one of the night's band, but had to play a different instrument in each.

Tuesday's gig was also due to feature a raffle for a cake baked by Smiley Bolger's mum. Guaranteed no bad vibes.



Last year's Eurovision winner Shay Healy — a strong contender in the FIASCO stakes. Pic: Sunday World

Marley recovering

BOB MARLEY should have died three months ago, according to doctors in America. But as an outpatient in a German clinic he is making slow and painful progress in his fight against cancer.

When Marley arrived at Dr Josef Issels' clinic he was partially paralysed and unable to walk because of a brain tumour, and the cancer had spread to his lungs and stomach. When undergoing radiation treatment in New York's Sloan Kettering Cancer Institute last November, Marley was given four weeks to live.

Now, although still desperately ill, he is able to walk from his guest house in Rottach Egern (by Lake Tegern in the Bavarian Alps) to the Issels clinic, where he is showing some response to twice-daily 'heat sessions', in which the tumour is penetrated by ultra-violet beams. It is a system that's scorned by the medical establishments in Britain and Germany.

In an interview in Tuesday's *Daily Mail*, Marley said: "Like so many other patients who have come here, I was given up by the doctors to die. Now I *know* — I can live. I have proved it."

His appearance, of course, has changed dramatically he has lost a lot of weight and most of his hair — and he is not allowed to smoke or drink, but Marley thinks he has changed in other ways.

"I have gone inside myself more," he told the *Mail*. "I have had time to explore my beliefs. And I am the stronger because of it."

Roll over, ley down

ON A HEREFORD green close by the old Cathedral, an epoch-making cricket match will take place in July between the archaeological orthodoxy and a team of ley hunters.

This is a big deal — one more omen in the diamond anniversary year of ley hunting that the walls of Jericho are crumbling and the 'fringe lunatics' with their New Age theories on pre-history, are about to set up shop.

Leys were discovered 60 years ago by a monocled Hereford businessman called Alfred Watkins who found that prehistoric sites of Britain — burial mounds, stone circles — fell in straight lines. He called them leys and thought them to be old trading routes.

The Watkins thesis was laughed off campus by The Professionals, who said the ancient Briton was a disease-ridden thicko, too grotesquely stupid to survey lines across the country. It was all chance, or a trick of the light or some such bloody thing.

But 60 years on the ley argument is putting on weight. Aside from the intellectual horsepower provided by authors such as Colin Wilson and John Michel, there has been a significant increase in wet-wellie ground research, the sort not easily refuted (though easily ignored).

The sniping and backbiting continues. But at least in this diamond jubilee year it's out of the closet end, who knows, Steve Hillage and half a million damaged hippies might yet be vindicated.

Current issue of *The Ley Hunter* features a full debate with the orthodox views of archaeologist R. C. Atkinson for the Good Guys and Michel answering back for The Heretics. Michel thinks he can score a finite victory in the July cricket match if only he can turn up some West Indian ley hunters in time. And bowl out the opposition straight and true.

— ANDREW TYLER

No one is innocent

(Biggsy and the rockbiz: Pt 501)

A FRACAS at Morton's Club in Berkeley Square last December resulted last week in charges of actual bodily harm against Denny Laine of Wings and John Miller — ex-Scots Guardsman, one-time manager of The Vortex, all-round security person (most recently on Alex Harvey's 'comeback' tour), and kidnapper of Ronnie Biggs. Terry Draper, a former assistant of Miller, is also charged with ABH; Jock McDonald, self-publicist, manager of The 4 Be 2s and vocalist with The Bollock Bros, faces the more serious count of Grievous Bodily Harm.

All except Miller (who was still then in Barbados) appeared at Marlborough Magistrates Court last Tuesday and were remanded on bail. The case will not now be committed to the Crown Court till April 15 — this wasn't so much due to Miller's absence as to the fact that more serious charges of affray are to be brought and more time is needed to deal with committal proceedings.

When Miller finally appeared at Marlborough St on Saturday, he was remanded on £5,000 bail — and given a heavy police escort, allegedly because of death threats from underworld elements displeased with his recent venture.

It's still unclear who financed the Biggs operation (Miller has been claiming supplementary benefit!). Richard Branson of Virgin was definitely approached but refused to give any finances. The company have got in on the act, though, and are rush-releasing Tommy Wisbey's — and other Great Train Robbers' — rendition of 'Ronnie Biggs (He Was Only The Teaboy)', recorded two years ago. Profits will supposedly go to friends looking after Biggs' son in Brazil.

Over the next few months it will be interesting to see what repercussions these intertwined affairs have on the music business. Events surrounding the court hearings may be a pointer to farcical things to come. For example . . .

Denny Laine's solicitor asked permission for his client to leave court by the back entrance in order to avoid newshounds. Court officials refused the request, but the solicitor needn't have bothered: Laine left the building a relatively lonely man as reporters flocked to Jock McDonald. In the pub nearby he regaled them with stories about Miller ("a ladies man . . . with an unbelievable collection of porn") and proffered the address of Miller's wife to any newspaper who'd respond by giving The 4 Be 2s a plug.

Will The Bollock Bros be releasing their 'Plastic Gangers' ditty as a single?

— PAUL TICKELL

Zerox Ant draws a zero

MEET THE Mysterious Kristo: man of a thousand faces, wind-up artist extraordinaire . . . and would-be April Fool's day hoaxer (failed).

Chris Hughes (alias, he says, Kristo John Hughes) is a performer of many talents, impersonation amongst them. However, he is not — repeat NOT — to be confused with Chris Hughes (alias Merrick), drummer and producer of Adam And The Ants.

A phone-call to *NME* was all it took for Chris 'Kristo' Hughes to secure an interview — in the sedate surroundings of Wimbledon Golf Club, no less. The subjects for discussion were to include Mr Hughes' approach to production work (with the Ants and others), to sleeve design (for Dalek I) and his role within the group itself, as co-drummer. Gambling, successfully, that I wouldn't know what the real Chris Hughes looked like (well, own up, do you?) the other Chris Hughes greeted me at the door. And, after ferrying drinks from the club bar to the private members' room, he began to hold forth upon the state of the producer's art.

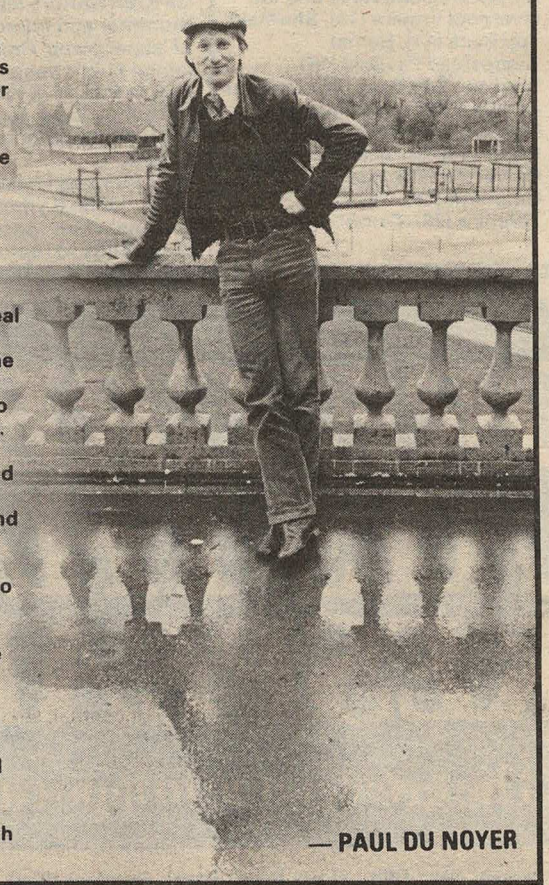
Although apparently knowledgeable in almost all aspects of the music business, he did prove oddly evasive when quizzed upon specifics, relying instead upon a quick mind and agile tongue to construct a smokescreen of distraction and incidental detail around the topic at hand. And slowly, the facade started to crumble . . .

A couple of cross-checks later, Kristo stood revealed, yet unrepentant, for the imposter he was . . . and not too disappointed, he says, that his prank (scheduled for this edition, appearing April first) would not be seeing the light of day.

"I was good though, wasn't I?" He was. And what's more: "Never mind, you'll be hearing from me again. I'll be back."

I think he will. Read all future interviews with *extreme* caution. We have been warned . . .

— PAUL DU NOYER



Chris (aka Howard?) Hughes — the great pretender . . . Pic: Pennie Smith

THE CHANGING GUISES OF GARY TIBBS

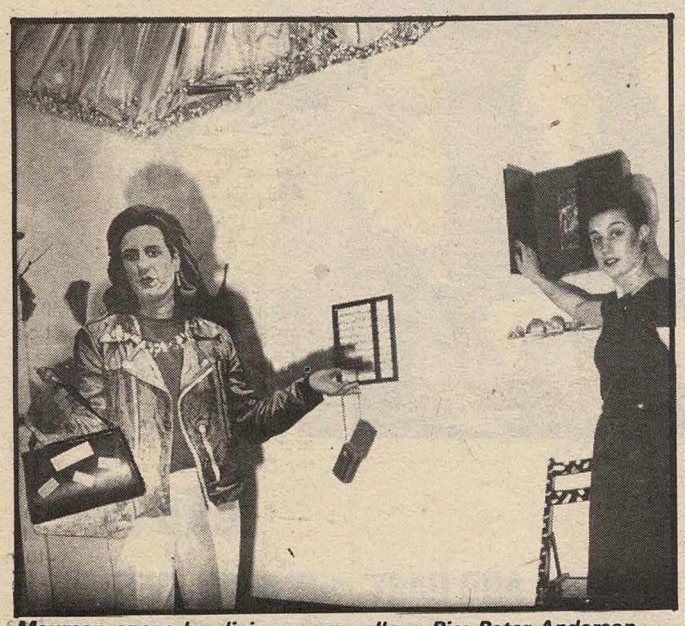
You bring the threads — I'll bring me bass . . .

37B Squattington Villas,
W.9.
Ello ma.
Just a couple of lines from your long lost son Gal. I've er, taken the liberty of pursuin' a career in the music business. Me and some mates got this group together called the . . . look mum I dunno how to put this. It's er, oh sod it mum we're called The Vibrators. But it's not like what you think it is. Honest. We got this great deal with CBS, y'know mum, Johnny Mathis's label. All we have to do is make five records a year and they've put fifty grand up front which we can pay back whenever we like, the bloke says. Anyway mum, that's me by the pillar lookin' mean. I'll write again soon. Next week we're on tour with The Cortinas.
Ta ra,
Gazza

362 Beaufort Place,
Chelsea,
S.W.1.
Dearest Mama,
Guess what? You remember that daft bunch I told you about? Well it's all over and bloody good riddance. Things have been on the up and up ever since. First off, a very accomplished musical outfit name of Uriah Heep offered me a post slappin' the strings on a world tour but it meant going to Australia and I didn't fancy that. Me lawyer and the toss of a coin suggested that I plump for another lot called Roxy Music. Sounds like a bloody cinema, dunnit? Trouble is they're very nice but fraightfully posh (university geezers all) and the group leader Bryan insists on me callin' him Sir. You get used to it though what with all the birds and the dough. Last week they took us off to a poncey photo session and got us kitted out in these horrible Lord John clothes (the guitarist gets ten per cent off on orders over the ton). That's me by the pot plant. Daft innit? Still, their so-called manager, a Mr Puxley, found me this flat, so . . .
Love,
Gary xx

Penthouse Suite,
Soho Square,
W.1.
Mumsy,
It's me, Gal. Sorry I haven't corresponded recently but I've been arse over elbow with the rock and roll game. The Roxy Music crew and me have parted company after a year. We never did make it in America after all and anyway they only let me compose one song on the last album and as me accountant was having a run in with the Revenue . . . But that's all water under the bridge now 'cos I'm hitched up with another fabulous band who you might have seen in the *Sun* last week. We call ourselves Adam And The Ants. Adam's the one at the front. He insists on us dressing up in this ruddy pirate gear. The kids like it but I think it looks stupid and I know you will. Laugh? I can't wait to get off stage and dump it in the back of me Merc. You can't walk down the bloody street dressed like Long John Silver all your life. I suppose I'll do this for a while anyway. We're on TV every other day and my accountants are very pleased with me. Adam's a bit similar to Bryan in his ways, travels in a private car and has first choice of the tarts. Got to chuckle though. After that first lot got the heave-ho those stuck-up gits at CBS wouldn't even let me in the front door. Remember I told you about that ruck I had with the top knob? Boot's on the other foot now and I'm staying in the penthouse suite here. It's a living.
Your boy,
Gary 'his' Tibbs
xx

PLAY for TODAY



Maureen opens her living room gallery. Pic: Peter Anderson

LIKE MANY art-conscious folks who place themselves within the precincts of 'rock culture', 27-year-old photographer Maureen O. Paley is carrying forward the best D-I-Y dynamics of punk by turning her own front room into a public gallery.

Living down the road from Hackney's Bethnal Green Museum of Childhood may have influenced Maureen in choosing 'toys' as a debut theme. She sent out 75 xeroxed circulars which read, "I would like to have a show of individual toys made by you . . . any sort — conceptual, sexual, for adults, for children, based on music, or fantasy, or reality". Thirty people replied and most came up with the goods three months later.

With the help of handyman Michael Kilmurray, Maureen shoved her worldly goods into other rooms and readied the 'gallery' — with a silver Mylar ceiling, lighting, glass corner shelves, and a suitable sound system. To an accompaniment of Devo, Spector and The B-52's, guests can wander round a succession of stylish and amusing exhibits whose inventors range in age from three to 38. There are outsize Pop jigsaws and viewfinder boxes on the floor; collages, punkie-fetish baby dolls and a voodoo *objet* made from an old violin. A psychologist suspended a brain and a heart in separate antique jars and labelled them 'Toys for a Lifetime'; performance artist Helen Chadwick contributed a delightful collection of Erotic Agony latex wear modelled on guess-what parts of the body and including breastplates, minis and even rubber stilettoes!

Despite the obvious inconveniences, Maureen says her idea has paid off and she

■ *Continues over*

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PRE

TRACT ACTRESS

GAVIN MARTIN talks to ELLEN FOLEY about the perils of Catholicism and her Foley-a-deux with Mick Jones

ELLEN FOLEY stretches out a small, prematurely withered hand with a half smile. In her pillbox hat and fur-trimmed coat she seems to be adopting the air of an American dilletante to merge into the busy West End cafe's hectic lunchtime hum of chattering business associates and tapelooped music. Ellen Foley, don't forget, is an actress.

Half an hour later sun shines through the big windows of a second storey interview room and the light falls harshly on the face of this big business American sex symbol. She draws a little breath and plays the oppressed romantic.

"I feel like starting all over again. I think making records has lost me ground in my mind and what I was doing before. There was a teacher who I worked with in New York in my very first year as an actress and I'm going to go back with her. It feels like going back to the womb.

"I want to get my technique and skills together as an actress. I'd like to be in the movies before it's too late. Before I disintegrate and blow away or something."

The face begins to crease with puppylike coyness, and the upper lip starts to quiver — just slightly, you understand. Everything says Ellen Foley is sad. Everything says Ellen Foley is an actress.

She is also the archetypal female rock star, small-town homespun Catholic girl from St Louis who started life in the cabaret rock circuit, whose career took in soap operas, the classics and the inevitable *Hair* spot before she found herself in the "sacrilegious, sexual and satirical" *National Lampoon* show alongside behemoth-to-be Meat Loaf.

It's about here her career comes into the mass consciousness, as Meat Loaf's bawling faceless lover on the mega-selling 'Bat Out Of Hell' LP and as the equally transparent lynchpin of 'NightOut', her 1978 solo album masterminded and produced by Mick Ronson and Ian Hunter. Foley became a sexual stereotype in a *West Side Story* romp, a marketing man's hot bitch on heat, pandering to the hoary old myth of the woman who is a Sunday School teacher by day and whore by night.

"No, I think it came off like I was a whore by day as well," she laughs. "There were no paradoxes whatsoever. It was just youthful sexuality being given a vent through rock and roll. The sexual angle gave it attention, there's no doubt about that, but I did that and I'm not that interested now — I'm not here to defend that LP. 'NightOut' was teenage romantic desperation. I was speaking from my past and what I knew about music and life and influences. I was looking to rock and roll as a way of being an eternal free agent but I found I just couldn't

TOYLAND

■ *From previous page*

hopes others will be inspired by it.

"People make things differently when it's not 'art' for an 'art show'. I picked this toy theme just so it would be fun and since this is my own home, it's homey . . . people can bring their own ray-guns or their exploding cigars along. And everything's touchable.

"What it's really proved is that with enough enthusiasm and help from friends you can always create what you want and get it out to other people."

Though largely the product of fans and friends rather than full-time art types, Maureen's show is professional and inspiring — reminding you, in the words of one toy, that you can always "Use talents you don't even know you have."

The Toy Show is open 12-6 pm every Sunday until April 26 at the home of Maureen O. Paley: 21 Beck Rd, London E8. Larger parties are asked to visit before 2 pm.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

Temple Tudor

Swords of a thousand men

Stiff

buy 109

ALBUM 'EDDIE, OLD BOB, DICK AND GARY' OUT SOON SEEZ 31

Pic: Peter Anderson

get anything out of it. From just being that I'd never grow up."

A familiar story? Artist makes name by going for the lowest public denominator and then turns around with pretensions to her own personalised Art.

After two years of sycophantic press and slavish rock music, Foley stepped out of the limelight to emerge at the beginning of the year with a new boyfriend, a new album and a new realisation.

" 'The Spirit of St Louis' is in me, it's the name of the plane in which Charles Lindbergh made the first transatlantic flight. So we drew a line from St Louis to London on the globe — the globe was naturally cracked anyway, which is pretty fitting for the state of the universe. The line was drawn from where I was born to where I've come to rest at this point in time."

Pretty glorified imagery, isn't it?

"Yeah, it's kind of making myself into an art deco Grecian urn, one of those big vases that have ladies on the side. Sort of solid and smooth like marble."

The album is of course the result of her collaboration with Mick Jones and the rest of his chums from The Clash, with the songs mostly written by Strummer/Jones and the "stubborn, spiritual" folk singer Tymon Dogg, a longtime friend of Strummer.

It's a less unusual pairing than it might appear. With Foley on the one hand recoiling from the American rock and roll myth and The Clash on the other retreating from their social workers-as-urban guerrillas pose, they make perfect partners. Foley stands as the noble princess riding high above the acoustic-based stirrings, with the mystical flourishes of most of the songs well in keeping with the outlandish conceits of 'Sandinista!'. Ellen sounds more like Annie Haslam than Patti Smith.

"Everyone shed their influences to work on this new record. It was built around the moment's instinct rather than any kind of image. It followed no historical stories.

"Like 'The Death of Salvador Dali', I didn't even have to make an effort to sing that song — I felt really taken in by that whole sound. It's as if Strummer was really instinctive towards certain parts of my character and feelings, which is how he was able to write those songs."

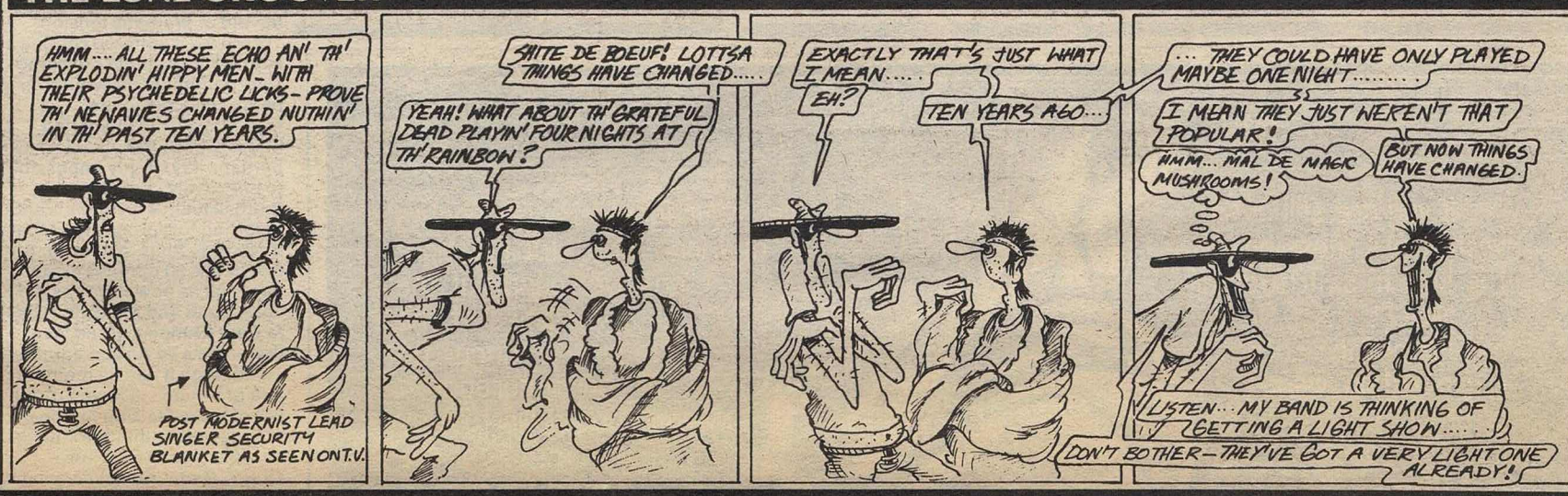
Ellen Foley explains everything in terms of herself and her background — hence her performances of songs about a prostitute ('The Shuttered Palace') and open misogyny ('Stupid Girl'). A self-analysing, self-important artist whose art is seldom more than a naive balancing act for the guilt complexes and injustices of her youth . . . a hapless casualty of Catholicism?

"I find that these strange little guilt things keep coming through, disciplines I impose on myself. Like if I have a cup of tea and I'm making someone else a cup of tea I say to myself you can't have another cup until you finish this one. I just realised that today: I found myself thinking about how it must go back to when I had it regimented in me. I remember funny things like my first romantic experience with a boy who went to the Catholic boys' school. We were in love blah, blah and we were guilty about sex so we went to confession together on a Saturday. I love that. It's very nice, y'know."

Back home in New York Ellen spends most of her time in the company of friends — writers, actors and producers — going to plays and the cinema. She avoids being recognised in the street, hence no embarrassing situations like the one in the art gallery when she was approached by a shy Australian youth. During her photo session, which she chose to have in a chapel, she kept complaining of feeling guilty because she was using the church for her own ends. So what else do people ever use the church for, I wondered.

Shortly afterwards as we walked round Soho I pointed out one of the area's sleaze establishments. Now that's where everyone would expect you to get your photo taken, I said. She tittered knowingly. Like an actress.

THE LONE GROOVER


HMM.... ALL THESE ECHO AN' TH' EXPLODIN' HIPPY MEN - WITH THEIR PSYCHEDELIC LICKS - PROVE TH' NENAVIES CHANGED NUTHIN' IN TH' PAST TEN YEARS.
POST MODERNIST LEAD SINGER SECURITY BLANKET AS SEEN ON T.V.
SHITE DE BOEUF! LOTTSA THINGS HAVE CHANGED.....
YEAH! WHAT ABOUT TH' GRATEFUL DEAD PLAYIN' FOUR NIGHTS AT TH' RAINBOW?
EXACTLY THAT'S JUST WHAT I MEAN.....
EH?
TEN YEARS AGO...
... THEY COULD HAVE ONLY PLAYED MAYBE ONE NIGHT.....
I MEAN THEY JUST WEREN'T THAT POPULAR!
HMM... MAL DE MAGIC MUSHROOMS!
BUT NOW THINGS HAVE CHANGED.
LISTEN... MY BAND IS THINKING OF GETTING A LIGHT SHOW.....
DON'T BOTHER - THEY'VE GOT A VERY LIGHT ONE ALREADY!

ONLY A GAME? ONLY A PLAY

Michael Forrest (centre, in suit) and the other spastics in Only A Game. Don't you wish you could get knackered, lie around and get paid for it?

DANGEROUS VISIONS

Monty Smith looks at Millwall, Charlton and people with even more serious problems.

AT THE risk of incurring the wrath of Roy Race, there's something about football that makes it uniquely resistant to dramatisation. Aside from a couple of valiant efforts by playwright Neville Smith, what few attempts there have been at football fiction have all been risibly juvenile.

At least **Only A Game** (ITV Playhouse, Tuesday) took its audience seriously but it was nonetheless profoundly disappointing, a determinedly prosaic adaptation of the diary written by Eire international Eamon Dunphy in his last season at Millwall. Dunphy was a maverick, a marvellously skilful player (but physically frail) and uncommonly articulate (for a footballer, like); he put up quite a few establishment backs with his forthright opinions on the game he loved.

Only A Game? (the book — the play dispensed with the question mark, amongst other things) is widely regarded as one of the best ever pieces of football writing and, despite its extreme bitterness, there's plenty of passion. Leslie Blair's TV version, updated and fictionalised, was bloodless. It was very good on minor details — the embrocation, the chewing gum, the jock straps, that sort of thing — but utterly devoid of dramatic tension.

Perhaps it suffered coming so soon after Granada's exciting *City!* documentary (which far better reflected, quite fortuitously, the unsparing honesty of Dunphy's book). Or perhaps it is simply impossible to effectively characterise a football team's fortunes without resorting to a programme that's three days long. Whatever, no one in this 90 minutes came over half as powerfully as did John Bond and Malcolm Allison in *City!* (Dunphy would love that — he's an Allison admirer).

Although it had its moments — a pre-match dressing room full of blokes talking for the sake of it, saying nothing; a couple of cheap cracks at Charlton — *Only A Game's* most convincing scenes took place between the footballer and his family, away from the club. Otherwise, the only thing that came over with any conviction was the crushing mundanity of a pro footballer's life; hardly rivetting viewing.

Still, there were some quietly effective performances to relish, notably Michael Carter as the intractable coach (based on Lawrie Leslie), coming up with increasingly feeble tactical 'ploys'; David Squire as the dim but cocky Terry (based on Gordon Hill), whose vanity was exceeded only by his gullibility; and, best of all, Michael Forrest as the careworn manager (based on Benny Fenton), whose gently avuncular manner barely disguised his shifty insecurity.

Eamon, though, they got all wrong. Here he was Willy Hutchison, a Scottish striker who looked like Tony Currie, which was hardly the fault of actor Mark Windsor but didn't help much in the credibility stakes.

Funny game, football. And if you want to learn more about it, read Dunphy's excellent book; it's a genuine eye-opener. Alas, Leslie Blair's play was just the reverse. Only a play, in fact.

ONE PERSON in ten in this country is disabled, according to **What The Papers Say** (ITV, Thursday), which would explain why Gillingham FC are faring so badly this season. The International Year of the Handicapped started life on television, but they made up for it last week: three programmes in four days (not including *Lester*, the profile of jockey Piggott — born seriously deaf and unable to speak properly).

MP Alf Morris trotted out the usual cliches on *What The Papers Say* — disability does not mean inability, they want to be part of, not apart from, society etc etc. But that doesn't make them any less true.

"Coloureds and mongies," some schoolchildren told the *Guardian* "should have their heads cut off." Recommending tolerance, the reporter was met with roars of laughter: "Be kind to mongies? You must be stupid!" Alf Morris wondered where children would get such ideas; I thought it was bloody obvious.

Mrs Thatcher, predictably, wants the disabled to "Stand on their own two feet" (sick) and since the Tories marked the Year of the Handicapped with a booze-up at Downing Street (how very understanding of them) they've cut back on 'mongies' allowances as much as anything else. A studio discussion by and for 'disadvantaged' people **(Link, ITV, Sunday)** eloquently attacked Thatcherist policies, but even more forcibly presented was the plaintive fact that 'mongies' are tired of being fobbed off with this year's special dinner parties, like treats for children.

"People stare at you in the street, like there's something wrong with you," said Allison, born spastic 17 years ago. "You have to laugh, or you'd cry." **Man Alive** (BBC2, Thursday) focused on three of the 'lucky' mongies: Allison is at college, 19-year-old Billy, crumpled in his motorised wheelchair like a sack of potatoes, lives in a radically designed home for the disabled, and 29-year-old Steve, who can't eat without help, never mind get rid of the stuff, is a barrister with ICI — he speaks a hundred times worse than Lester Piggott and if he had a magic wand he'd make everyone in the world disabled.

Pretty much your regular spazzes, they all spoke with a fierce intelligence; which was disturbing as well as painful to watch, because another basic assumption about mongies is that they can't be intelligent. Stupid, really, especially as a snatch of Dury was heard on the soundtrack.

What they want is independence (so far as that's possible) but we — the 'normals' — would rather look the other way; Thatcher's policies merely reinforce the popular prejudices about mongies being surplus to requirements, simply a waste of money, so much (in)human detritus.

Didn't a chap in Germany a few years back have a similar conception of the mentally and physically handicapped? I think she should be told. And, at the very least, have the old magic wand waved in her general direction.

Me, I live in fear of the day she decides to cut out the rights of fatties. Or baldies. See? All God's chillun got problems.

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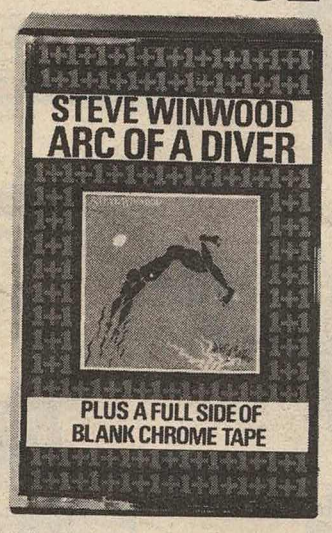

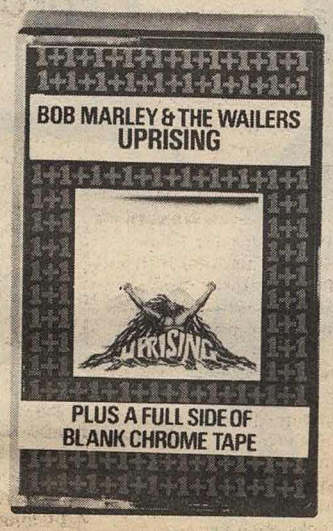

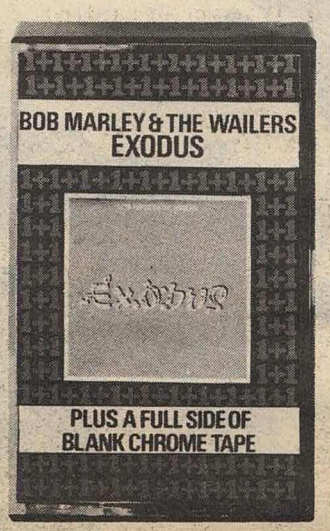

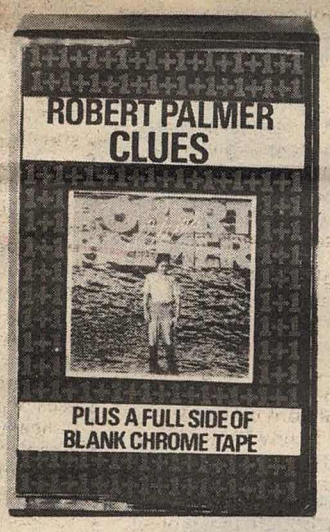

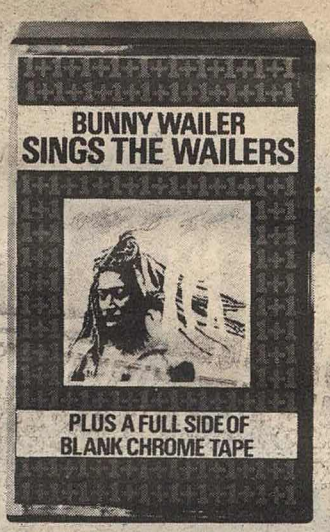

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Something old, Something new,

Something burrowed...?

WITH THEIR initial releases stubbornly holding down both first and second slots on the jazz album chart, the newly-formed Mole Record label finds itself pleasantly embarrassed.

A natural outgrowth of London's Kings Cross-located Mole Jazz record shop, the label was launched last summer with an optimistic one-off: 'Blues For The Fisherman' by The Milcho Leviev Quartet — in actual fact, a live album by Art Pepper's Quartet recorded at Ronnie Scott's where, for contractual reasons, pianist Leviev temporarily assumed both leadership and star billing. The album raced to the top of the British best-sellers, where it still remains.

Since the Molemen opened their store in June '78, American alto saxist Art Pepper has proved to be their most consistent seller.

"As Pepper's music is very representative of the shop's image," says Pete Fincham, one of the Mole label's three creative organisers, "we hoped that the album would sell 10,000 copies over a two-year period." Now it should exceed that projected figure long before the label's first anniversary.

Since the shop's inception, Art Pepper has been responsible for shifting more albums than any other single artist, but equally the demand for any recordings by the late Tubby Hayes has increased

By ROY CARR

with every week. So whilst the 'Fisherman' album continued to stave off all-comers, the Molemen successfully negotiated the reissue of the Little Giant's long-deleted Fontana classic, 'Mexican Green'. Being the first LP by the legendary British tenorist to be made available in years, Mole immediately celebrated their double-top. Meanwhile, the newly released 'The Rest Of Gil Evans Live At The Royal Festival Hall, London 1979' — being the remainder of the previously released RCA LP that boasted the sax triumvirate of Arthur Blythe, David Sanborn and George Adams and a pad of Hendrix tunes — has firmly established Mole as a fully-fledged shop-based label.

After three chart LPs in under six months, it's time for the Molemen (the other two being Ed Dipple and Graham Griffiths) to take a breather. Though a number of projects are in various stages of planning, nothing has definitely been set as a follow-up.

But no matter what direction(s) jazz takes, invariably it's the network of independent labels that pioneers its true course. Though Mole aim to occasionally put important deletions back into circulation, they will avoid an exclusive (and predictable) reissue policy. Nevertheless they are mindful of the fact that the only local artists capable of breaking even (Ronnie Scott, Bobby Wellins and Stan Tracey) are already contracted to other labels — and that what is browser-marked as 'New Music' still only attracts minimal customer response.

"Certainly," Fincham continues, "albums by musicians like Barry Guy, Elton Dean and John Stevens sell at gigs and in certain European countries but from our experience there's very little demand over here. However, should we discover any soloist or group that we all genuinely like and felt we could at least cover the origination costs, then we'd sign them."

Fincham is quick to add that as jazz is now exclusively album-orientated there's more of an investment to be recouped. "No matter what some musicians might say, no record label — especially a specialist one the size of Mole — can afford to release any record knowing full well that it will lose a considerable amount. At this stage, every album must pay for itself otherwise we won't have sufficient funds to reinvest in new artists and new albums.

"And having achieved so much so quickly, the last thing we aim to do is put ourselves out of business!"

Pic: Fin Costello

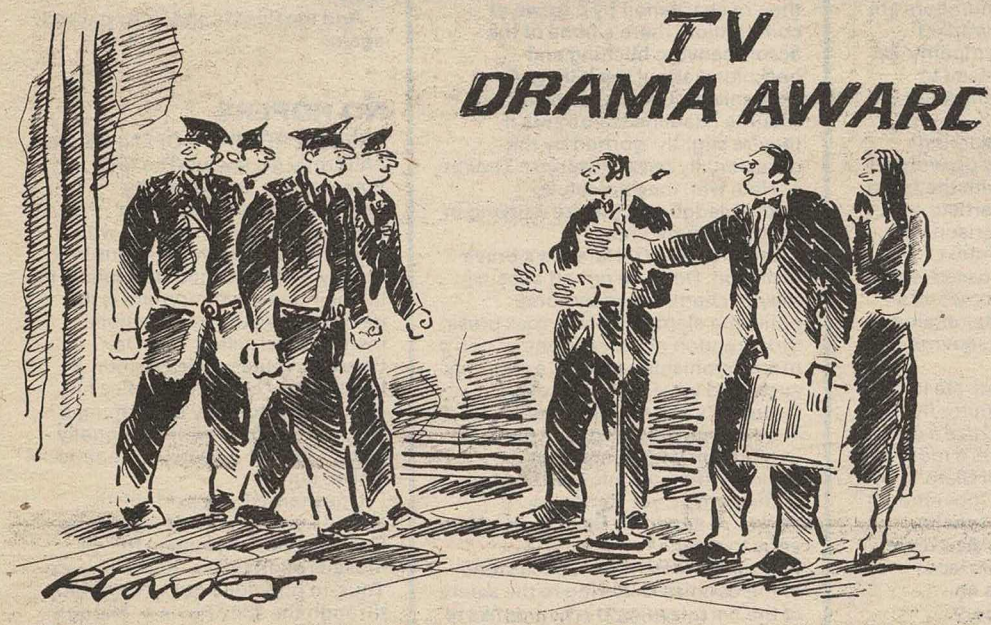
Tubby Hayes

Dury for Polydor?

IAN DURY'S departure from Stiff Records, which has been the subject of speculation since before Christmas, now seems imminent. It's common knowledge that he's been looking for a new deal, and it's known that several major labels have been chasing him, but this week Polydor emerged as clear favourites to sign him.

Although Stiff are still working on Dury's behalf — and, in fact, have fixed a photo session for him tomorrow (Friday) — their spokesman admitted that he "has now completed all outstanding commitments to us". Dury's management weren't prepared to discuss the matter, but when asked if a move away from Stiff could be expected, replied succinctly: "Yes". The Polydor spokesman's reaction to the prospect of Dury joining the label's roster was: "Well, I'm not confirming it for you. I've heard the rumours, too, but there's no official word."

LOWRY



"And now an award to a great bunch of Chief Constables for their ongoing role in the great 'My men are a faultless body of individuals constantly under attack from the barbaric hordes of communist militants and subversives who are on the very brink of destroying the fabric of democracy' soap opera."

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Classix Nouveaux, Theatre Of Hate, Naked Lunch and Blancmange get that good to be alive feeling.

Variety correspondent: Chris Bohn
Choreography: Peter Anderson.

The 2002 Review 1981

YOU CAN'T SAY NO TO THE BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Pantomime futurism vies with the new age theatre of cruelty in a bizzare package guaranteed to make 'em laugh.
This is entertainment? We almost cried.

DANCEFLOOR DEMOCRACY

THE DANDIES OF DONCASTER turn out in force for the 2002 beano, but that's not necessarily an accurate reflection of the various candidates' standing. Not much happens in this town — the flat racing season doesn't start for another week — so the locals take their entertainment where they can find it.

The 2002 Review, with its five bands and/or novelty acts, at least gives them good value for money. The candidates have prepared the way with some blanket canvassing: Market research reveals that Classix Nouveaux' reliance on traditionally heavy-handed rock showbiz values is at least paying off, the reward being a minor hit 'Guilty' and larger turn-outs. The upstart Theatre Of Hate, riding on an austere visionary ticket, are proving strong contenders.

At the foot of the bill are phoney futurists Naked Lunch and Blancmange who, though decidedly unbizzare, pull an admittedly low percentage of votes from the curious few wondering what all the fuss is about, while the new age dance troupers Shock, being an ever popular combination of sex, glamour and rocky horror, help ensure the highest possible poll.

Sensing an occasion, the punters are impeccably turned out — and that's got nothing to do with the club's relaxed "No jeans — ties and jackets must be worn at all times" policy." Despite their lack of exposure to the London-bound antics of Le Beau Monde, Yorkshire's sartorial imagination is splendid and varied, about one part fancy dress, one part style and two parts fun.

Elizabethan peacocks, Numanite androids, glam pirates and ersatz Scots strut their stuff with tweedy gents, tawdry matinee idols and tatty punks, not to mention the office workers and shop assistants just there for a good night out. The crowd's a representative cross section that treats the poll as a party and exercises its vote with its feet — their intuition makes for a reliable gauge of nationwide trends.

PROFILE OF A CANDIDATE

WE FIND SAL SOLO massaging baby lotion into his gleaming pate — to remove the make up he spends some two hours applying before a Classix Nouveaux show. Even with the highlights erased he's left with an impossible image to escape by day — but then he accepted that when he first began shaving all over some five years ago.

He mutes its daylight impact by doming his bald head with a woollen skullcap and scarf knotted with a gypsy flourish at the back. His black Ali Baba trousers are tucked into socks that disappear into flat dance shoes, giving him the appearance of an aneamic Armenian street pedlar. Having chosen to physically alter his persona, he's evidently prepared to live up to it.

Despite the aura of desperation surrounding his image-building, Solo has retained a remarkable affability in the face of unceasing hostility from most quarters — including myself. I'm not expecting a pleasant introduction, especially as photographer Anderson and I chance upon him during his demystifying make-up removal process. However, he looks up from the mirror, grins lopsidedly and good-naturedly offers his hand. Eying its coat of goo and greasepaint he graciously withdraws it and instead asks disarmingly: "Why don't you like us?"

He must be referring to the time I likened his group's aspirations to those of early '70s pomp and 'progressive' bands, I guess. Or maybe later, when I compared his vocal antics on Classix' minor hit 'Guilty' to Tom Jones' singing style.

Let's put that answer on hold for the moment, and delve for a few clues in his and Classix' past.

Classix Nouveaux first incited interest by dint of being basically X Ray Spex without Poly Styrene. These days drummer B.P. Hurding is the one surviving Spec, though the connection is strengthened by their involvement with manager Falcon Stewart. Stewart, who likes bands that slog their way up through hard gigging, has a knack for recognizing cult figures with the potential to break into a mass market. He helped put Adam Ant back on his feet after McLaren dumped on him, and, acknowledging that Classix weren't likely to be an overnight sensation, he's stuck by them and guided them to their first hit record 'Guilty'.

It's taken them two years and three singles of trying; during which time the focus of the band has shifted away from the Spex angle — who remembers them? — to Solo's overpowering visual presence. The rest, namely bassist Mik Sweeney, who was a member of Solo's The News, and guitar synthesiser player Gary Steadman, have seemingly accepted their back seat roles, leaving Solo to do all the talking. Or so asserts Sal quietly: "I don't know of anyone who's more dedicated to what they're doing than me. The others obviously want the band to make it, but they think about other things, too. I think about Classix Nouveaux 24 hours a day, I talk to the kids backstage or in the streets — and that's because I'm really interested in what they have to say, not for public relations purposes."

He feels, he says, he owes his audience that much, and that's why he plays along with his image — even after hours, so to speak.

"I like the idea of pop stars as fantasy figures," he dreams, "like Gary Glitter, who might be laughed at, but that's what it's all about — not that I see myself as something to be laughed at, I just don't see the image I project onstage as being a real person."

Solo's ambition is apparently straightforward: "My main aim is to present an act that is as entertaining as possible in all areas — visually, musically, everything. I'd like people to get involved on all levels when listening to us — to laugh, to cry, all kinds of things."

Except, this cynic might add, to engage the mind. In his urgency to fulfil his ambitions he seems to have got his priorities warped. To illustrate this, let's return to the ball. . .

THE CLASSIX PLATFORM

A CLASSIX SET IS geared to achieve maximum impact. This is good showbiz, a good show, but in the medium they've chosen to operate, we've come to expect a little more than that. Especially as Classix Nouveaux draw on fashionably contemporary subjects, such as use of micro-chips and surveillance in 'Every Home Should Have One' or the self-explanatory 'Robots Dance'. Others are all about exotic locations like 'Tokyo'. Their best numbers are the overwrought, over-worked melodramas like 'No Sympathy' or 'Runaway', which give head to Solo's second best gimmick: his voice.

It's a grotesque balladeering instrument that gobbles up words and garbles them out with the faked passion of a Las Vegas artiste — hence the earlier comparison with Tom Jones. In a rock context, perhaps Alex Harvey crossed with Nina Hagen's vocal pyrotechnics would have made a better analogy. Check Solo's shrill manoeuvres on 'Runaway'.

Skip the voice, concentrate instead on the show and it's admittedly dazzling. Solo's dressed like a sword and sorcery monk-figure, a more mysterious Yul "King Of Siam" Brynner. His mannered movements stay just the right side of cliche, while the lights expertly pick up on the detail painted into his face.

The rest of Classix are an admirable showband. Gary Steadman's guitar synthesiser swathes the hackneyed, but well plucked Moroder-ish rhythms in grand shudders and sweeps of sound. His best theme, though, on 'Or A Movie' sounds suspiciously like the standard 'Standing In The Shadows Of Love'.

The audience cast their vote by remaining rooted to the floor. If only curious at first, they're eventually spellbound enough to demand an encore, though only 'Guilty' and 'Robots Dance' elicit a noisily enthusiastic response. Me, I'm left cold. I find Classix Nouveaux as contrived and as unconvincing as Original Mirrors — or if you want to be cruel, Queen — well-crafted enough to hit the right response buttons, not so well-crafted you can't see the joins.

Classix argue that they're only trying to entertain, but is that really enough? Check the recorded debate further below. But first. . .

HARDLINERS

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT'S DUE, the Classix Nouveaux 2002 Review tour is a smashing idea. If, you're a cynic, your immediate reaction may be to sneer at them for cashing in on the futurist fakerist thing. Not really so, as the top three-fifths of the bill don't really qualify under that heading. So why the portentous title?

"Well, these days it's a new thing," claims Sal Solo. "I understand years and years ago, package tours of different kinds of music were the done thing, but for today's audiences it's new, and hopefully the way things are going to be in the future, I think it's quite valid to call it the 2002 Review because I hope that it'll become a yardstick of what is to come."

Best of all, the changeovers are rapid and efficient. Put that down to the participants' co-operation. While they're sharpened by a sense of competition, there's none of the accompanying bitching and backbiting about the billing. As progenitors, Classix Nouveaux assume headline status and, if they're slightly worried by the occasionally better response Theatre of Hate win, they gracefully acknowledge that they're working in vastly different areas.

Still, Theatre Of Hate are a brave inclusion. Don't be put off because they're championed by some philistine elements of the rock press, Kirk Brandon possesses one of pop's more astonishing voices: a superbly sustained yowl that grips even though it's impossible to hear anything he's singing. The band fall behind him with some erratic discoid riffing discoloured by some of the flattest, yet somehow attractive sax since David Bowie's early tooting.

Their extreme noise sends some of the dandies skittering to the safety of the bars, leaving the neo-punks to thrash about freely. Some dandies nevertheless look on and admire from a safe distance, which is healthy; TOH deserve a broader audience than the flanks of studded leather jackets flocking to them at the moment, and playing reviews like this is likely to win them one.

Onstage Brandon remains almost motionless. The only movement — outside the occasional spasm — is the blood rushing to his head as he tries to hold anguished notes. Offstage he appears similarly surly and intense, though when after two days he recognizes photographer Anderson from an earlier assignment his morose expression dissolves into boyish laughter, as he yells at Pete: "Why ya sneaky little creep, now I recognise yer. You've had yer haircut!"

After that he seemed a lot easier to approach. What are they doing on this tour? He answers with a series of grins, winks and grimaces that one assumes to be bemusement with their present setting. Additionally, he volunteers that he's not a prat, as was stated in *NME's* album review of 'He Who Dares Wins'.

"He shouldn't have taken the word of someone who knew me five or six years ago. That was at school," he asserts sulkily. His correction is corroborated by the rest of the band, though one dissenter sides with the reviewer — fortunately his lone voice goes unheard by everyone barring my tape recorder.

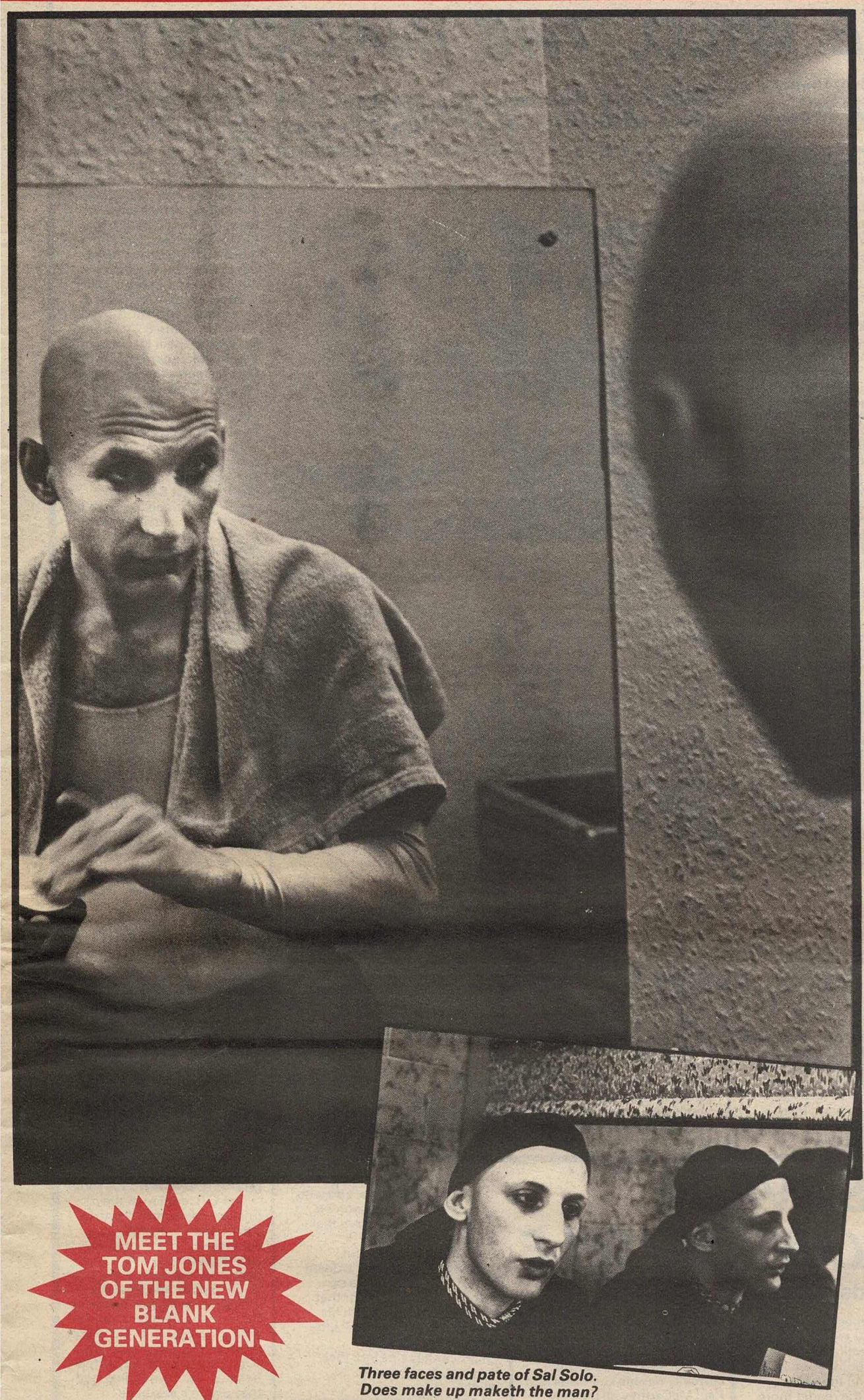
Theatre Of Hate's success ratio on the tour thus far is varied, but their raw emotion is a necessary antidote to the predominantly showbiz values of the rest of the bill. However, the Doncaster audience seem to side with the DJ's inadvertent comment: "Let's have a big hand for Theatre of Hate — I think we've got some music for you now: Ultravox's 'Quiet Man'!"

And the floor is suddenly packed again.

NO-HOPERS

THE 2002 REVIEW'S OPENERS are uniformly godawful. The first, Blancmange, are a gloomy doom-mongering duo who mistakenly believe that the words Joy Division are synonymous with misery and consequently wallow in it. Their one good moment is the genuinely wistful, melancholic instrumental called 'Sad Day'. Offstage, guitarist Neil Arthur, a lanky, loopy character, belies his onstage personality by forming a funtime coalition with the equally forlorn jumble sale new romanticists Naked Lunch.

Unashamedly opportunistic, Naked Lunch shunned fakerist DJ Stevo's patronage when things looked rough on his 'Some Bizzare Tour' to hopefully gain a foothold through the 2002 Review. Though they acknowledge they're sliding fast, they're game to the end.



Biddie And Eve: hands up if you remember Paul and Paula . . .

An excerpt from Shock's Schlocky Horror Show

"Futureism? I speet on your manifestos!" — Theatre Of Hate's Kirk Brandon.

A Shockist beast

Three faces and pate of Sal Solo. Does make up maketh the man?

MEET THE TOM JONES OF THE NEW BLANK GENERATION

"We're having a good laugh anyway," says singer Tony.

The audience don't find them amusing, so Tony adlibs frantically to achieve a response. "Hey, you hecklers wait till the end of the song, then we can all hear." Stony silence. Try again. "Our synthesiser player Mick couldn't be here tonight — he's lucky!" How right he is.

Naked Lunch are one cut-up too many of an already shredded formula. Tony's mistaken Gary Numan's awkwardness in performance for style and consequqntly apes it. Apeshit. A few fakerists are fooled, but the hardcore dandies abide their time at the bar. The DJ notices the sagging spirits and attempts to revive them: "We've had a call for Geordie Fission, so here's 'Transmission'." The pun flops, but the tonic works.

SILLY PARTIES

THIS FAR, THE INTERVAL music is winning most response. I'm not surprised, as listening to Simple Minds, Cure, Depeche Mode etc on record is infinitely preferable to anything heard thus far. Most of the 2002 Review have a long way to go before their music deserves to be slipped onto the turntable.

So too with the Shock dance troupers. Their routines are worked out to an excellent soundtrack of Simple Minds, Fad Gadget, Kraftwerk and the like, but they rarely live up to the music. Outside giving them an opportunity to practise robotic gestures or hack mime, much of what they do doesn't seem to relate much to the chosen sound. This doesn't necessarily matter, just that without some kind of narrative hold, their initially impressive gaudy masks and costumes soon lose their appeal.

Shock alternate with glamorous modern cabaret artistes Biddie and Eve. He's a pantomime Aladdin Sane and she's a simply Divine version of Bette Midler. As with Theatre of Hate, their appeal lies in their setting — if you saw them at the Wheeltappers And Shunters Club you could only just tell them apart from Butlin's camp entertainers.

Some of their suggestively re-worked standards are good fun. Like 'Kiss Me Honey Honey Kiss Me', an invitation that Eve extends personally after descending into the crowd, sending the dandies scurrying off again for the bar. But enough of frivolity; on with . . .

THE DEBATE

HALFWAY ACROSS THE PEAK District in a coach ride from Doncaster to Manchester, Solo and I are locked into a heated discussion about the ethics of entertainment. It's enough that people like something, he suggests, that entertainment doesn't have to be more than that. Consequently any criticism — especially from an outsider — is invalid. To the contrary, I argue, entertainers should aim to improve their standards and not conceitedly assume that they're giving an audience what it wants.

Raising the tone to a rant, I shout that worse are "artists" like Peter Gabriel who reduce important and painful subjects to cosy, easily assimilated images to be admired and applauded, not felt. And so on. As if seeing some correlation I hadn't really intended, Sal looks over at me resignedly, and says: "Now I can see why you don't like us."

I'm surprised they didn't drop me right off there and then, but Classix Nouveaux aren't like that. Though there no longer seems to be any point, outside the notion of fair play, we resume and record the quarrel in a Pizza parlour.

Unlike most every other singer who surfaced post '76, Sal wasn't really affected by the punk explosion. It fits — he's too reasonable. Defying the spirit of the times, his band The News was more musically orientated and didn't involve itself in the squabbles of the period.

"I just didn't enjoy punk. By that stage I was no longer a teenager anymore, and anyway I'd outlived aggressive tendencies to an extent. There was no glamour in it, and I'd always liked the glamour side of the music business."

Classix Nouveaux seem tailored more to the needs of the music business than the public — or at least the point where the two meet. The band don't leave anything to chance, it's all loud lights, extravagant stage shows, very little substance. In re-capping on an earlier incident as a young hopeful trudging around record companies,

Continued page 43

PRINT

THE WILD, THE INNOCENT...

Born To Run: The Bruce Springsteen Story by Dave Marsh (Omnibus £4.95)

Nick Kent has seen the greatest rock book of all time, and its title is — hang on, haven't I read this somewhere before?

IN THE short, succinct foreword prefacing *Born To Run*'s eighteen chapters, author Dave Marsh points out that the lavish tome we now have was originally destined to be a far flimsier volume — a quickie biog. in other words — first completed in 1976 and thus delegated only to detail the rise of Bruce Springsteen up until the release of — and subsequent groundswell surrounding — the 'Born To Run' album.

In Marsh's own words, the first draft was "shorter, breezier, I guess happier . . . flush with the newness of Springsteen's success." However, like that vital body of songs that was ultimately to shape 'Darkness On The Edge Of Town', Marsh's fizzy documentation of the Bruce saga was stymied by former manager Mike Appel's manic temperament at the last minute denying Marsh permission to quote any of his (former) protege's lyrics (even though Springsteen, the songs' composer, had given the former Creem editor / current 'Rolling Stone' scribe total co-operation and full consent to quote his verses).

Even though Appel's clamp-down appeared to completely shut down the effort, two years followed in which Springsteen broke all ties with Appel, regained ownership of all his previous catalogue (via the arduous legal wrangling) and underwent a radical shift of perspective that turned his vision of rock as glorious hyperbole — the hero and heroine in a beat-up Chevy riding off into a magenta-tinted sunset down Thunder Road — to the harsh facts of living in contemporary America. "Perhaps it was fortuitous," states Marsh of the years his project hung in an uneasy limbo; to the late-blooming Springsteen fan like myself who finally saw the light with 'Darkness' and was then totally KO'd by 'The River', the timing is nothing less than absolutely essential.

Marsh has always been a fine rock writer, first and foremost a fan able to articulate his obsessive devotion to a music that, at its most potent, transcends 'entertainment' or fickle trend-shaping. "I believe that rock and roll has saved lives, because I know that it was instrumental in shaping my own," states Marsh, from the outset letting down his guard to display the forcefulness of his own personal vision. "When Bruce speaks of rock reaching down into homes without culture to tell kids that there is another way to live, I understand it personally . . . when we had nothing, rock lent us a sense that we could have it all."

Marsh's foreword — a valiant first-person diatribe, first railing at rock's self-betrayal over the past decade, then pinpointing Springsteen's advent as the crucial force "that made rock and roll a matter of life and death again" — shapes up the perspective of this biography perfectly. Marsh is Springsteen's perfect Boswell because both men share the inherent belief that "it is every man's responsibility to root out the corruption that had seeped into rock."

An early shot of The Future of Rock 'n' Roll (Frank, the wild cat on the left) in his first band, The Castiles. Wonder what happened to the guy on the right?

The eighteen chapters that follow not only document the circumstances and events that shaped Springsteen's life and career with a fierce diligence that pinpoints the crucial fact that the latter's career *is* his life, they provide an inscrutably researched and movingly heartfelt insight into Springsteen's 'modus operandi'. The second chapter documents Springsteen's working-class childhood, the often tense relationship with his father (a key figure in a number of his best songs), his inability to be one of the gang; Marsh allows Springsteen to speak of his early years in a virtual monologue, touchingly awkward but infused with the feeling that these years shaped him drastically. The central motif is simple — Springsteen as the misfit who found an identity and dream through rock'n'roll, strapping on a guitar and locking himself away until he joined his first group, the Castiles (named after a brand of soap).

Springsteen's dedication to rock — key influences are Elvis, Buddy Holly, Ray Charles and the classic '60s music of electric Dylan, Spector, the Stones, and the Who — takes precedence over all other youthful pursuits: no girlfriends, no drugs, no steady job. The Castiles break up after a promising lift-off and Springsteen floats around the Asbury Park, New Jersey scene — already a local legend —encountering the numerous characters later to make up the E Street Band, not to mention Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes.

Other bands are detailed: Earth (blessedly short-lived), Child, Dr. Zoom & The Sonic Boom and Steel Mill (a combo that Marsh regards as being Springsteen's first showcase for the promise to be later fulfilled). Springsteen even does solo folky stuff around New York, although Marsh captures the wretched isolation of New Jersey's seedy precincts vividly — precincts that Springsteen seemed destined to return to.

Then Bruce meets Mike Appel, a former marine officer as loud-mouthed and offensive as he appears totally committed to his belief in Springsteen's talent, who barracks his way into getting the great John Hammond Jnr. to audition his protege for CBS. The first album's muddled gush of acoustic Dylanesque word-scrambles and sharp-edged big band raunch is first denoted, then analysed — as is the media reaction to Springsteen as 'new Bob Dylan of 1975'.

'The E-Street Shuffle' presents a drastic improvement — but Marsh's excellent journalistic instincts pinpoint key problems re. marketing, record company apathy, support from critics and ultimately, the Jon Landau quote which coincided with Springsteen's word-of-mouth rep. as dazzling live attraction. Marsh sees Landau as Springsteen's perfect catalyst and co-producer, lavishing inordinate detail on the nature of their friendship / partnership, a pairing that ultimately was responsible for 'Born To Run'. Then the whole contretemps 'twixt Springsteen and Appel is put to print in characteristic weighty detail, building slowly to the creation (again, incredibly arduous) of 'Darkness' and its stark jolts of reality as seen by an artist returning to observe his roots.

The U.S. edition of the finished tome ended with a sociological study of Springsteen's pre-eminence as live performer and composer set against the tidal flood of punk and New Wave. This Omnibus copy, however, has an extra chapter dealing with Springsteen's two years making 'The River', and this addition provides the perfect balance, acknowledging both that album's aesthetic triumph and the fact that by 1980 Bruce Springsteen is America's biggest rock act, giving faith to the millions who — like Marsh — see in him rock's 'big picture', the ability to combine every aspect of classic 'rock' stereotypes and synthesize them all into one flailing, honest, 'absolute' musical concoction as lethal as it is reassuring.

With *Born To Run,* Marsh provides a reader like myself — someone who has never seen the subject live — with a vivid sense of what the Springsteen set feels like. He captures the dynamic perfectly, a dynamic that is ultimately the very essence of true rock writing. As a journalist, Marsh's documentation of Springsteen's career is painstakingly complete. As a fan, he lets down his guard from the outset but never once leads one to think he might be a closet sycophant.

Possibly the only essential rock biography so far written.

Nick Kent

...AND THE SAVILE ROW SHUFFLE

Shout! The True Story Of The Beatles by Philip Norman (Elm Tree £5.95)
John Lennon 1940 — 1980 by Ray Connolly (Fontana £2.50)

Charles Shaar Murray reads some bad time stories.

TELL me the story of The Beatles again, Daddy. Tell me about John at art school as a short-sighted Ted and how he first met Paul (who could play 'Twenty Flight Rock' properly), how George was this funny little kid who hung about with them and who no-one took seriously. Tell me about Pete Best who got slung out and Stu Sutcliffe who died (but who couldn't really play the bass) and about all those wild nights in Hamburg, *please,* Daddy.

Tell me about how they met Brian Epstein (who had dramatic ambitions and really loved John) and how they got turned down by Decca. Then tell me about how they became the biggest stars the world had ever known. Please, Daddy. I know I've heard this story so many times before, but I always sleep better after I've heard the story of The Beatles . . .

To paraphrase the great Samuel K Amphong: why is Beatles book? The greatest (rock) story ever told and told and told and TOLD. Every so often it crops up again — thank you, Mark Chapman, you've certainly helped a lot of people sell a lot of THINGS — embellished with a few new details. Philip Norman retells the chalice-ina-palace legend; Ray Connolly dismisses said anecdote as apocrypha. Like all good bedtime stories, the legend of The Beatles is subject to endless embellishment; every time it goes round again someone comes up with a couple of new anecdotes to liven up the well-worn tale.

Norman's book — which is by far the better of the two — actually tells the reader more about John Lennon — but then The Beatles' story was always more John Lennon's than anybody else's. Mr Norman certainly has his knife well into Paul McCartney all the way through the book, which suits this reviewer just fine, and who can resist a wave of genuine revulsion when we learn that the first words of the 14-year-old Macca upon learning of his mother's death were "But what will we do without her money?" or that when he was upset with his parents, he would sneak into their bedroom and put imperceptible rips into their lace curtains? I mean, what a . . .

The Walrus and The Carpenter: Lennon listens to the Sergeant Pepper playbacks with George Martin.

Look: all the great rock stories are tragedies. The Beatles' story was a tragedy even before the hideous, melodramatic climax of the Lennon shooting. Even the ones that don't climax with death (Hendrix, Morrison, Joplin, Pistols) climax with slow decay, lost opportunity and broken promises. I saw The Who on television last night, and that's the tragedy of a ghastly marriage from which no-one has the courage to walk out. Forgive The Beatles: they just didn't know any better. How could they? What happened to them had not happened to anybody else before except Elvis, and look what happened to him.

As for Beatles' biographers, they have no such excuse for telling that same old bedtime story all over again to the same old crew of big babies. In other words:

". . . because the story's a saddening bore,
And I've read it ten times or more,
It's about to be writ again . . .
And Lennon's on sale again."

Charles Shaar Murray

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LED ZEPPLIN	In Thru The Out Door
CROSBY, STILLS & NASH	Deja Vu
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. . . at a country retreat, MR. PETER SHELLEY ponders his solo re-emergence into the warm air of an electro-pop spring. The bleak winter of Buzzcocks stagnation falls away, all is light and beauty. Hello birds, hello trees! Lynn Hanna joins Peter on his fluttering flight into a brighter tomorrow.

PETE SHELLEY'S perched on a picturesque stone seat in the grounds of Martin Rushent's country studio, clear-eyed, calm and cheerful.

The news broke this morning of the Buzzcocks break up, but the idyllic setting doesn't lend itself to dreary thoughts on the death of a pure pop dream, and Peter himself exudes the positive aura of a man with a new enthusiasm for his music.

"A restless spirit," he smiles.

Pete's dad has driven him down from Manchester for the day, and sitting on a sofa inside the studio, we've been listening to the tracks which will make up his new solo album.

They're warm, bright electro-pop; varied, direct and with the old urgency in Pete's voice that's been missing from the last few Buzzcocks singles. At least one of them, 'Guess I Must Have Been', has all the hallmarks of sterling Shelley.

"It's getting back to basics," he says.

"I've been frontman for Buzzcocks for over four years. And it's five years since me and Howard started. The first Buzzcocks gig was at Bolton Institute of Technology on the first of April 1976. They let us play two numbers, and we started the second so fast they couldn't switch us off.

"I've done a lot in five years, but I've had my run of it. I don't think I'll ever be a Buzzcock again."

Peter originally arrived at the Berkshire studio to work on tracks for the new Buzzcocks album. At some point over the last couple of weeks something clicked, he says, and with the aid of a computer and the active encouragement of the enthusiastic Rushent, he started to reinterpret the songs in a new style. The decision to leave Buzzcocks slowly took shape while he was working.

"I've been getting back to doing things rather than just thinking about them. It was using the tools at our disposal. The computer's like a very obedient musician, and it saves having to learn all the parts. I've never been proficient at being proficient.

"I found I was far happier on my own. It gives you more scope, more flexibility because there's less inertia. I don't mean the others were like lead weights around me, but it's far easier when you're on your own than when you're in a crowd.

"The songs are just stage one in trying to escape from the format. I'd got myself into a straightjacket with Buzzcocks, like every step I made had to be in line with what went before. I ended up just going up one avenue."

Although Buzzcocks started their last year of existence in an optimistic spirit, the past few months have been full of frustrations. There were mistakes, Peter claims, in the promotion and packaging of the recent series of singles, and with UA coming under the EMI umbrella, the group sensed a definite change in their relationship with their record company. Long delays in both the recording and release of the singles added to the sense of inactivity, and parts of the planned Tour By Instalments were subsequently cancelled at short notice.

IN ANY CASE for the past two years Pete Shelley has personally been playing a less active part in the Buzzcocks organisation, partly as a consequence as what he now sees as some sort of protracted nervous breakdown.

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AMSTRAD
GREAT PLAYERS

PIC: PENNIE SMITH

Pete Shelley discusses the birds and bees with Lynn Hanna.

"I may have got too complacent, but it's very hard to analyse why you did things. I suppose I sank into my own world to get away from the disparities between the outside world and what I actually wanted to do. It's all more integrated now."

As his involvement waned, the other Buzzcocks inevitably acquired greater influence, and although he is quick to stress that they deserved an equal say, Pete is not adept at issuing orders and felt his own ideas were being submerged.

"I make a lousy dictator, but I don't like democracies all that much either. The chance of being outvoted didn't seem like my idea of fun.

"In the early days, it was me and Howard who decided everything. We complemented each other.

"But in order to do the things I'm doing now with Buzzcocks, I'd have had to become very hard-mannered and tell them what to do. And I don't want to, I know them too well. I hope when this thing is over and done with it doesn't blot the copy-book too much, but we're good friends and I respect the others in every way. It's perhaps because of my respect that I decided this is what I had to do."

The realisation that Buzzcocks had long since outgrown what they originally stood for coincided with a desire to experiment outside their simple musical format.

"With Buzzcocks I suppose I handled it all wrong. We started off with a certain aim, followed through an idea and it had come to its logical conclusion. I was too reticent to change, not from the format but from all the things behind it, a change from the path I'd been walking on. I saw it as leading somewhere."

He says he's now cleared himself of all thoughts of being on a crusade, but he hopes Buzzcocks will continue without him, although with drummer John Maher on tour in Sweden with The Invisible Girls, and both Steve Diggle and Paddy Garvey in the past involved with their own projects, their future plans have yet to be decided.

Peter himself plans to tour with other musicians, and although neither he nor Howard have seriously considered the idea, the possibility of some future Shelley / Devoto collaboration is not ruled out by either.

"In some ways I'm a different person," says Peter. "It's been like a personality change on a musical level."

"I haven't decided what I've changed to. This album is like a controlled experiment. It'll be fun to find out.

"It's almost like leaving home. There comes a point when even though conditions are bearable and you have a fair amount of freedom, you decide — I'd rather not stay.

"Groups are just vehicles, and people get off when they want to go on somewhere else."

PLAY 'SPIRAL SCRATCH', 'Orgasm Addict', 'What Do I Get?' and the stream of singles and three albums that followed and it's not hard to see how the Buzzcocks passion and impatience gave them an unparallelled place in pure pop affections.

Manager and mentor Richard Boon hears snatches of 'Love Bites' every time he turns on his radio, and he adds that Buzzcocks made some valuable inputs into the pop world, some of which are still percolating through today.

For Pete Shelley, it's now a case of yet another music in a different kitchen.

"I suffer this delusion that people get enjoyment from my songs," he says shyly in the warm spring sunshine. "And I thought that's not so much of a disagreeable delusion, so I intend to make people even happier. And the only way you can make others happy is to be happy yourself."

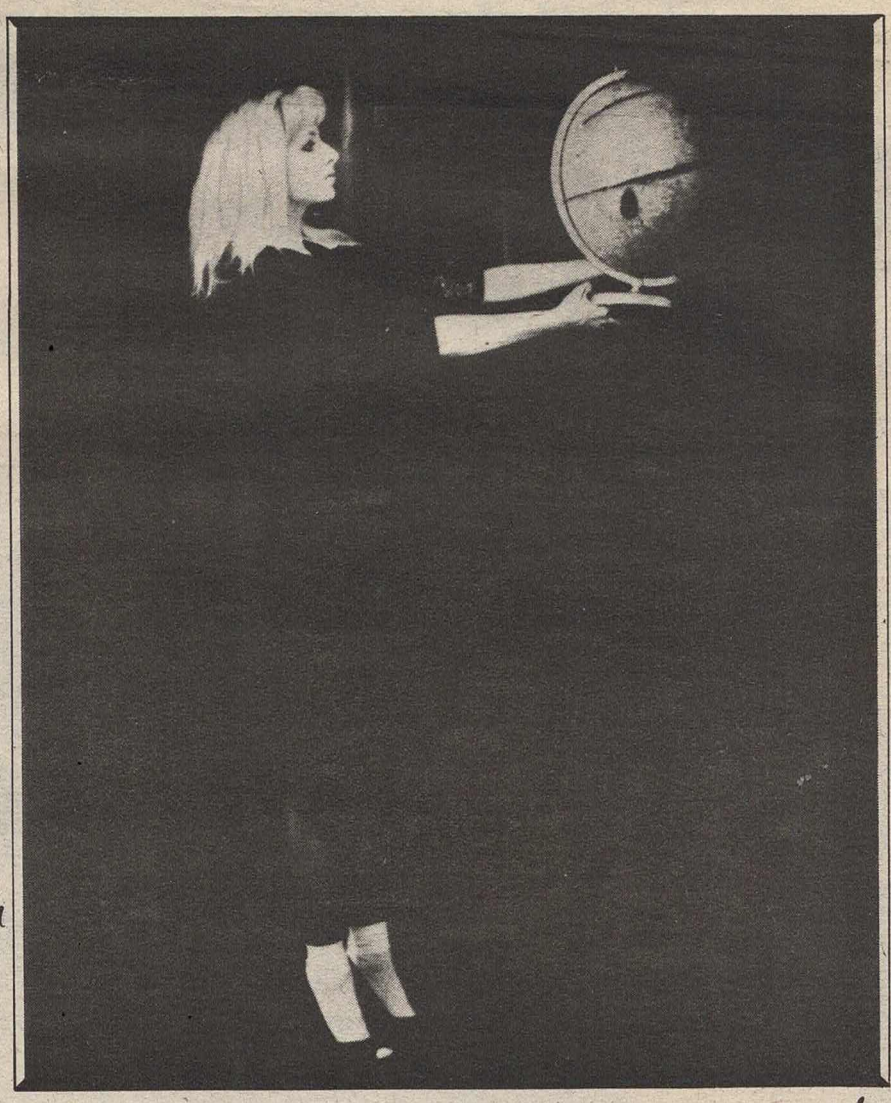
A final word from Mr Howard Devoto, back in Manchester and hard at work in Strawberry Studios with Martin Hannett and Magazine.

"I've just heard some of the songs that Peter's been doing by himself, and they're good. I do think that perhaps his songs would have benefited from a more expansive music than Buzzcocks achieved. It was a bit restrictive.

"But Buzzcocks wrote some songs I liked. And yes," he added, "it is kind of sad."

If you've ever fallen in love with Buzzcocks, no doubt you'll know what he means.

Ellen Foley



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SINGLES

FLAKES: Take It To The Max (Salsoul) Funk me — harder! faster! higher! stronger! louder! longer! Never has a slice of disco's transient perfection been more welcome than this week, sticking out like a gold nugget amidst all the grubby maggots of independence, and various conceited conceptualists: the usual blubber and bluff.

The Flakes don't offer anything spectacularly special but they convince you of real life, active evenings and pants of a hot sweet smelling breath on the nape of the neck. 'Take It To The Max' undoubtedly benefited from being played insistently in the glorious sunshine of the past two days.

Bite your lip and take a little trip to the heart of the matter, to a matter of the heart, to the heart of the dancefloor — sway with the uptown salsa splashes and drive yourself dizzy with the hard back thump and delirious brass charge: Watch your Friday nights burn into Saturdays and your Saturday nights burn into nowhere. If you have to work hard, play harder!! Flake out!

MARINE: Life In Reverse (Les Disques Du Crepescule) Thirty years of music backwards into four minutes of frantic Euro super-vision would have to sound something like Marine. Deep in their ocean there is activity, a life that is violating all kinds of laws and expectations. Not the sort of thing to take lightly. Watch it!

A pestilent storm of red rain, an amphetamine shuffle where '19th Nervous Breakdown' crashes into 'Shack Up'. A panicking frantic race. Drums fly from one speaker to the next, horns go in and out of the mix like there was no tomorrow. This is no place for slow coaches: *"I'm such a happy, I'm such a happy . ."* Mark Smith on Dexys, Crocus Behemoth on Orange Juice. Play it when you feel mad, you can't sit down and you don't know why.

MATERIAL: Temporary Music 2 (Red) Black blood and bile type funk from New York, upfront a huge throbbing mass of muscle, vein and sinew. A music structured with admirable intent, all the superfluous layers have been stripped away and the instruments played off against each other with the emphasis on a naked, menial efficiency; an attempt to create a genuinely emotive music. That said they can't make me boil with passion or spin with pleasure; they never loosen their grip, unknit their eyebrows or lower the tense pressure. All angst and no exhiliration is no way to breathe and Material only doctor one musical mood. Over on side two the shackles begin to show. 'Street Life' leans far too heavily on Kraftwerk for its own good and 'Dark Things' is too much electro gobbledegook and gristle, not enough throbbing.

MY CAPTAINS: Fall (4AD)
NORMIL HAWAIANS: Gala Failed (Red Rhino) Two guileless, pointless, tuneless and hopeless EPs, the idea behind both seems to be to throw up as many badly played orthodox rock patterns, paste them together into a disjointed disfunction of sound and hope the resulting collage will have some semblance of originality. There's no need to buy either of these records, just imagine a kitten in boiling water and you'll get the idea.

FREEEZ: Flying High (Beggars Banquet) I don't really expect anything from Freeez. 'Southern Freeez' was pleasant on its own flimsy terms but they never promised as much potential as, f'rinstance, Linx. This time out they give us a steaming workout, hallmarked by a gut bucket bass sound and although the fusion bias of the music (and the fusion bias of the critic) is given a run for its money, there's little to sustain 'Flying High' by way of true substance. In their case and in the circumstances it's quite an ambitious choice for a single and, I venture, a fairly stupid one.

RONNIE SPECTOR: Here Today Gone Tomorrow (Red Shadow) Ronnie fitted in quite effortlessly with Uncle Phil's tinny toytown orchestra of teen during the early '60s as an expendable belter of slight passion and considerable power. Left to her own devices with a bunch of failed punks from Mink De Ville (Hmm) The Heartbreakers (ha ha) and The Dead Boys (ha ha ha ha), this record is a terrible ton weight of limp guitars, a riff from the theme tune of the old Friday afternoon tv favourite 'The Double Deckers' and a brassy vocal. Ronnie falls into the misogynistic created mould of butch female vocalists (Pat Benator, Ellen Foley on her first album, Donna Summer on her new one) which is favoured by the US mainstream. Verily, the sound of chipped nails, running mascara and dressing room tears.

THE MOOD ELEVATORS: Annapurna (Go-Feet) What a letdown! The Go-Feet label usually means a thrill of saucy, sexy rhythms, but these mood placators dabble duly with dub, only to deliver something dull and dank. Their inventions are weak and colourless — like the bad side of the B52's or any side of Martha and The Muffins, and those jolly post-sociology course choruses fairly turn my stomach. Hear it on the radio a few times, watch it fade fast and wait for something better.

GLEN CAMPBELL AND TANYA TUCKER: Dream Lover (MCA) Song of the week and idea of the week, an idea which almost but doesn't quite come off. The king and queen of country get together to duet on one of the most magical pop moments in history; it's succinct, tasty and not a little dreamy.

The actual arrangement could have allowed some more space for a few vocal leaps and playful instrumental volleys. A gift as good as this one doesn't need to be so tightly packed. As it is Glen Campbell, probably spoiled by all those great Jim Webb songs he was once given, sounds too sombre and boomy alongside Tanya's aching adolescent strength and fervent desire. *"Coz I want a boy/Just to call my own/I want a dream lover so I don't have to dream alone."* A sharp, special but simple type of beauty and nothing can really detract from it. Indulge yourself!

KEN LOCKIE: Dance House (Virgin)
FLYING LIZARDS: Hands 2 Take (Virgin) The Virgin mega bores continue on their merry way. The new hippies meet the old on Lockie's single, the ex-Cowboy International getting produced by cabbage head Steve Hillage. You can almost hear 'Dance House' before you put it on the turntable; one of those crude blaring noises that likes to think itself the perfect soundtrack for a 14th century Bavarian puppet play. It relies mostly on the variegated drums which bear traits shown in engineer Nick Luany's last two customers — Phil Collins and PiL. A horrible bloody racket for all that.

The Flying Lizards single is a long way from the chewing gum pop of their early days, played with elastic bands, spoons, Fairy Liquid bottles and recorded on a cheap cassette player (on loan, of course). See what technology and Patti Paladin can do to a group! A whole mass of clarinets, horns and saxophones (instruments that usually make a record appear an interesting proposition) get an inorganic package to disappear into. The result is a shapeless electronic glope over which Patti sounds like a harassed housewife with too many tranquilisers, a Hoover and a half formed tune in her head.

½ JAPANESE : Spy (Armageddon Records) Hi there! What's new? Been to any good funerals lately? They're all the rage round our way. Great fun! At the end of the night we all put on black capes and march round to death chants like 'Spy'. Songs sung by tuneless sleepwalkers with an inane preoccupation for the weary-eerie intonation of Lou Reed circa the first three Velvets albums are big favourites; y'see. (Translation — can I go home and listen to Dexys Midnight Runners?)

PATRICE RUSHEN: Look Up (Elektra) Kimono'd, classic smiling model face, sparkling Bo Derek hair arrangement . . . a job as oriental tour operator or manageress of an oceanside supper club could be Patrice's with ease. Instead she wants, of all things, to be a singer and trap the Fern Kinney market with a weak voice and a dodgy song. I often try to imagine what the high powered, technically proficient session men who play on discs like this do in their spare time and I always see healthy hulks flexing their tanned bodies on golden beaches or playing long hard games of squash. It could explain the stream of formularised music they produce.

BERLIN BLONDES: Framework (EMI) Now I'm not one to carp but just what the hell are the Berlin Blondes trying to imply? In the bottom left hand corner of the sleeve a blond Aryan youth gazes up at geometric cubes and frameworks. Isn't it wonderful what you can do with art, the poetic privileges that are your right? Perhaps if The Sex Pistols had called themselves Neu Nuremburg EMI would have kept them much longer. The vinyl evidence shows the Berlin Blondes aim as low as their pretentions suggest. To wit: a garbled and smelly gruel of glam fag(gots) ends probably to be enjoyed by the sort of people whose biggest regret in life is that David Bowie stopped calling himself Ziggy about 1974.

FUNKADELIC: Connections and Disconnections (LA Records)
PARLIAMENT: Crush It (Casablanca). These two records are made by superior masters of an enviable craft, but that craft no longer seems to be capable of reaching its goal. 'Connections and Disconnections' is the more jaded offering, while 'Crush It' sheds a little light onto how George manages to dance so much and make so many albums each year. *"I've been picking up things with my nose, can you dig it?"*. Quite a rapture when all is unwrapped, though I'm not a big enough Muppets fan to enjoy the giggly animated treated vocals. Sounds like the last Gap Band single beat it at its own game.

LINVAL THOMPSON: Pop No Style (Trojan)
BARRY BROWN: Living Like A Brother (Trojan). Lynval Thompson sounds like a man who's trying to rescue his chauvinistic complexes rather than injured pride, as he places a list of previous indictments at his girlfriend's door. Swollen with self pity, he doesn't do justice to his sweet, clear vocals. Barry Brown strikes such an anonymous chord with his voice that he could be a tea-boy at Channel One studios who only got in the studio by default, rather than a recognised artist. There *is* an elegaic artistry behind both records, but an artistry which is increasingly pedestrian.

RUFUS: Tonight We Love (MCA)
ROSE ROYCE: Golden Touch (Whitfield Records). David Stronach and Rufus may take a bow and two victory laps of the turntable for their smart, tight and fresh production on 'Tonight We Love', easily the best Rufus record since the golden days of Chaka Khan and the navel that hypnotised the western world as we know it.

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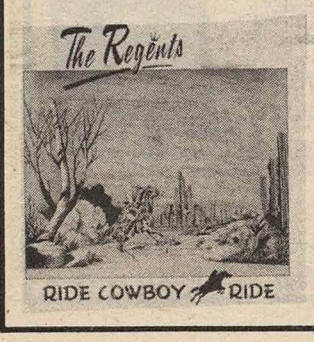

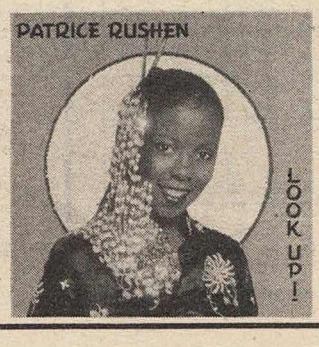

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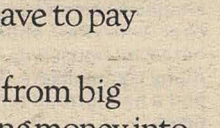

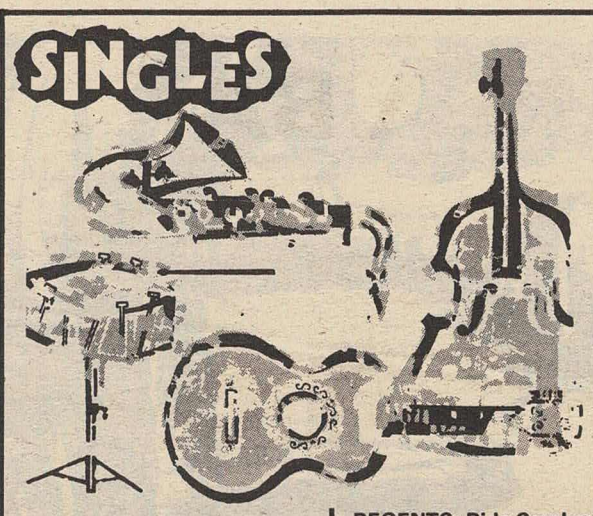

From previous page

Next time you go to your dentist don't be surprised if he plays you a few bars of the Rose Royce track and pulls out your tooth; you won't feel a thing. There's something strangely amiss here — like a fire without a flame. 'Help Yourself' is on the flipside and it's the one that should be vying for your attention, the best track on their otherwise very dull LP. Worth hearing if you haven't yet had that crucial love affair with Norman Whitfield.

REGENTS: Ride Cowboy Ride (MCA). What a chore it must have been to unearth and assemble this neutral, watery slice of paltry popcake. It's the full scale treatment for the big western theme, massed acoustic guitars and winsome woosome harmonies as our hero goes for the inevitable last ride, a journey The Regents would do well to consider themselves, having exhausted every imaginable area of patience with this and their previous singles. If I didn't know better I'd say it was the sort of thing 10cc would put out as a tax loss.

GIRLSCHOOL: Hit and Run (Bronze). How heavy is their mettle? Actually with Girlschool you notice a lot less of the piledriving chord battering and get quite caught up in their uniquely personal imagery — considering the genre that's a major achievment. They pull it off thanks to a good lead vocal and a lyric that cuts a little private space away from the usual fray; *"I was out in the cold alone in the night"*. Mind you it won't be on a voluntary basis that you'll catch me listening to them again.

MANNSCHRECK: Beitrage zur Sinnespflege (Schreckschuss Platen). Goes in one ear and doesn't have the energy to come out the other. The far side of nothing, bringing new meaning to the word vacant. Something as stimulating as half a can of flat tepid lager and two anadin just crawled onto my turntable and died. You can buy it from Rough Trade.

LEVEL 42 Love Games (Polydor). Polyester shirt and crimplene slacks for this one. A lot of people are influenced by the ideology and the immaculate textures of supermarket muzak these days: Level 42 are chained to them. Their idea of a 12 inch single is a 3 year coma recorded in 7 minutes — huge yawning gaps of music and clearasil coated vocals. A volume of musical hypertension.

FACTION: Faction (Inevitable). Pete 'Wah!' Wylie on piano but this record lacks anything worth commending it, certainly not the non-production which virtually condemns it. A very ordinary exchange of words and thoughts.

GAP BAND: Humpin' (Phonogram). Bands like these Gap people shouldn't really be full-time disco careerists at all, and should only leave their posts to go into the music industry's competitive world of talent when they have something as great as 'Burn Rubber On Me' or 'When I Look In Your Eyes' to offer. This is another Parliament derivative, a mercenary shambles to the former's stunning exhortation. A party disc — the sort of party where inane oafs keep blowing toy bugles in your ear and the boy from the bank talks too loud and spills red wine over everybody. It's not my party, so I'll leave if I want to.

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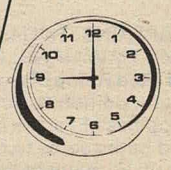
SNIPS: 9 O'Clock (EMI). I raved about this when it first came out last year, I'm about to do the same thing again and I shall continue to babble its virtues from the rooftops until Snips is a star or they come to take me away, whichever is the soonest. Produced by Midge Ure (who has never surpassed the achievement), this boasts numerous attractive features; strong guitar/drums core and soaring synthesisers being but two. But what makes it a great record rather than just another good one is Snips' vocal, which rides on top of this minor maelstrom and captures your undivided attention without descending to screams or mannerisms. The best EMI record in years.

David Hepworth SH



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WHEN IS A BAND NOT A BAND?

Pic: Joe Stevens.

L to r: Fred Maher, Michael Beinhorn, Sonny Shorrock, Fred Frith, Bill Laswell.

When its Material, who are sort of several New York bands who are always sort of coming and going in all sorts of wonderful ways.

By Richard Grabel

MATERIAL are a "now you see 'em, now you don't" type of band. They are a collective of changing personnel revolving around a core of three people. They are a series of recording projects utilizing people from Nona Hendryx to Brian Eno to Miles Davis. They are a flexible structure, committed to staying noncommitted.

The three are drummer Fred Maher, synthesizer player Michael Beinhorn, both native New Yorkers, and bassist Bill Laswell, from Michigan. Laswell, the ring-leader, was running around New York playing with the likes of James Chance and DNA when those groups were in their formative stages, spreading his methodology of applied funk rock rhythm. Without any fanfare, he and Material have made their influence widely felt.

Artistically speaking, Material is one of the most important things going on in New York right now. They play hard-hitting, unconventional funk, layered with fiery guitars and blasting horns. I could throw adjectives around — startling, inspiring, radical. But words will never hit with the wallop this band packs. In everything they've done, Material have avoided the orthodox music business structures. They mostly record in a studio they've built themselves in a Brooklyn warehouse/loft. They are not involved in chasing after contracts.

"We've involved in avoiding contracts" Laswell says. "We don't like to sign anything. If we do sign something it's a deal for one record at a time."

A series of interlocking projects keeps them unstuck.

"It keeps us from getting trapped in one direction. The only theory we have is just, once it gets going too far in one direction, to stop and rethink, and do something different."

Maher was in a real band once.

"Being in a band is probably one of the most horrible things you can do. I was in The Dance and I couldn't stand it. A bunch of people who see each other every day, rehearse the same shit every day, and play the same places every week."

For Maher, a versatile prodigy at eighteen, the solution is to be in several bands. He backs up a singer named Roberta Baum playing music by Ornette Coleman. He drums in Richard Hell's new band.

Laswell plays on the Byrne-Eno 'My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts' album. Maher, Beinhorn and Laswell play on the next Brian Eno "rock" album, now being recorded. They have finished an album of dance music with singer Nona Hendryx (formerly of Labelle) to be released on Celluloid Records in France and Ze in America. Laswell, Beinhorn, Eno and German synthesizer player Axel Gross are recording together. So are Material and Voidoid guitarist Robert Quine. A Material album is now being recorded at the Brooklyn loft — the basic three plus jazz guitarist Sonny Sharrock and horn players Olu Dara and Henry Threadgill.

The most recent edition of Material to play live had Sharrock and guitarist Fred Frith (ex-Henry Cow) along with Dara on trumpet. Sharrock is a guitar pyrotechnician of legendary calibre. He's played on seminal albums by Miles Davis, Don Cherry, Pharoah Sanders, John Coltrane and Cannonball Adderley. The collision of him and Frith set up a mad conflagration, while the rhythm section drove on, unstoppable and very physical. This band made one of the most powerful noises I heard last year.

WHAT IS IT? The help of jazz musicians enables Material to make a clean break with rock formalities and limits. But they don't play jazz.

Laswell: "No, certainly not. I have no background in it. Nothing before Coltrane. Of course I heard Charlie Parker, but . . ."

Beinhorn: "We're a rock band, if anything. I don't think we're even that."

The music has a sting and a rhythmic grounding that ties it to rock. The beat is a rock/funk hybrid, one that Material were pioneering before James Chance, The Pop Group or Defunkt. On the other hand . . .

Beinhorn: "Garage funk punk jazz electronic communist white noise."

There's also Massacre, a vehicle for Fred Frith using the Material rhythm section. Massacre will tour France later this month. "Frith is playing completely different music now than what he did before" Laswell says. "Massacre is really brutal, really fast and hard and strong. The rhythm section is like rock, really straight and simple. And we've begun to improvise within a rock structure, which really hasn't been done in a way that works."

More. Laswell plays in a dance band called Curlew. Deadline is Material plus drummer Phillip Wilson and guitarist Bob Quine, doing a Miles Davis fusion-jazz type thing, but much wilder.

Laswell: "We've set it up so that individually we can go play anywhere, with anyone, and come back and still have Material as a possibility. Certainly for recording, always."

The Material records released so far — a 'Temporary Music' EP and a single, 'Discourse'/'Slow Murder' — were recorded with a different drummer, no added players and in a rather constrained style. The Material album now in progress is the first record with a chance of conveying their intensity.

The record will have some of Material's typically abstract, suggestive lyrics, which they agree are the least important part of what they do.

Laswell: "They just take up space where the lyrics should be. They may convey a picture, but certainly no message.

"It's important that we don't come off as having some heavy trip to lay on anybody. Our opinions are just our own. What's important to us is to be busy, to have movement so that you keep doing things. And to try to remain open to most things.

"I would hate to go around saying what I thought, and what our music was and what it's doing. You should leave that up to the individual, because nothing else has been."

9 BELOW ZERO

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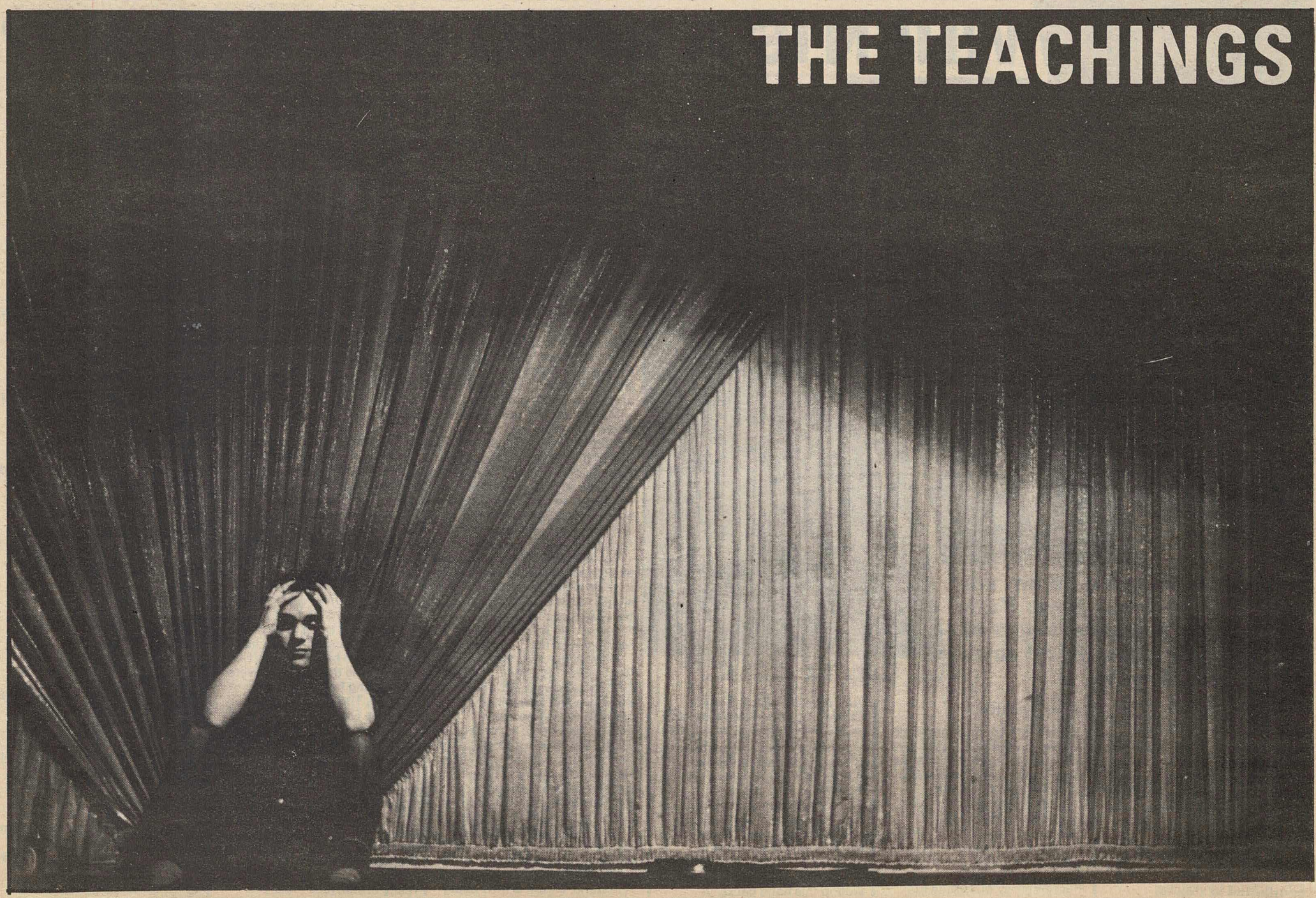

Dour idealists or fun loving fools? Maybe even a bit of both? Lynn Hanna draws back the curtain on the dramatic return of The Gang Of Four. Pix: Anton Corbijn

IN LEICESTER it's the drab box of a university hall. In Bristol it's a kitsch club with resoundingly tasteless decor. In Manchester it's in front of a student audience with a few friends present from the Gang Of Four's punk past.

In between it's a grinding routine of snatched sleep, morning hangovers, fast food at motorway stop-offs. An unreal atmosphere where dazed recollections of the last night's gig change to nervous anticipation of the next performance.

The Gang Of Four are touring with Pere Ubu and Delta 5, and on the coach it's like a close but bizarre family circle.

The colourfully clad Deltas flit about on the bus through the network of friends that form the two Leeds bands. Senior rock statesman Mayo Thompson is a benign addition to the bearded Ubu musos. By day, David Thomas is a vast, shy, silent presence at one of the constant card schools. At night his bulk blossoms onstage, revolving gracefully around the fixed point of his feet, his whole size an expressive counterpoint to the challenging dischords of Pere Ubu's astonishing sound.

And then, of course, there's the Gang Of Four themselves.

"In a sense it brings out our characters onstage," says Dave Allen affectionately as the coach approaches Manchester.

"Sometimes I look round and there's Jon doing his Basil Fawlty bit. That is Jon really. He's very outgoing, a complete chump at times.

"Personally I'm a pretty earthy character, pretty straightforward. I just plough on and do what I want to.

"Then there's Hugo, solid as a rock behind his kit. And Andrew's a funny character all round, wandering about with his schoolboy haircut and glasses. He's the complete antithesis of the rock guitarist. Andrew is Andrew at all times.

"It all takes a lot of the dourness away that people think we have. You see Jon leaping around the stage in a huge, baggy suit. How can that possibly be boring and Marxist?"

FOR THE Gang Of Four, this is a tour that some doubted would take place at all, with the long silence after 'Entertainment' broken only by the unsatisfactory single 'Outside The Trains Don't Run On Time' and one other new track recorded for the RAR album.

In fact the group have been touring Europe and America.

"We also," says Andrew Gill, "spent months and months, nine to five, in the Leeds rehearsal room staring at each other or the floor trying to write songs — with no success at all."

To some extent the Gang Of Four were hampered by the lavish praise heaped on 'Entertainment' from all sides, and they felt it was necessary to re-evaluate their sound by finding formulas.

"Which is a silly way of working," adds Andrew. "Because it's only in retrospect that you see what the formula is."

The delay was also due to the group's democratic structure. That had a practical disadvantage — no one took the initiative.

"We just got terribly stale. We also felt we had plenty of time, there's no manager to rush us. And that's no atmosphere for good work. It can be destructive. If you're getting one song a month, you get to think that that's how long it takes to make a song.

" 'Trains' was the middle of the period, and there's nothing very good about that."

Eventually, Gang Of Four dealt with the situation by setting themselves a deadline. They booked studio time and set off for a short tour of the States.

"We said, 'when we get back from America, if we haven't got enough for an album, we might as well pack it in.' We felt we weren't functioning, and there's no point in playing the same set live."

Most of 'Solid Gold' was subsequently written in the studio, either from scratch or from vague ideas on tape, with the added impetus of enthusiastic co-producer Jimmy Douglass.

"At the slightest problem, we tend to get very morose," explains Andrew. "Just as we'd be edging towards the bar, Jimmy would say 'Don't be stupid, get on with it,' which was very useful."

"No one of us is the boss. I think of that as a reflection of how we came together — as friends and equals. All of us are very strong-headed. The arguments go on and on, no-one backs down. They can be about anything from the price of a Mars bar to a grand intellectual plan — anything."

In Bristol, the Gang Of Four play a blistering set beneath an improbably tropical ceiling that sparkles fake stars through imitation coconut matting. But backstage after the three encores, two Gang Of Four fans are having a heated discussion with Hugo Burnham about the group's recorded output. They seem particularly disappointed that there are only seven new songs on 'Solid Gold'.

Hugo is defending their decision to include three previously recorded tracks by the argument that they have all been radically rearranged.

"But they were disappointed for a number of reasons," he says later. "After the massive effect 'Entertainment' had on them, they felt 'Solid Gold' hadn't really delivered.

"In the end I said, well, where it has been a success is that you're in here arguing with me for half an hour. In that respect it's been a complete success. I was trying to explain that a recorded song isn't the end of it, a sacrosanct statement. That should be the genesis for further debate."

The idea that the principles that the Gang Of Four stand for don't simply stop with their sound is not so much naivete as practical optimism of an unassuming sort.

It is not, they stress, a case of imposing their views on others. Nevertheless, despite the dedicated hedonism of their behaviour on tour, the Gang Of Four do make a conscious effort to uphold certain standards, and they hope that their ideals are reflected throughout their organisation.

They are quietly proud of their close relationship with their road crew, two of whom, Jolyon Burnham and Phil Allen, are brothers to Hugo and Dave. The democratic set up stretches to the support groups, both of whom are scheduled for an hour's soundcheck, although paradoxically this is also causing problems of over-work for the road crew.

"It's not as if you say one thing and in private you do another," says Hugo. "But it's politicising your private life that's the difficulty.

"We're still learning and we still tick each other off on points of order. In the early days I used to get a lot of stick from Jon because of my language, and it made me start thinking about taking responsibility for the things I said. We often came quite close to blows about it. People don't actually appreciate the individual effort to maintain a sound ideological image or way of life. It's not shouting about things that will influence other people. It's by setting an example in your own life."

"I think if anyone comes to a Gang Of Four concert, it's because of what we're about, not just musically," says Dave. "Your surroundings do influence you. For instance, it was only when I came to Leeds that my ideas became focused. And it's the same with Phil. He's now got very strong views about sexism and racism.

"The only problem is getting to the amount of people you want to influence."

"The Gang Of Four means something to me," adds Hugo. "And as long as it purports to uphold those standards and ideals, then I'll stay with the band, whatever the difficulties of personality clashes or lack of music. So long as I feel we're actually doing something. I think to a lot of people we're a help by just existing — as a standard to better or to criticise. Or to feel solidarity with."

WHEN THE Gang Of Four go drinking there are no half measures. In the late night bar of a Leicester hotel there's a warmly drunken range of tour personnel strewn around the room in various stages of alcoholic excess with only the mysterious Ubus, who retire early, missing.

Hugo Burnham has also gone to bed, since his drinking is currently curbed by a course of anti-biotics, the end of which happens to coincide with both his birthday and the date when the tour plays Birmingham Odeon. Already he's planning a suitable revenge on his cleansed system.

Jon King's exuberant gestures have become more expansive as the evening progresses, and he's now lolling rather loosely across a row of vinyl seats. Andrew Gill, who is asthmatic when he's sober with a deadpan expression that cracks suddenly into a large smile is rebuilding Stonehenge from bottles

OF KARL AND GROUCHO

Far left: Hugo Burnham gives his already famous impression of Trevor Francis at Wembley last week. Left: Andy Gill (the hat is beyond comment, really). Centre: Jon King rehearses his new work-out of 'Deck Of Cards'. Right: Dave Allen, and may your god go with you.

A MARXIST WAY OF KNOWLEDGE

and glasses; a construction which rests, he insists, on the premise that the sun will rise in Dave Allen's left eye.

In fact, Dave's pale green eyes are slightly glazed, but apart from that he's showing no signs of weakening, except for a fleeting tendency to forget what he's said only a few minutes before.

It is at about this time that I mention Marx, to howls of disapproval from all sides of the table, apart from Andrew who solemnly declares that he would have liked to discuss politics.

During the ensuing chaos of retribution, Stonehenge collapses and crashes to the floor.

"I don't really know what Marxist theory on art is," says Jon King in a more sober state of mind. "Although I'm not saying that I don't know about it — because I do, to an extent.

"But there is no such thing. The only similarity between any leftist writers that I've read on art is that it has a relationship with life — which would seem to be the most self-evident statement imaginable."

Another preconception that the Gang Of Four are anxious to dispel is the dry and humourless reputation that their music has acquired, and they all stress the ironies that underly their songs.

"I think 'Entertainment' gave that impression because there wasn't much feeling in it," says Jon. "The emotion in the old songs was in a very narrow band. They conveyed pissed-off anger, like throwing a shoe at a party political broadcast, screaming 'liar' at a television set. And I'm not too sure of its effectiveness."

"The different approach on 'Solid Gold' is doing something that someone can identify with as having some association with their lives. Like 'Hole In The Wallet' says totally straightforwardly what a lot of blokes mutter in private about women: 'Stay in bed or in the kitchen.' It sounds so moronic. Coming straight out with it is to embarrass people really. It's not so much disgust, because in a sense we're not talking about grand ideas, although obviously you have ideas behind the songs.

"But it's not about The State, or How I Would Run The Bus Company. You're saying 'Here you are, this is what someone says.' You introduce an angle into it so that maybe someone thinks 'Is that me talking?' Because no-one's immune from these things. No-one's an angel.

"The difference is that now we're trying to work from under people's skins."

The almost oppressive pessimism on 'Solid Gold' is certainly leavened by the Gang Of Four's strong sense of the absurd, particularly onstage, where their songs take on a totally different dimension.

"We do look funny a lot of the time," says Jon. "My incredibly stupid dancing compliments the music quite well. I don't have any pretensions for looking in the slightest bit cool. I never have done.

"But I think there's a lot more sadness on 'Solid Gold'. I always wanted us to write things that were more optimistic. But there is something terrible about the days we live in which are very like the '30s in many ways — and we all know how the '30s ended.

"I'm not very optimistic in a social sense, but I don't personally walk round in a great gloom. There's always a faint chance that if people come to their senses, you won't have billions of pounds spent on bombs instead of hospitals."

THE GANG Of Four are anxious not to lose the impetus they all feel in their writing and plan to have another album and new singles out as quickly as possible. But their fresh enthusiasm has also coincided with a very definite dissatisfaction with EMI.

It is not, they stress, they they can't work with the company, but rather that the effect of their watertight contract has been to discourage involvements since the terms of the agreement mainly benefit the Gang Of Four.

Allegations range from total lack of interest to more specific charges such as failing to mail records to radio stations. They also accuse EMI of not releasing 'Entertainment' in some of the European countries that the group subsequently toured.

"There's no reason to fight your record company," states Dave. "But at the moment we feel we're working in a void."

Whatever happens when their contract comes up for renewal in a few months time, it seems that some sort of change is in the air. "It might be a watershed for them and us," explains Dave. "But the future is rosy. The Gang Of Four won't disappear. We know what we want to do."

DAVE ALLEN is sitting at the side of a small dressing room, hunched in a chair and with a towel hiding his head. While the rest of the Gang Of Four roam about in the bar either playing pool or locked in grim battle with the small screen monsters of the latest space game, Dave usually lurks backstage, suffering from the sort of stagefright that's as crushing as physical sickness.

On this occasion the others have joined him and are topping up the evening's alcohol intake with a final few shots of vodka. Hugo is winding tape around his blistered hands. Andrew is attempting to memorise his list of guitar effects. Jon King is blowing large, pink bubbles of glistening gum that collapse periodically over the lower half of his face to cries of disgust from the other occupants of the dressing room.

Like any other group of friends, when Gang Of Four get together the anecdotes start to fly. There was the time when Hugo rescued a kitten abandoned in an alley outside their rehearsal room, whose desperate howls were at first attributed to Gill's unorthodox guitar. Then there was the interview in which a German journalist innocently asked a tired and emotional Gang Of Four how they liked touring. Dave immediately burst into tears, Jon started sobbing trying to comfort him and the final disastrous affect was achieved by Andrew staggering into the room semi-conscious and covered in blood after falling flat on his back and hitting his head on the pavement outside. . .

TEN MINUTES later the Gang of Four are onstage, and Jon King has exploded into a flailing parody of disco dancing, a wildly disordered spectacle as he charges from side to side of the stage.

To call the Gang Of Four funk is misleading, since theirs is probably the heaviest rock that you're likely to hear. Scalding slabs of sound hacked out of primal rhythm, it mates a funk pulse with rock's raw emotional power, and the new songs make the old 'Entertainment' favourites seem brittle in comparison.

It's music whose message is in its sound as much as its lyrics. It's violent, radical and conveys total desperation while keeping a unique quality of inner control. The democracy that they emphasise offstage has now metamorphosed into the natural tension created by four very different personalities playing equally important parts, a crashing separation of components with each instrument clarified and operating within its own vital sense of space.

Hugo's black thunder of a beat, Dave's gnawing bass line, Andrew's scathing guitar and Jon's smoothly impassioned vocals combine to achieve an effect that's the exact opposite of the insipid palliatives that pass for most modern rock.

"It's popular music with a twist," said Andrew earlier. "It should have something which prevents it from entering the listener without any consciousness of it. With 'Paralysed', rather than just unemployment, I wanted it to be about a more general human condition."

In the Gang Of Four's music, distress is balanced against a sense of dignity, realism allied to the possibility of change. In rock that's truly a rare essence.

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FROM ODDITY TO

Landscape I: Peter Thoms (centre): "Image? Who needs it? Our music will sell itself."

Landscape 2: Richard Burgess (centre): "We just need a little visual push, Peter. I promise you this is as far as it goes."

Salon credibility the easy way. Landscape take their shiny new spacesuits out of the closet and try to leave the skeletons in there.
Andy Gill talks to five new futurists who are old enough to know better.

"IF SOMEONE had told us five years ago that it would take us five years to get where we are now," says Richard Burgess, "we probably wouldn't have done it!"

Burgess is drummer and lead vocalist with Landscape, a group for whom the past five years have meant radical changes on a variety of levels. Only a few years ago, they were wandering up a "worthy" but rather dull jazz-funk cul-de-sac, releasing records occasionally on their own Even Horizon label. No-one was particularly bothered by them, although enough people bought them to put them in the top ten of the indie charts now and then, and their gigs were always well attended and usually enjoyable — but then, there weren't that many jazz-funk outfits functioning on a regular touring basis in those days. Still aren't, I suppose.

Then followed a period of prolonged hibernation, during which nothing was heard of them save for an appearance on *Tomorrow's World* demonstrating state-of-the-art electronic music equipment. They signed to RCA and released an eponymous album which sank without trace, and then, a little over a year ago, a fairly creditable electro-disco single, 'European Man', which found a similar fate.

That might have been the last anyone would have heard of Landscape, but a year later they suddenly reappear, thoroughly enmeshed in the New Romantic/Blitz scene, wearing daft threads and making bizarre video clips to promote a naggingly banal (and ferociously successful) novelty single, 'Einstein A Go-Go'. Said single, and the album from which it's lifted, the unattractively-titled 'From The Tea-Rooms Of Mars . . . To The Hell-Holes Of Uranus', are now firmly ensconced in their respective Top 20s, and rising. 'European Man' is starting to feature in the nation's "Futurist" charts, a year after its release. All of sudden, Landscapes are a Very Big Deal indeed.

Bingo! The oddity becomes commodity . . .

"It's not so radical a change, really," says John Walters, the lyrican-toting Pied Piper of the 'Einstein' video. "It's been quite logical from inside. Our public faces have changed because we got ignored for about a year."

"The only thing that's changed, really, is that we've expanded the titles up into full-blown lyrics," adds Burgess. "We always had a visual concept of the songs, anyway, and we felt that we didn't *need* words, that our music was visual enough. But then after doing it for three years or so, we came to the realisation that it perhaps was not so easy for the man in the street to visualise the concept we were trying to put across musically, so we needed a lyric just to aid people a little."

Gosh! Well, on behalf of men in the street everywhere, may I take this opportunity to thank you, Richard. It's statements like this, the way that Burgess' self-confidence teeters constantly on the edge of arrogance, that prompts one to suspect that the changes — and the success — of Landscape are not so much accidental as the result of very careful planning: that, having opted for a hi-tech musical approach, they search for a new image, one which will set the new, streamlined Landscape apart from the cumbersome old model.

Unfortunately, they plump for a rather clumsy kind of space-age plastic jumpsuit which simply doesn't suit anyone apart from Burgess, who's the kind of bloke who can carry anything off. Poor Peter Thoms (the tall, moustachioed trommie of the group), especially, looks a right Charlie in his new frogman outfit.

As luck would have it, a new fashion movement happens along at about the same time, which they gratefully latch onto. And, possessing impressive command of things technical, it's fairly easy for them to muscle in on the movement on a very influential level. The result? Mucho salon credibility, plus name-checks and production credits for Burgess on all manner of New Romantic product, including, of course, the Spandau Ballet album and singles.

WHO KNOWS? Whatever the reasons for their current success, I for one wouldn't begrudge them a bit of it after five years of

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COMMODITY

Landscape 3: Peter Thoms: "Look, I don't care if androids never have moustaches, it took me years to grow it and it's staying."

comparative obscurity and poverty, and determined experimentation.

"A lot of times when we were touring we were trying new things," says Burgess, "and some of them may not have worked. But what it *has* done is given us a really firm basis of what people like, because we were able to try things that other people would just reject."

What makes Landscape unusual — dubious dress sense aside — is their interest in the musical possibilites of computers. Already well known, in their jazz-funk days, for their willingness to investigate synthetic electronic adaptations of conventional instruments, they've now gone one stage further into the realms of the microchip. As Walter says, "It's the next stage on from the rhythm-box-and-sequencer thinking that's dominated electronic music — it's like going from the mechanical phase into the intelligent-machine phase, where you can programme in much more sophistication, much more subtlety; which means you start to get things which have maybe got more feel, or more harmonic or melodic interest."

The group first began to get seriously interested in computers about 18 months ago (although they'd been throwing a few ideas around for several years before that), when Burgess, playing drums on a Buggles session, realised that the job he was doing — playing in time to a metronome — didn't call for anything more than machine skills.

He went on to collaborate with a British engineer, Dave Simmons, on the development of an electronic drumkit based on the physical workings of an acoustic drumkit. Besides Landscape, the resulting drum-machine, the STS5, is now used by bands as diverse as Spandau Ballet (surprise!) and The Specials. The other members, too, started to make use of the potential of micro-composers and the like. The benefits and possibilities, according to Burgess, are limitless:

"Things that hitherto were unthinkable to attempt because they were just too painstaking to do, will suddenly become possible. All of a sudden you're not limited by your technique — you can try things which would normally take you weeks to practise, and you might suddenly realise why they were never worth doing in the first place — but at least you can realise that within seconds, whereas, if you've spent months practising it, there's a bit of a vested interest there."

"You feel obliged to use it," says Walters.

"And I think," continues Burgess, "that's one of the problems with very sophisticated musicians, people with very sophisticated technique. We've all observed this, particularly amongst jazz musicians, because once they've spent years developing a certain technique, there's a temptation to exploit it all the time."

AS REGARDS the New Romantic/Futurist connection, they admit they've had a certain amount of luck "in that we maybe only spotted something that was happening a lot sooner than a lot of other people did". They originally pushed RCA into rush-releasing 'European Man' because they were convinced the Blitz scene (as then was) was going to be huge, and take a certain amount of ironic pleasure in its delayed action. For Walters, though, the affinities go somewhat deeper than the purely stylistic level:

"We've always felt uneasy within the 'rock scene', because there's so many conventions that were just unpleasant and difficult to manage — but at the time we were operating within the rock scene. I think there's a widespread realisation that it's time for a change, a more optimistic attitude towards music."

So, do you think the Futurist/New Romantic 'scene' will produce anything of real substance, I ask, realising after I've said it that I'm making an implicit criticism both of Landscape's music and Burgess' productions.

"Only time will tell," says Burgess coolly, "but what I do feel about the movement is that it's important to embrace it because it's the most positive, enthusiastic area of the British music scene. What we're saying — and what *everybody's* saying, funnily enough, if only they could see it — is do your own . . . God, this sounds like something from the early '70s! . . . *make your own statement*. If you don't like what Landscape are doing, or what Spandau Ballet are doing, or whatever, here's an opportunity to make your own statement. Because we don't want people to emulate us in actuality, we want them to emulate our originality."

"That, to me, is the great strength of the movement, or whatever you want to call it," adds Walters. "It's not about one particular sound, or one particular style, it's more about a state of mind. At the moment it seems — particularly from a media and marketing point of view — it seems very much like one look, one sound. But I think its great strength for the future, for producing 'work of substance', as you put it, is that it's more to do with a frame of mind. The problem is not so much the people who *start* these things, it's the way the business swallows it up and grabs it together. *We'd* like the businessmen to get fired up by the enthusiasm that's around at the moment."

"What's good about the movement," says Burgess "is that it's a broad movement that covers a lot more than music. This is the great thing about the '60s — and it hasn't happened since the '60s — it was a movement which covered all areas of art: it was dance, it was design, it was a *lifestyle*. And that's what the movement is, a lifestyle. What I'd like to see is an embracing of the enthusiasm, the vigour, because Britain, God knows, needs some enthusiasm at the moment."

Who can tell? Burgess could be right, though I hold deep reservations about the will to deliver of any movement rooted too firmly in fashion. Landscape's strength is that their roots go somewhat deeper than that. And if this *is* going to be a re-run of the '60s, can we expect the Arts Labs to spring up again?

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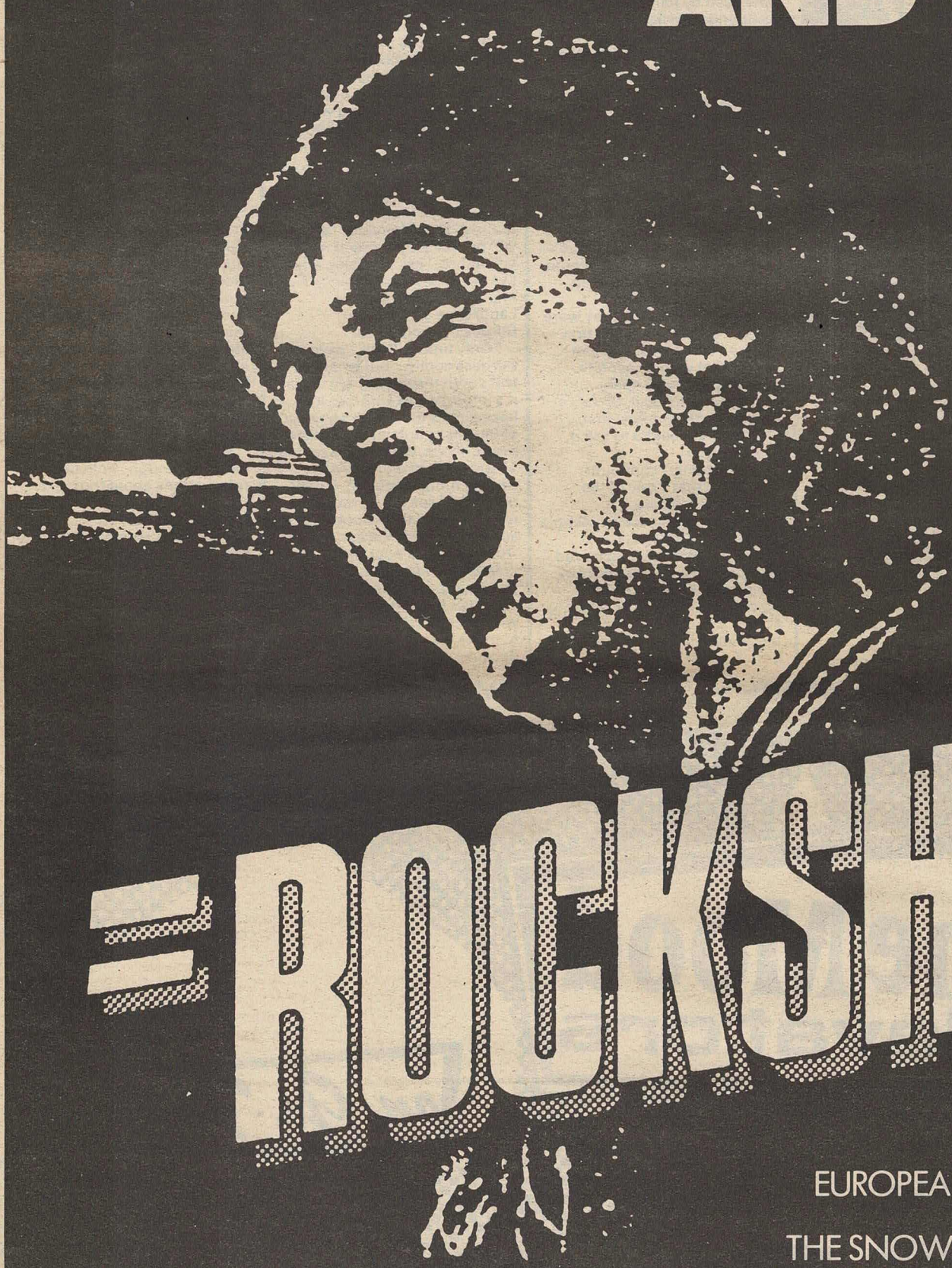

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The Great Greenland Mystery

For years scientists have been baffled by The Great Greenland Mystery. What is it that makes Greenland the only territory on earth where The Jacksons don't ship platinum?

A special investigation by DANNY BAKER with pictures smuggled out by JOE STEVENS

Left: Michael Jackson — world's greatest singer and 22-year-old enigma.

"Comrade Jackson," he said, "This is well met. The one man of all others I would have wished to encounter. We will pop off somewhere, Comrade Jackson, should your engagements permit, and restore our tissues with a cup of tea. I had hoped to touch the Jackson family for some refreshment . . ."
The introduction of Michael Jackson into P G Wodehouse's *Leave It To Psmith* (1923).

GREENLAND. If you think nothing happens in your town you should throw an eyeball around Greenland.

From five miles above it looks like the kind of terrain that made Captain Oates cry Uncle. Impossible mountain ranges scar snowbound grey granite and as far as I can see there's no houses, no roads, no people, not even the obligatory polar bear cutting holes in the floes. Just grey, grey and more grey. (Those readers living in Kidbrook will have a more vivid picture of what I mean).

I fell asleep for an hour and when I awoke the view was as if we'd remained motionless. As I begin formulating a theory about how punk rock may have actually started in Greenland wastes an even more staggering statistic occurs. It may well be that down below me, within that endless papier mache freeze, lies the only nation on this earth that hasn't presented Michael Jackson with a platinum disc for thirty zillion sales of his album 'Off The Wall'. Sure, if they have a chart there it's number one without a doubt, but it's equally certain that there can't be enough people on the island to make it actually go platinum, thus making Greenland quite unique. And the little headphones round my ears go:

"Ah wawna raark with you/(All night)/Daance you into day/(Sunlight)/Ah wawna raark with you/(All night)/Daance the night awayhay . . ."

BRITAIN'S unique for 'Off The Wall' too. No other land pulled *five* tracks from the album as 45s. Four yes, but we snuck 'Girlfriend' out in extra time and y'know what? All five were big hits. I bet Greenland had a struggle following up 'Don't Stop Till You Get Enough' — I mean, we had a hard enough time breaking *NME* there so that gives you some idea how tough these cookies are to part with their hard earned cruzeiros. (*NME* is now number two highest selling publication amongst Greenlanders, a few issues behind *A Thousand Things To Do With Slush Weekly*). It's unlikely The Jacksons have ever toured down there even though The Stranglers were received enthusiastically I'm told.

Click, click. The muffled onomatopoeia tells me the flight cap'n is about to say a few words.

"Ah, ladies and gentlemen if you look out your windows right now you will see, uh" — there's a pause while he checks his watch — "uh, the prairies of Canada. Pretty soon you'll be able to see a lake or two and we'll be coming down through Utah over . . ."

Canada? Canada? Stewardess!

"Yes sir?"

"Are you going to tell me that's not Greenland down there?"

"I'm afraid that's Canada, sir. Why? Did you need to get off at Greenland or something?"

"Enough of the wisecracks already." I squinted at her name tag. "So tell me, er, Rayleen. Given that that is Canada hurtling beneath us would you think it probable that they sell many copies of 'Off The Wall' to their countrymen?"

"Sexist!"

"OK, OK, country*people*."

"Oh yes, sir. I should think it very likely. It wouldn't surprise if it were triple platinum by now, at least. Of course, sir, in Greenland it barely turned a miserable Gold."

"Yes I know, don't rub it in. Now be off with you and fetch me a fresh Motion Discomforture bag — I've already filled these two."

As she scuttled off toward the bulkhead I sat further back in my excruciatingly narrow solid-stone chair and sighed. Canada. Not Greenland at all. Ah well, there goes the opening to my Jacksons feature . . .

BUT THIS *is* Los Angeles. The most geographically beautiful place I've ever seen and the centre of hatred and scorn for just about every thinking rock fan the world over. Carted over here to record an interview, it can near tear the heart out of an old punk rocker. I'm carrying attitudes around inside me like worms.

At every opportunity I position on the aggressive. Somebody say politics? Well back home we do it this way! Rock music? We *own* rock music bub! Sport? You folks wouldn't dare go to a real, proper *football* match. You say red, I'll say black. You wind up twisted and, well, guilt-ridden.

What am I doing with these people? Snarling with the gnawing fear alright. It's daft but understandable. After being accustomed to the pressure cooker of UK, to be dropped slap pow from the wooden horse into the smiling sumptuous greenery of polite society, well it can put you on edge to say the least.

"Feel, feel, Resist, resist," you go, "this isn't how it is!" But then you phone a friend back and they screech "You lucky, jammy, soft belly bastard. It is absolutely pissing down and you'll be back in it sooner than you think."

Gotcha. Kicking against this is like setting off a smoke bomb in Woolworths just because it's rag week. Hell, some people are getting on with things here — what's your problem, brother? Roll with it. A long exhalation and two loosening twists on the valves — let's shed this slug, smug rock journalist obsession with 'real life'. Nothing's *your* fault, idiot. So get out there and soak it up with your eyes open — it's a beautiful day in the lush gorgeous resort. Just don't be grateful, that's all. And the little headphones round my ears go:... *'Let's daance/Let's shout/Shakeyabarrdy downto thegroun'/Let's daance!/Let's shout!/Shakeyabarrdy downto thegroun'!"*

SO I'M HERE to do The Jacksons. (That's the trouble with having photos accompany a feature — they give the game away too soon.)

The Jacksons, and we know we're all being incredibly polite to four of them here, are the world's premier soul dance band. From chic (small c) disco across to electronic funk that might, hopefully, make a dozen or so British outfits take the cloth before they totally commit themselves to a life of pretence. When The Jacksons turn to funk they use no guitars. They have made the use of percussion into an unmatchable style — the intro to 'Shake Your Body', or 'Don't Stop Till You Get Enough' or the handclaps on the 45 version 'Rock With You'. It's what goes on in those pauses that makes it funk, not because there are a thousand drums keeping the rhythm alive.

Listen to 'You Got Me Working' on 'Off The Wall' for proof positive.

But far and above all else, there is The Voice Of Michael Jackson. The

■ Continues over

Greenland

■ *From previous page*

greatest voice in pop music. Leaving the actual lyric treatment aside, it's those chirps and squeals between the lines that score. Play the track 'Off The Wall'.

"You can shut out all you want to — AH DAH/Cos there ain't no sin in folks getting loud TAH/If you take the chance and do it HHIIIIT/Then there ain't no one who's gonna put you down AH. . ."

There's barely a line on the track that isn't punctuated with some urgent, throwaway bit of breath. And if you think they're unimportant then you've never seen the girls on the dancefloor mouth them to each other with expressions that the boys around could never hope to cause in a millenium. No matter how soapy the actual words may be, Michael Jackson blows sax through them.

And though countless grands get splashed on increasingly whacky videos, those plain old-fashioned bits of *film* of MJ on *Top Of The Pops* capture the show. Like the unchained, word-perfect — including all the little tail enders! — miming of 'Don't Stop' he performed against one of the cheesiest backdrops ever seen on TV. Or the stoic rendering of 'She's Out Of My Life' that climaxed with *real tears.* What? Stuff your futurist white studios after that, kiddies, the effect of watching the star cry one Thursday night must've stenciled 'Michael' on more emotions than there are in a cellarful of Steve Stranges.

And the killer is, as I'll try and illuminate later, that he probably *really was* crying!

Still, amongst all the ham let's not lose sight here of the fact that The Jacksons make some of the best records on this planet. (Really. Look at the writing credits and on eight out of ten there will be one bro' or ano' lurking 'tween the brackets. And now production!).

Enough of my barking. Suffice to note that the family have fans from Kings Cross to Kuala Lumpur to me and you. Now, what shall we talk about, as the little headphones round my ears go:

I'm melting (I'm melting) like hot candle wax/Sensation (ah sensation) lovely where we're at OOH/keep on the force/Don't stop till you get enough/Woooh!"

THERE'S ABOUT an hour or so before the car arrives and I'm whisked to meet the group. (Actually, 'car' is far too weak a word for something that rolls down the boulevards like Windsor Castle on castors). I buy a notebook and tear it in half. One section I label 'Light' and the other I call 'dark'. I figure that as soon as my subjects become too uncomfortable with questions that require long answers — and with US bands I've found that lasts about 34 seconds — I can dip into the 'light' and pep them up:

"Who's your favourite actor, Mike? Whaddya have for brunch, Tito? What's six and eight, Marlon?"

You know, the type of stuff pop groups usually figure you've flown eight thousand miles to ask them. (I'm not lying!)

I go for a walk along Sunset Boulevard, my head turning from a fifty-foot ad for Johnny Mathis, to a 75-foot ad for *The Elephant Man* to the even bigger blurb for Robin Williams as Popeye. REO Speedwagon, Dr Hook, Neil Diamond, *Raging Bull,* Jack Daniels Whiskey and Elvis Costello all inflated airship size and sitting moored under 85 degrees.

I need some sunglasses and manage to get a pair that don't actually cover half my face in Schwabb's drugstore, a curious airhanger place which sells everything from expensive perfumes through medication and also serves breakfast. Tucking into temptation — a 'black & white' ice-cream soda — I find myself sitting next to a man with a German accent who shows me a photograph in which, he claims, a large steel rod on the right is from outer space. "It vas not dere ven ze photograph vas took so vy does it show up now? Huh? Vot is it, can you explain?" Well, I could have said it looks like an old curtain rod falling down but, y'know, some people can see the Messiah in an ounce of Golden Virginia shag and it's far too hot to debate with some Schwab schwizzle head. For the next twenty minutes he heckles me with ESP mumbo jumbo and I leave him with a heavy heart and ear-ache.

Two minutes later, I swear this is true, I come upon a red London bus in a roadside forecourt. That this should be in California is odd enough, but on inspecting the front of it I discover that the vehicle was destined to drive past my front door before it became exiled.

Considering the previous conversation, I get to feeling most odd and ponder three possibilities: 1) The old German sensed my incredulity and zapped this bus here to warp my head in. 2) CBS have settled for super-economy with my home travel. 3) We are all descended from London Transport ticket inspectors.

Anyway, if anyone's waiting on a 192 calling at Surrey Docks, Deptford and all stops to Catford Garage, you might consider starting to walk. I think the driver got a tad confused at the Elephant & Castle . . .

Dzzzsshoooom. Windsor Castle glides up. I climb in and make my way down the corridor into the back seat. I'm touched *NME* have been given an exclusive 'one on one' interview with the boys after which the boys will face the world at a press conference.

Now having faced Village People, Dynasty, Shalamar, Rose Royce, Chic and a whole bunch of other such acts, I know that Ma Jackson's brood ain't about to risk nothing.

"We are dedicated to crushing fascism and oppression anywhere in the world. We feel strongly on the lack of identity in US music and also about the sickening star system which exploits so many and denies millions access to recording facilities. We are worth millions but will not rest until we see justice in our land. We believe it can be achieved through a strong music message even if it makes us unpopular and even if it costs us every last cent."

Are you kidding? The day a US superstar — any superstar — says that and means it I'll show my arse again in the Vatican. No, we all kow what the outline is even before we start talking. But the press conference, ah, I feel the press conference could be fun . . .

My driver reaches for his megaphone and yells back to me that we have arrived in Century City. That's were CBS live — in Century City. (City in this place means much the same as village. They're named after the big film studios. This being 20th Century Fox's layout. There's also Universal City too which houses the funpalace studios where I spent yesterday afternoon. But that's another feature).

UP ON THE seventh floor I sit cradling my two notebooks and a glass of Heineken. As 'the boys' arrive one by one I'm struck by a terrible thought. Jesus wept, I can't place the names to the faces.

Let's see. There's Michael and Tito and Marlon and . . . and . . . oh sure, Randy the little one and uh . . . er . . . Dopey, Happy and Doc. No this is serious, help. I'm shaking hands with each member as they arrive, grinning away, and I'm trying to think of the album credits. So far there are three here but which three? Everyone knows Michael but mein host has only used my name in intros, believing all the others to be instantaneously recognised. Then, God be praised, somebody in the next room is talking into a phone and I overhear that we're only waiting on Michael and *Jackie.* Good ol' Jackie Jackson, who can forget he of the double surname!

OK, so I figure that the young one sitting in the shorts is Randy — yes, we all laughed at his name, don't fret — and by merely asking Tito about the weather I assumed that the one who didn't answer me was Morty. Sorry, that's Marlon. OK, we're nearly off. In bounds Jackie in a track-suit — Jackie in a trackie? Are you nuts? — saying hi to all and taking a seat over by the window where he will remain throughout our hour saying very little.

The Jackson brothers don't live together. That much is made plain by their enthusiastic gossipping while we await the arrival of Michael. Ten minutes slip by in which Tito manages to slip in the fact that he's recently taken ownership of a new white Rolls Royce. Not his first either. A white Rolls — what a hoary old cliche, but then, this is Hollywood.

Suddenly I hear a raising of vocal octaves and an increase in the nervous giggling from the outer office. Michael's here. In he comes waving meekly to the kin and smiling benignly at my forehead as we shake hands.

"Hey Danny," says Jim from Epic. "One subject is strictly out. Don't mention The Osmonds."

I'm staggered. Two thirds of my interview just peeled away . . .

He shakes hands like I imagine the Queen Mother might.

All united, the family begin requesting all manner of manna from the press office people. I see they may be a few seconds yet so I take a stroll outside the room. Here, Jim from Epic catches my arm.

"Hey, Danny, you OK?"

Sure, great.

"Now you know there are a couple of subjects that are strictly *out,* don't you?"

No, I don't. I'm dying to know.

"OK, so one is the Osmonds."

The what?

"The Osmonds. The boys are fed up with questions putting them with The Osmonds."

I'm staggered. Two-thirds of my interview just peeled away.

"The other thing is astrology, you know — signs and stuff."

Well there goes the other third. Goodbye.

"No, you see they are followers of Jehovah and they don't hold with anything like astrology — dates, birthdays, Christmas, nothing like that. They keep it all very private and have been known to walk out of interviews because they objected to the questions."

Good grief.

"And has anyone told you about Michael?"

I'm beginning to go numb. No, Jim, nobody's 'told me' about Michael.

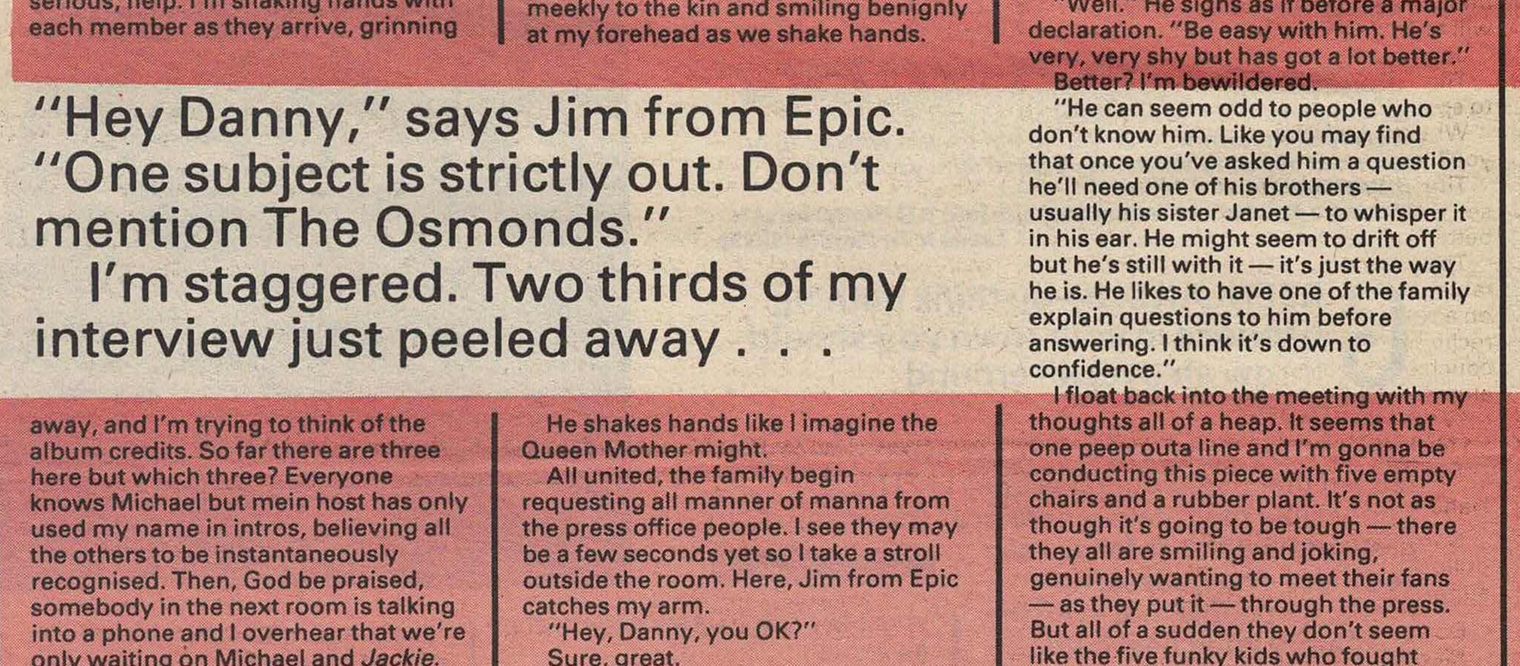
"Well." He sighs as if before a major declaration. "Be easy with him. He's very, very shy but has got a lot better."

Better? I'm bewildered.

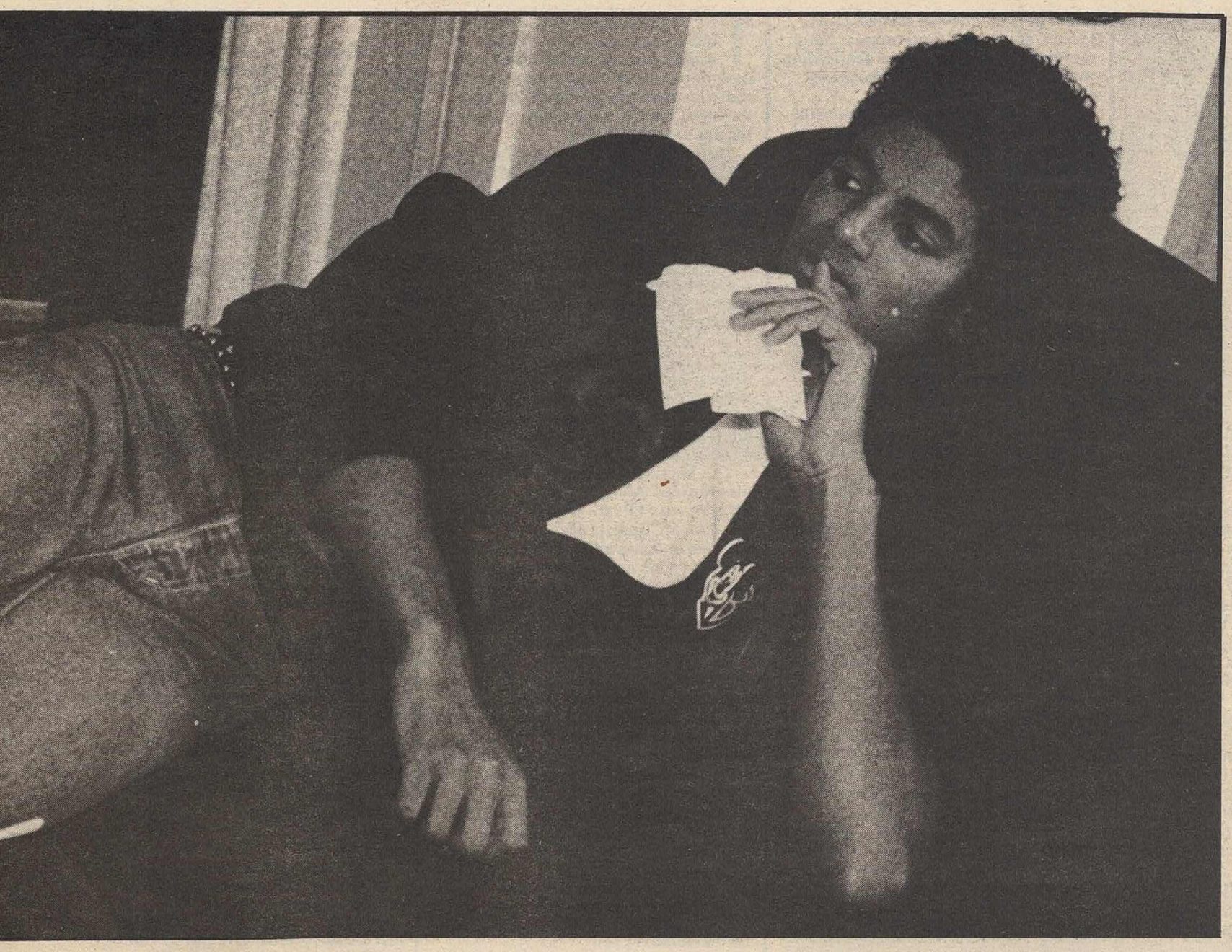
"He can seem odd to people who don't know him. Like you may find that once you've asked him a question he'll need one of his brothers — usually his sister Janet — to whisper it in his ear. He might seem to drift off but he's still with it — it's just the way he is. He likes to have one of the family explain questions to him before answering. I think it's down to confidence."

I float back into the meeting with my thoughts all of a heap. It seems that one peep outa line and I'm gonna be conducting this piece with five empty chairs and a rubber plant. It's not as though it's going to be tough — there they all are smiling and joking, genuinely wanting to meet their fans — as they put it — through the press. But all of a sudden they don't seem like the five funky kids who fought their way up from Gary, Indiana, the gritty sharp Jacksons of the wizard pop and sex appeal. God forgive me, but they've take on the sheen of . . . of . . . so help me, The Osmonds.

I SIT and fix a grin like a man who's just been slipped a note that his dinner guest is a schizophrenic axe murderer. One of the press office



Right: The Jacksons in conference (L-R): Randy, Michael, Jackie, Tito, Marlon. Centre: The one that got away — brother Jermaine Jackson's giant hoarding on Sunset Boulevard. Far right: Baker locates Ye Olde Red London Bus. Cor strewth guv, strikalight, etc., etc.



attendants closes the door — but remains in the room — and announces that the interview may begin. Half expecting a gong or a starting pistol, I take off.

You don't think much to interviews do you?

Marlon: "No, the brothers don't like them. Ain't that right, fellows?"

General hubbub of agreement. (A phrase which sounds like a civil war veteran.)

Why do you do them?

Marlon: "We like to talk to our fans. Let them know how we feel. We feel we have to do that."

Tito: "Y'see we know we *have* to do 'em but we don't get into, uh, interviews that much because they will misquote you."

Jackie: "Definitely."

Tito: "But like he says — you have to speak to the fans. . .every so often."

Why do you think 'they' misquote you?

Tito: "Strictly because they wanna sell their papers and bad news sells better than good you see."

The brothers are gathered around a table, except Jackie who sits behind on a chair and Michael who is reclining over by the wall on a square couch affair. He speaks, in his light almost feminine voice.

"What paper you from."

I tell him.

"The *NME?* Enemy? Oh wow! Haha."

Some body chips in with the obligatory 'enema' and there's much suppressed giggling. Happy days.

Do you scream at each other much?

Marlon: "Very seldom. We don't scream."

Tito: "You can take more stuff from your brother. Like if you told me something, well we might get into a fist-fight. But it must help when you've grown up together, y'know, slept together, peed the same bed."

Marlon: "Ah, he did the peeing, I didn't."

They all erupt into small verbal exchanges. At the back Michael cuts in.

"Yellow Mattress, that's a good album title."

It's already becoming pretty clear that they'd all rather be someplace else. Before we began, they'd all been extremely keen to find out when they'd be free to get off that day. They're all crazed baseball followers and get to most games they can. It occurs to me that they mightn't feel safe out in the open like that.

Tito: "It's cool. In this town it's cool."

So how do stars of your bracket react to something like the Lennon murder?

Pow! The room goes still, punctuated only by a few "Oh God that's awfuls".

Michael: "We. . .we don't even like to think of it. We don't wanna talk of it."

OK so let's get some stories rolling. What was it like growing up in public as The Jackson 5?

Marlon: "The good part of it was we got off school. We had just three hours school a day which is great compared to six hours, right? It was great getting to all those different cities — hey we even met the Royal Family! Then again it was work. We do the Apollo Theatre and stuff, making all those runs to Chicago and Philadelphia. Seven shows a night."

Seven shows a *night?* Seven shows a night for two weeks each date. That's right. Just waiting to be noticed by the world.

Tito: "Those were fun days."

Michael: "We talkin' bout Motown?"

Tito: "Naw, I'm talking about the Peppermint Lounge, Guys and Gals . . ."

Michael: "Oh yeah. . ."

Tito: "I'm surprised *you* remember it."

Tito: "See, Michael and Marlon were known as the dancers and, OK, when your good people'd throw money on the floor — these are not dimes, these are *bills* we're talking about — so they'd do spins and then splits and grab a ten and stick it in their pockets."

Marlon: "Me and Mike we used to sell our photos. Can you believe that? Who would want our photo then? This is when we were working the night clubs till four, five in the morning and be up for school at eight. Yes sir."

What did your schoolmates think of your life?

Tito: "They'd tease us — actually laff at us. Saying really cruel things like you guys'll never get anywhere, what are you practising for? We were barely being paid — our first performance was eight dollars. Mr Lucky's club."

Alright Michael, so just what's all this about you and Diana Ross? He looks to the floor and flounders a bit. "We're just good friends."

Jackie: "But that's a lot of candy in those days."

What sort of material did you start with?

Marlon: "Temptations, James Brown. . ."

Michael: "I think the song that really tears the house down was 'Skinny Legs And All" by Joe Tex."

With all the theatrics?

Michael: "Oh yeah. You know I used to go in the audience and lift all the girls' legs up! God I'm so embarrassed about that. I would never dream of. . ."

He trails off in a chuckle, raising his hands to his cheeks.

Marlon: "Favourite part of the act — lifting up all them skirts."

FIVE MINUTES of bandying about tales of yore seems to perk them up. It's Tito and Marlon who do most of the answering from here, and although there's no signs yet of Michael getting whispered assurance, he does seem to wander mentally sometimes. Transcribing the tape was a pretty dull affair I might tell you. Unlabelled, I figure it could be any one of a hundred bands yakking. It's the way US Big Bands see the whole much-maligned beauty, dynamics and power of music as just so many shades of grey.

They really do believe that repeating those non-committal line-walking platitudes in their songs amounts to some sort of 'message'. Maybe it eases consciences to think that they're all doing their bit. Fortunately The Jacksons' records have strength enough to carry the wish-wash. Nobody turns to The Jacksons for political backbone, that's granted. But while we're talking of it . . .

Marlon: "If you listen to the lyrics on 'Can You Feel It?' we're not pretending everything is alright. We're saying everyone's got to get together."

Michael: "There is hope."

Tito: "Our main effort is to bring everyone together."

But how??

Marlon: "It's easy. It's the easiest thing in the world if they wanna do it."

Tito: "But a lot don't want to."

I give Sham 69 fans six seconds to complete the line.

All this simplistic 'if only' nursery rhyming is like the Monty Python track from 'Previous Album' where the *Blue Peter* team tell all the jolly viewers how to unite the Russians and the Chinese as well as cure all known diseases from the earth in cheerful two-syllable sentences. Y'know — *"Got that all you little people? Jolly good, well toddle off and disband the KKK then like good citizens will you."*

However, Tito and Marlon do have a point when they say:

"Disco music was one of the greatest things that happened in the world. Never before did we see blacks and whites under the same roof dancing to the same songs. It stopped people giving attention to the colour of a performer's skin. It did that. They all had a good time — and it wasn't just on the night either. I believe they took that attitude outside and home with them."

Do you think there's a black music in America?

Tito: "A black music? It's...Well it's not...I dunno, there's...er, yes."

Marlon: "I call black music the blues. The old blues songs."

Michael: "Or jazz or how rock and roll started. But like that Blondie song 'Rapture' — that was originally done by a black artist but it didn't cross over. She did it and it became a big hit."

Don't you resent that somehow?

Michael: "Resent it? No, I don't resent it. I'm proud for her but I wish they were more equal." he struggles for the right phrase. "Just...more equal..."

OK, so do you think these are good times we're living through?

Tito: "Naw. No times is good times. I don't think it's as bad as yesterday, but not good times."

What keeps you going?

Marlon: "Trying to sell more records. Sell more than the last one."

And if they don't?

Tito: "We never think about that."

But just say it happened.

Tito: "Well . . . I wouldn't think it was because people didn't like it. I'd think it was mistakes in marketing and those things."

How much of an ego do you have?

Tito: "Well, we don't walk on air. I know if I step out that window I'm going to the bottom."

Well then, who are your rivals?

Marlon: "Everybody. Everyone."

Tito: "Whoever is in that number one spot, that's who we gotta beat. We gotta move 'em out."

Jackie: "Rod Stewart. Mick Jagger."

The Jacksons refer to what they do as 'showbusiness'. I wondered if they pay the same attention as film people to awards. They grab at it.

Michael: "We like Grammys."

Tito: "Oh boy, we want a Grammy badly. Whew, I tell you."

Why?

Tito: "Why? We've put a lot of years into this business, a lotta years. And we want one. We want it."

Jackie: "We like awards."

When you make an album, do you ever ask yourself about risks in your style — what you can get away with?

Marlon: "We never put junk on our albums. Everything is from the heart."

Tito: "See, you can't just write. A good dee can come in the shower!"

Dee?

Tito: "I say good dee — I mean melody."

Everyone laffs at parrot 'dee' street jive style.

Jackie: "I've got a tape recorder by my bed and many times I've woken from dreams and written down a song."

What did they sound like in the morning?

"Well", he says sitting back in his seat, "they weren't hits."

Michael Jackson is allegedly a big fan of classical music. He fails to elaborate on why but Tito puts in a nice angle.

Tito: "I don't like that. Well actually, I heard some classical music once — I can't remember it now — but it really impressed me and I didn't expect it. But I don't think I can waltz with my wife to it though. . ."

The opening to the new album is quite grandiose through, right?

Tito: "Well, Michael wrote that bit — hey, Michael. Y'wanna tell him how you wrote that?"

(Here's a doozy.)

Michael: "Ah well, that opening . . . I thought . . . would be a good opening for an album."

Full stop.

YOU MAY HAVE found it hard to distinguish between my earlier mentioned 'light' and 'dark' posers. So have I. However, these must have come from the light.

Anybody got favourite actors?

They all agree on Richard Pryor. Michael goes further. "De Niro for me. And Brando and Pacino."

I find this list-ette surprising from somebody who, I hear, is very DOWN on swearing. The boys go on to list James Earl Jones and Diana Ross. "You know," they say. "The Greats."

Alright, Michael, so just what's all this about you and Diana Ross?

He looks to the floor and flounders a bit.

"We're just good friends."

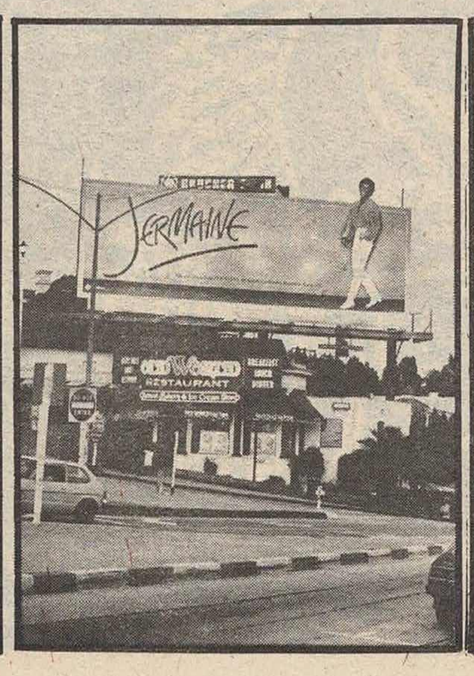
All my life I've been waiting for an interview that contained that exchange. Now, I feel, I am a proper journalist.

What, or rather who, makes The Jacksons laff is in little debate. Especially with Michael who *really* springs to life for the first time here.

"Oh wow, Benny Hill!"

Really?

■ *Continues over*



Greenland

From previous page

"Uh! Are you kidding — every day! I love Benny Hill. I like him better than Monty Python!"

What is it you like?

"He just *do* things. You think, how can *he* think that way to come out with that joke! You never know. He just cracks me up — a genius."

The Benny Hill thrill causes me to realise that Michael has put down the telephone receiver that he has had to his ear for a good stretch of the interview. He never spoke into it, just had it to his head. Several times, when I particularly wanted his answer to something he would apologise for it. What he was listening for/to remains unclear.

JUST BEFORE the press officer called a close to our audience I couldn't resist one purely selfish — for us smug Brits — question.

I wonder what y'all made of the Sex Pistols?

Marlon: "The Sex. . . ?"

Tito: "I don't remember them."

Randy: "Sex Pistols?"

Jackie: "Sure. I think we were in London when that shooting happened."

Michael: "They never broke open big here."

Maybe not broke open but they certainly broke up.

Michael: "They broke up?"

Jackie: "You remember that shooting, Marlon?"

I explain the confusion vis-a-vis the sordid deed.

Michael: "Ha! I love that name — Sid Vicious."

IT WAS at this point that an ugly flavour crept into their comfortable cheery manner. You see, we needed some photographs and. . .

Michael: "You want some pictures, like, now? Will we get to see these first? How come you're not using CBS's pictures?"

The excellent folk at Epic press try and explain the *NME* to a risingly alarmed MJ.

Michael: "Oh come on, look the only thing is we don't like the way covers come out because they're not what we like them to be. How come. . .I mean we don't have make-up on! I'm sorry really, but we wanna look good for the girls. I don't wanna be photographed like this."

He looks healthier, better and thinner than you've ever seen. But I guess when you're *used* to make-up and the whole bit you need them for more than just covering zits. It's not *safe* without them.

Anyway, off go the boys to get ready for the impending press conference and Epic promise to arrange another photo sesh tomorrow or maybe Thursday. Looks like we're staying, Joey. . .

■ ■

THE PRESS CONFERENCE

I LOVE press conferences. Nobody says anything for the first ten minutes and then, when someone does, questions fly about in little spurts. In the gaps, hungry hacks eye up and down their comrades' columns to see if someone is going to ask a question a split second before they open their own cake-holes, thus shutting down their own effort in its first syllable.

Then there's the all-out strain to see who can project the best image of the seen-it-all pressman. Never admit it's your first PC. Also sort out where the majors are present. No one wants to admit they're from the *Basildon Non-Ferrous Metals Weekly* when you're sandwiched between the *Times* and the *Telegraph*.

It's wonderful to spot potential questioners. You can see their lips moving as they run over and over the question, ironing it out for a full quarter-hour before popping it. And worse! If some bastard creep gets in *your* query first, they usually get approving nods from all around and you feel like screeching *"But I was going to ask that!"*.

Anyway, today is no exception and the world's press — literally — are setting about selecting the right and proper seat. Hundreds of shapes of microphone come out from dozens of shoulder bags. You never see anyone slap down a £17.50 Wondertroid compact cassette with built-in mike — even though that'd pick it all up. No.

here it gets to look like Jodrell Bank. Booms, snubs and long rangers hang taut from arrangements of scaffolding that would challenge McAlpines for quick construction.

Then there's the well-used but still fresh-looking note-pad that on every page has the standard four lines of shorthand at the top. You have to rattle a pencil around your teeth — never chew it! — until you get an 'idea'. Then you add another half line of shorthand culminating in finally slamming your notebook shut with a disturbing air of confidence. Then you just sit back, arms folded, surveying the lesser hacks who've yet to complete the preliminaries.

A good time to help yourself to the completely tasteless — but gratis — niblets in the ashtray-like bowls. This is done by taking a generous handful and, by opening the thumb from your fist, throwing two or three at a time into your constantly chewing gums. Never look directly at your food and drink — it's beneath contempt.

Once the artists enter you're treated to a stampede of photographers forming tight bundles like mating-crazed frogs. The sound of motor-driven cameras whines worse than the cliffs at Folkestone during gull nesting time. All the smudges yell "This way please Cecil" even though Cecil never does. They usually nick a glance from somebody else's successful bid.

Before photographers do all this, they pick straws to see who will be the one who goes around behind the artists and takes a shot or two of All The Other Photographers Taking Photos of Cecil. The runner-up gets to be the essential smudge who stands firm snapping away after the others have retreated. He carries this on until a bouncer leads him away.

During the questioning, the photographers have two options. They can either peer downward at the lenses of the machine around their neck making finnicky alterations. Or they can occupy their time writing indecipherable squiggles on little black plastic pill-boxes containing 'shot' film.

If you meet someone you know at a press conference, you always ask each other what you're doing here. Then you both decide "it's a giggle", the subject is only fit to be sent up, and ask who was that berk who asked such and such a question halfway through. Then you destroy the berk's paper.

THE JACKSONS re-emerge smiling but all sporting huge jam-tart sized sun-glasses. Michael's are very mirrored. Ninety five per cent of the questions are aimed at him and this time Randy really does whisper in his ear the whole time.

The questions are real tat. "Ven fill hue be wisiting Sweden, Michael?", "Are you a close family, Michael?" (to which the family Michael showed a keen drollery in snapping back "No sir"), "Can you give us information about your new record?". . .

It was pretty bleak until this one poor wretched Japanese looking bloke committed the cardinal sin of any press conference — he tried to crack a joke. Oh, but he did. Y'see there's a track on their new LP called 'Heartbreak Hotel' and this bloke — who had little command of English anyway — thought he had cooked up a real zinger.

"Ah Michael," he stuttered, seizing his chance. "Ah if you had not been a hit with your LP, ah, would you have gone to, ah, Heartbreak Hotel?"

In the ensuing silence, the wind blew, crickets chirped and you could plainly hear the guy swallow hard as the apologetic grin froze on his chops. It turns out that nobody understood him. Tito asks him to repeat the "question".

"Ah Michael, i-if your LP had n-not been success. . .w-would you have, ah, have gone t-to Heartbreak Hotel?"

By now most of us hacks have caught on to what's being said and the less valiant turn away and clear their throats. The guy is still grinning although he has stopped blinking by now and is wobbling perceptibly.

A Jacksons aide steps in. "Er Yoshi, what do you mean?"

"Ah Michael. If your album h-h-had not been su-su-su-success wouldyouhavegone toHeartbreakHotel?"

Michael shakes his head and Jackie tries. "OK, I got Heartbreak Hotel but that was on our LP — what's it to do with Michael?"

Poor old Yoshi is drenched in flop-sweat. He's darting his eyes around looking for an ally. His neck has gone to semolina and his palms perspire like the Bolder Dam.

"I-I-I'm playing with words you see."

Nobody sees and Yoshi's grasp of the lingo falls an inch short of the word 'joke'.

"P-P-Playing with words. . .words."

The eyes of the world are burrowing deep inside that tweed jacket of his. He's trembling like a sapling in monsoon and smoke is starting to belch from his ears. Then — a voice at the back ends the torture.

"I think the guy's trying to make a funny."

"Yis! Yis! That's it!" babbles the released spirit. "I'm making funny! Funny!"

As he begins to appeal for clemency, the final cruel blow sounds. Amidst the unnecessary sighing the aide says:

"Hey Yoshi. This is a press conference, man. Save the funnies, huh?"

THE DUMB questions resumed but I couldn't take my eyes from the broken Japanese. Ruined, he never heard another word all afternoon. Today, I suspect he sits in a bathchair in some far off sanatorium, grey haired and twitching, mumbling to anyone who will listen: "The words. Playing with the words you see. . .is funny. . ."

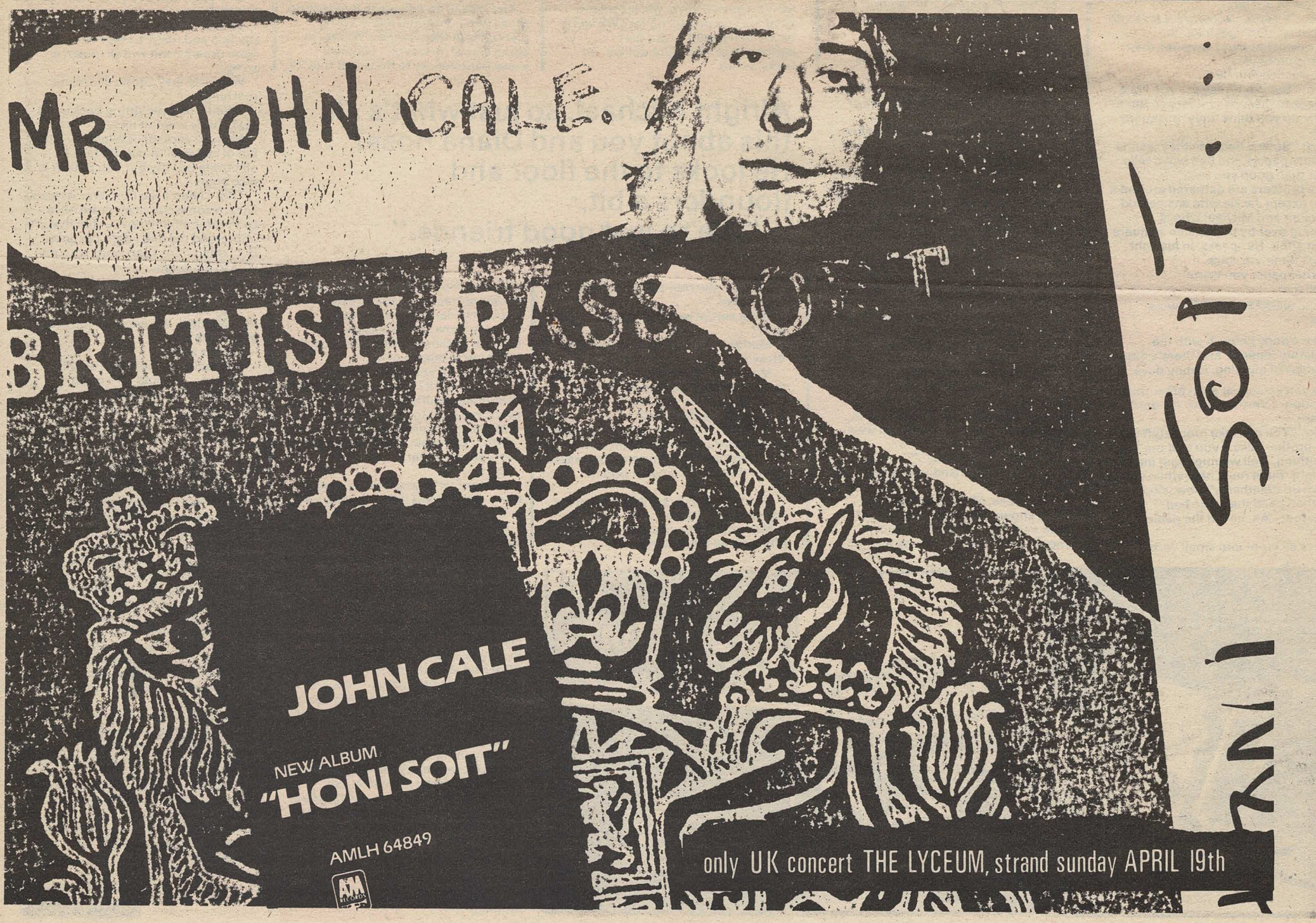
MEANWHILE over on the dark side, I'll never forget how the writer from South Africa informed Michael Jackson that his LP was number one back home.

"Yeah I saw that," beamed MJ. "Number one. It made me really happy, I smiled, number one, ha ha."

Jackson laughed but showed no signs of appreciating the significance of being lauded in Johannesburg any more than if the guy had been Danish or Greenlandic. Even when they went on to explain their peacock motif, some deep patter about "incorporating all colours", not once did the boys show any sign of letting go of their firm belief in shallow gestures.

Some fellah goes out of his way to say what a large clout his radio show pulls, then reveals himself to be a purveyor of "spiritual songs, gospel or positive message music". He asks whether the band have any plans to make a gospel album. I'd clean forgotten about the Jehovah nix and I swing to catch Michael's answer. The answer is long, bland and

Continues page 50



ALBUMS

TRIUMVIRATE OF THE WILT

Pic: Anton Corbijn.

PUBLIC IMAGE LIMITED
The Flowers Of Romance
(Virgin)

THESE DAYS, Public Image Limited tend to make the kind of claims — not to say noises — that, if produced by anyone else, John Lydon would mock without restraint. So, the music on 'The Flowers of Romance' is more aptly considered a series of "minimalist" film themes is it? I can just about hear the Rotten sarcastic chime. Something like, *all very well if you happen to live in a cinema!* If PiL is — as they continue to insist to an incredulous world — not just a noise-making group, but a "creative organisation capable of involving themselves in all types of communications, whether it be music, videos, movies or movie soundtracks," then 'The Flowers of Romance' is a very poor advertisement for their corporate potential. I'm not normally one for assessing cultural phenomena in terms of the 'work' put into something being exactly equal to the money paid out for it, but . . . 'The Flowers of Romance' is PiL's first publicly available manifestation of their "creative organisation" in the 16 months odd since 'Metal Box'. What you get is a very ordinary LP package comprised of home snapshot of Jeanette Lee on (presumably) the front cover, 'The Flowers of Romance' writ large in pseudo-Gothic typeface and track listing on back cover, separate lyric sheet in same typeface and 33⅓r.p.m. LP. The LP contains 31 minutes 22 seconds of PiL making noises. These noises: mostly Levene and Lydon dabbling with sound, sounds over-ruled by production and cropped into your average length 'song', containing some of Lydon's most self-parodic vocals and lyrics so far. *So far*, then, they remain in practice a musical thing with a name and a history that signify more in record stores and the rock press than anywhere else in the cultural world. 'The Flowers of Romance' is not a collection of film soundtracks — nor does it manipulate its graphic projection in a sufficiently ground-breaking manner to make this anything other than The New PiL LP, complete with Single Off The LP and interviews galore. PiL seem to be so retentively, forlornly hung up — to a blinding, neurotic degree — on their "anti rock'n' roll" crusade as to lose sight of where this crusade might actually be taking them; i.e., the reality of who listens to what they do, how, and why.

It's daft.

pseudo-transcendental wishful-thinking to imagine that a few public slanging matches with the ghost of rock culture automatically absolves you of all earthly connections with it. The slightest reference to other people, links with business and promotion within the commerce of weekly rocksell, talking about your approaches to recording technology in a music paper — these and other temporary traces are conveyed, spread over the bland daily bread discourse. You are part of the culture and it is part of you. Sorry!

PiL exist as part (if not parcel) of a leisure market — being good business people they should know this already — in which records are bought and listened to under certain conditions and for (un)certain reasons. Within that market I thought 'Metal Box', for instance, *was* a great step sideways. A lot of the ways you listened to it, lived with it, got used to it were altered by the 'superficial' deconstruction of The LP: that box *did* matter, the fact that it was three 45 r.p.m. 12" *did* matter.

Around the time 'Metal Box' was released Lydon was fond of deflecting anything approaching an 'intellectual' analysis of PiL (rightly so in most cases, these being about as rigorous as a *Nationwide* interview) and pirouetting instead on a flip summation of "it's just dance music"; with 'The Flowers of Romance' this seems to have boiled down even further, to something like "it's just us". The clandestine assumption behind this being — if lofty avant-garde types sit around at their leisure making messy noises it's pretentious, if we do it it's *honest*, innit?

For the most part 'The Flowers of Romance' sounds like a record Levene and Lydon have put together mainly for their own enjoyment and education — grudgingly tapping out dull beats iced with scratchy doodles in order to have raw material to muck about with over the mixing desk, this being where the LP is really 'played', and in some cases saved. PiL's playpen. In pure-noisy terms, 'The Flowers of Romance' is choc full of *effects*: savagely treated sounds scream and sweep out — particularly on the opening track 'Four Enclosed Walls' — uncomfortable, dizzying, momentarily disfiguring notions of how to listen, what to listen for. But then — time to drop the objective 'you' — / *found* that subsequent plays, deconstructing the sound, revealed an awful lot of . . . dismantling the syntax, well, *laziness* is the most obvious word.

'Four Enclosed Walls', as I already mentioned, is the much celebrated, starkly 'minimalist' (really, John!) opener — amplified wristwatch, synthed drum boom and Lydon's martyred priest Eastern prayer stunning, but on closer inspection sounds like the germ of a *really* disorientating track. Under the electric heat is an obtrusively and annoyingly dull cymbal and bass pedal figure being trotted out — and Lydon's venom is as stubborn and blank as his rhyming (*"doom sits in gloom in his room"*). Joan of Arc gets a gamecheck in a manic stream of religious imagery; this is what we — expect to — find? Likewise, 'Track 8' initially sounds like an odd, jarring, distinctively codified little thing. Now it reminds me of no one so much as The Stranglers — a limping fairground melody on plodding beat and clucking bass with guitar weirdness for its own sake (stuff Levene could play in his sleep) and a very dubious lyrical proclamation of sexual disgust. Lydon takes the risk of being 'honest' about (his?) sexuality as something difficult and miserable rather than wonderful and liberating; but that's precisely the trouble — it's all uselessly drawn in clutches of cliches, polarities. There seems to be a horrible personal smirk underneath this overly ambiguous 'simple honesty'. The nursery rhyme delivery of these bitter, badly wrought words doesn't help — neither does the fact that the 'honesty' is all directed *out* against another (female) body, very much in the manner of the Stranglers' 'London Lady' and for very similar reasons, I suspect.

Gavin Martin tells me I'm being too sensitive and he compares the song to 'Poptones'. No way. 'Poptones' — and this is lyrically what separates the two LPs, not just two songs — was a cleverly, passionately detached set of words: less dogmatic, less clear, more productive.

Although Lydon will self-mockingly scoff at any claim made for his 'poetic' ability, the boy does have a great way with words when he wants to. 'Metal Box' contained sly, forceful songs — equally Political and Personal; songs which — to lift a line from 'No Birds Do Sing' — delved into the *"layered mass of subtle props"* behind all our political cuts and personal bruises.

The one overtly Political song on 'The Flowers of Romance' — 'Go Back' — is merely a solipsistic watering down of Metal Box's brilliant 'Chant'. Both the title track and 'Banging the Door' predictably nag at and moan about the sycophants, freaks and goons who expect the Lydon family home to be open and stately. 'Phenagen' — I'm told it's a chemical sleeping aid — is even worse, a lifeless dirge, an unresounding and barely alive waltz beat covered in instrumental action-painting with Lydon singing practically the same melody as he does on 'Four Enclosed Walls', unskillfully berating some obscure object of hatred/pity, while 'Hymies Him' is just a moody piece located somewhere, anywhere, between side two of 'Low' and The Virgin Prunes.

'Banging The Door' gets very close to 'Metal Box' territory except that the bassline is unthoughtful and dull, the synth doodles likewise. 'Go Back' is the kind of righteous anti-Right rant The Pop Group hung up long ago — and on a much more imaginative instrumental hook; Levene seems to have got so carried away with his synthi-treatment of percussion that he forgot to listen to the actual beat being rapped out — plod plod plod. The same thing applies to his guitar on 'Go Back' where (to be fair — it's the only time) he sounds like someone trying to sound like Keith Levene.

'Francis Massacre' also brings to mind more than a hint of latterday Pop Group during its short 'free noise' thrash — sort of Adam And The Ants meet Sun Ra. (Come to think of it — people like Sun Ra and Miles Davis were 'anti-rockist' before there was rockism).

For me, only the title track and side one's closer 'Under The House' begin to live up to the sort of claims PiL have persistently made for themselves: the dried-synth-drum sound and studio layering are not just interesting isolations, but curl naturally around what is being sounded and said, and Lydon's voice sounds like it's finally been let out to play. Both tracks use the same devices that are scattered over the remaining 24 minutes, but use them in a disciplined, disguised way and consequently drum up a storm: the cipher *includes* the underlying rhythms and intonations.

In sum, a laboured and lazy 'ideas' LP — the sort of thing Eno might once have produced if he hadn't had a neat and tidy upbringing — interesting only if you're interested in the join-the-dots behind the drawing. The perfect illustration really, of PiL's (currently) misplaced ideals and passions. Or, in one breath Keith Levene scorns the very idea of making an LP as being 'really boring'' — then proceeds to bore you for half an hour (or an entire PiL LP) about the ins and outs of one particular synthesizer technique. Nothing personal, you know — just pointing out contradictions.

Ian Penman

John Lydon's 'art': a ruse by any other name . . .?

COWBOYS INTERNATIONAL
HA HA HA
KEN LOCKIE ?
ERR... DANCE HOUSE

DANCE HOUSE
NEW 7" SINGLE AVAILABLE
12" VERSION WITH EXTRA TRACK
VERY AVAILABLE
VIRGIN

A fine Fela

FELA ANIKULAPO KUTI
Black President *(Arista)*

FELA KUTI — politician, saxophonist, pianist, singer, writer, arranger, producer — is already one of Africa's most popular musicians; now, after the latest of his many label changes, Arista are hoping to establish him as a major figure in the rock market. Their timing is auspicious, with African 'influences' dominating the charts at both the upmarket (Talking Heads) and downmarket (Bow Wow Wow, Adam Ant) ends of the white pop spectrum. And with Kuti's numerous brushes with officialdom in Nigeria fitting so neatly into rock's mythical 'rebellious outsider' archetype, they even have a ready-made selling point.

But things may not turn out so simply. As Ian Penman made clear in his live review last week, cross-cultural reviewing — and marketing — is fraught with contradictions. I doubt that Kuti's heavy-duty, bigband Afrobeat will be so accessible to Western ears as Adam's watered-down Burundi outbursts or David Byrne's wailing, swirling treated-beats. And his politics are serious and specific — corruption and colonialism in Africa — to a degree which could alienate an audience with no vested interests in those issues.

'Black President' shows Kuti making no compromises for a prospective new market. It's another heady dose of the radical Afrobeat he has been developing over the past decade, a largely self-created style distilled from previous involvement with soul, jazz and Nigerian high life music. Fast, flowing percussion is a ubiquitous, chattering bedrock over which horn riffs swing and snarl, dropping silent for sudden, eruptive solos or Kuti's acid, declamatory chants, complete with chorus response.

Kuti, with his massive Africa '70 entourage, is the contemporary African reference point for a black music tradition that extends back through The JBs and Count Basie, Sun Ra

and George Clinton, back through the blues and, beyond that, to Africa again, for the roots of its rhythmic power. It's a pulsing, jostling, relentless music, a hypnotic/monotonous dance beat, very sexual if that's your kind of sex, though the lyrics of 'Black President' are confined to a narrower area of politics.

'Sorrow Tears And Blood', a chunky, shuffling beat — the most attractive on the LP, deals with police brutality — *"them leave sorrow, tears and blood/them regular trademark"* — a pretty universal phenomenon, it seems. Side one's other track, 'Colonial Mentality', berates those Africans still living in the long shadow of colonialism, clinging to their slave-names and the belief that black means no good. Lyrics, though, are kept to a minimum as the music churns and chews over a bright, urgent tempo fuelled by hard, funky bass and horn riffs.

Side two is taken up by 'I.T.T. (International Thief Thief)', a comprehensive Kuti attack on the way white multi-nationals have corrupted and undermined various African governments, in particular his home Nigeria. Kuti has apparently done a lot of research into ITT/CIA involvement in Nigeria, where his interest has possibly been intensified by the fact that the Nigerian chairman of ITT is a prospective rival candidate in the 1983 Presidential election and also a leading share-holder in Decca Records, with whom Kuti had a long and bitter dispute about payment that culminated in his taking over their offices for a protest sit-in. The track is the most wordy on the LP, a slangy mixture of Yoruba and pidgin English, and, despite the sinuous, squealing sax solos, the one I find hardest to get into.

There is presumably a dimension to Fela Kuti's music which is inherently Nigerian in purpose and function and which remains, necessarily, unavailable to listeners who don't share that cultural background. But it's also *dance* music, there for anyone, and with reference points to jazz and soul traditions which *are* familiar to rock-trained ears. With its shortest track lasting over ten minutes, 'Black President' will be lucky to get even minimal airplay; but it's a record that cries out to be heard, both for its unique Afro-funk synthesis and for its radical regrouping of party and politics.

Graham Lock

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Concerts For The People Of Kampuchea *(Atlantic)*

. . . OR Long Boring Guitar Solos For Charity

'Concerts For The People Of Kampuchea' is — for rockists with long memories — a sort of ten-year update of the Bangladesh project. Disaster,

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

PRAYERS ON FIRE

ALBUM·CAD 104 4·A·D

Pic: David Corio.

Proof that hippies never wash as Jerry Garcia mistakes his bathtub for an open-plan orgone accumulator.

Turn on, tune in, drop off

THE GRATEFUL DEAD
Reckoning *(Arista)*

JUST WHAT the world needs: another live double-album from The Grateful Dead. This one's a collection of acoustic folksy pick 'n'grinning that only a group whose roots lay in jug-band thrump-ups could view as being an artistically viable endeavour.

Sedate hokey renditions of country classics ('The Race Is On', 'Rosalie McFall'), folk-blues traditionals ('Oh Babe It Ain't No Lie', 'Been All Around This World', Jesse Fuller's 'Monkey And The Engineer', 'Deep Ellum Blues' and 'On The Road Again'), plus the arbitrary stab or two at half-baked gospel make up the running order together with a suitably 'relaxed' cluster of six Garcia-Hunter originals. These latter are thrown in, presumably, to demonstrate to all and sundry the Dead's own pretensions of being a staunchly American music corporate, probably still smarting from the ignominy of having been bypassed by Greil Marcus' *Mystery Train* tome. The Dead so obviously view their music as being a pertinently plucked bouquet of US blossoms, seeds, and stems that I'm amazed they don't strew the stage with haystacks and bean-bags, and seat themselves on crackerbarrels for those spurious gems of ethnic whimsy whilst patches of sage and tumbleweed blow around their plimsolls in lieu of dry ice.

The reasons why The Grateful Dead have never truly succeeded in being 'great' purveyors of American music are the same reasons that make an effort like 'Reckoning' — not their worst live album by a long shot but a tawdry conceit nonetheless — so pointless. They've never been particularly good at any form of music; as a rock band, they're timid and arthritic; as a country enterprise, they lack the conviction and sure footedness

famine and an ex-Beatle to the rescue with a cast of thousands. Replacing Bob Dylan, Leon Russell, Eric Clapton *et al* this time around are (in order of recorded appearance) The Who, The Pretenders, Rockpile, Robert Plant, Queen, The Clash, Ian Dury And The Blockheads, The Specials, Macca/Wings and the horrendous all-star Rockestra.

Musically, most of the package is superfluous. The only performances worth listening to more than a couple of times are Costello's 'The Imposter' (sharp and urgent and therefore incongruous) and The Clash's 'Armagideon Time': a performance of such depth and passion that it becomes the only section of the album that effectively lives up to the cause that 'Concerts' supposedly represents. *"A lot of people won't get no supper tonight / a lot of people won't get no justice tonight . . ."*

For the rest, Queen are a predictable embarrassment, as is McCartney; Dury is jolly (and) professional, as are the late 'Pile; The Pretenders were nervous and inexperienced in those days and sound accordingly; The Specials weigh in with an okay 'Monkey Man', and The Who, well . . .

The opening side of this album simply demonstrates that this writer should never be allowed to review The Who: I was present on the night these tracks were recorded and went onandonandonandon about the general marvellous Who-ness of the occasion, but three out of the four numbers (the exception being an excellent, soulful 'Behind Blue Eyes') are marred by the relentlessly out-of-tune guitar and backing vocals of Himself. Still, we were all seduced by the energy that night — energy being a *sine qua non* of live performance — but it makes for teeth-grating listening once reduced to vinyl.

So it went. If you want an all-star live sampler aimed — judging by the way the available time is weighted in favour of acts who are Big In The States — at the American market (Matumbi and Billy Connolly, who performed, have been omitted), then buy in and if you decide it's a drag after you've had it a week, then it's your own fault. If you actually want to do something for all those picturesque sufferers in Kampuchea, then send whatever you'd expect to pay for a double album to UNICEF, 46 Osnaburgh Street, London NW1. Otherwise, you're just jerking off your conscience while buying another rock and roll record.

Charles Shaar Murray

Ubu pair explore some dub housing. *Pic: Pennie Smith.*

DANCER WITH A SLIDE GUITAR

PERE UBU
390 Degrees Of Simulated Stereo *(Rough Trade)*

SUBTITLED 'Ubu Live: Volume One', this LP contains recordings made by the Ubu of 'Modern Dance' days between May 1976 and March 1979 in Cleveland, Brussels and London, covering all of that first album apart from 'Chinese Radiation' and 'Life Stinks', plus a few choice numbers from the Hearthan/'Datapanik' period.

It's not often a band like Ubu chances along, and it shows — '390 Degrees' quite simply *fries* nearly everything currently on the conveyor, serving as a salutary pointer to the directions the Great Beast rock'n'roll could have taken in the '80s. Sadly, things have regressed since then, and while there's plenty of admirable music (and admirable attitudes) around, there's nothing quite as *striking* as this in evidence today.

Even Ubu themselves have gone pottering off up their own little alleyway, producing increasingly dry, meandering records of primarily personal interest. (The recent re-release of 'The Modern Dance', together with '390 Degrees', makes for a revealing comparison with the playful noodles and doodles of 'The Art Of Walking': what has happened?)

There's plenty here to justify my preference for the early, expressionist Ubu: the sheer motive power of 'Heart Of Darkness', 'The Modern Dance', 'Street Waves' and (of course) 'Non-Alignment Pact' is breathtaking, an exhilarating spinal rush of ferocious intensity counterpointed by the harrowing bleakness of 'My Dark Ages', on which Tom Herman wrings out a guitar break of nerve-shredding proportions, demonstrating clearly why he's the most original slide guitarist to emerge since — well, since the early blues pioneers on whom Cooder, Allman *et al* based their styles. How can a guitarist like Herman be allowed to jack it all in and go off to work on a Texan oilwell, or whatever it is he's doing now? Do we still reward the talented that poorly?

One of the few *dramatic* changes on the album is the markedly different reading of 'Humor Me', less stark and restrained than the studio version, with more of a latin flow, and Herman's spindly closing break conspicuously absent. David Thomas, too, is less tense and menacing, more bumpkin than brittle soul.

Apart from this, the major point of interest is 'Can't Believe It', which comes from the earliest date here, at The Mistake in Cleveland in May '76. Set to a fairly straightforward jive rhythm (by Ubu standards), the guitar interplay of Herman, Peter Laughner and Tim Wright — perm any two from three — evokes memories of Garcia and Weir in the (very) early Grateful Dead. The lyrics to 'Can't Believe It' were later cannibalised for 'Heaven', with some alterations.

From the same gig are 'Over My Head' and 'Sentimental Journey', all recorded on a portable cassette machine, which gives the tracks an appropriate ambience of 'Basement Tapes' bootleggery. History should be this way: vague, partly remembered atmospheres rather than precise, unmysterious "facts". Open to interpretation, as in *they* are open, *you* interpret.

Rock'n'roll — phew!

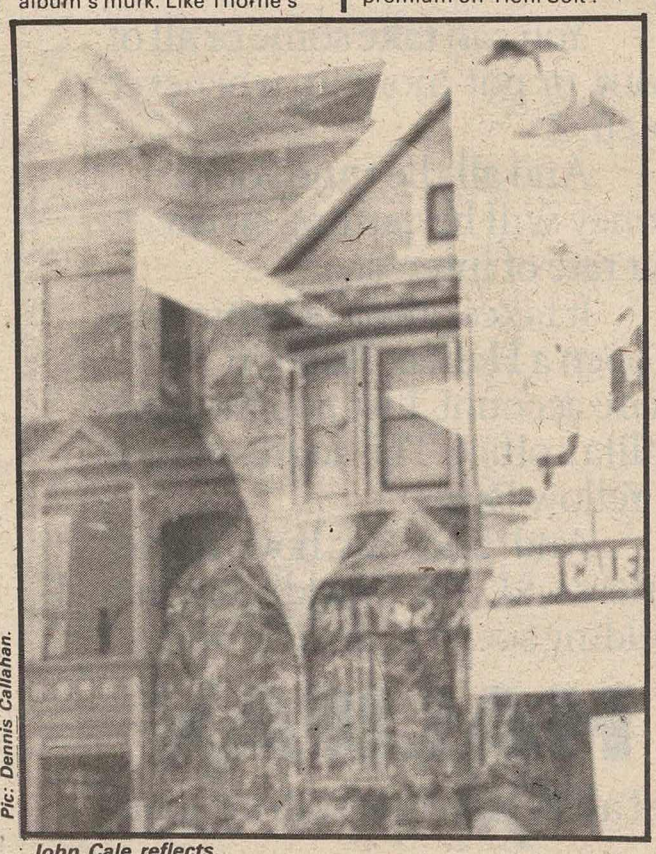
Andy Gill

JOHN CALE
Honi Soit *(A&M)*

SOMETIME Velvet Undergrounder and producer of Patti Smith and Squeeze, Welshman of sorts and tireless chronicler of tales of mystery, imagination and unease, John Cale makes his first studio album since 1975's 'Helen Of Troy' and continues regardless on his crazy-paved way.

Sensibly, Cale has parted company with the band whose clumsy histrionics almost wrecked (oh, the irony) several songs on 1979's 'Sabotage — Live'. I've no idea who Sturgis Nikides (guitar), Jim Goodwin (keyboards, synthesiser), Peter Muny (bass) or Robert Medici (drums) are, but they're all eminently capable musicians who, like Chris Spedding and others before them, obviously appreciate that the inherent tension in so much of Cale's work is best underlined by forceful but controlled playing.

Similarly, Mike Thorne's production is a vast improvement on the stage album's murk. Like Thorne's painstaking work with Wire, it's immediate and emphatically physical, but also very concerned with establishing atmosphere and manipulating layers and textures of sound. And since Cale's lyrical concerns remain largely unchanged, atmosphere is at a premium on 'Honi Soit'.



Pic: Dennis Callahan. *John Cale reflects.*

Although it's doubtful he'll ever entirely recreate the pervasive mood of Romantic melancholy that coloured 'Paris 1919' so grey and delicate a shade of pale — Ultravox's 'Vienna' is only the latest in a long line of laments for Old Europe — many of Cale's songs imply a fatalism and worldweariness on his part that frequently sour into aggressive anger or mordant despair.

With its booming tides of keyboards, taut drum backbeat, crosscut guitars and Cale's demented half-sung, half-spat or stuttered vocals, 'Strange Times In Casablanca' pulls the focus as it depicts in harrowing visceral detail some seedy underworld on the verge of entropic collapse: the end of an ear and an era. A serene ballad in the grand tradition of 'Buffalo Ballet' from 'Fear', 'Riverbank' flips the other side of the same, bruised coin while, edgy and echo-laden, 'Wilson Joliet' falls somewhere between the two extremes.

All three songs successfully scramble time and place. It's almost as if Cale is bent on recalling half-remembered or imagined scenes from some favourite, enigmatic and allusive vintage film — a suspicion oddly confirmed by his stark, dirge-paced version of the traditional 'Streets Of Laredo' (Eldorado, anyone?).

Elsewhere Cale is more specific. The heroines of 'Dead Or Alive' and 'Magic & Lies' only succeed in deceiving themselves as well as they deceive others. Both songs look on love as a jaded, faded thing and both are archetypal Cale pieces, one all snap and shove with its Praetorian trumpet, the other brimming with a false gaiety. Cale's ear for the memorable melody is as keen as ever.

Played just as close to Cale's chest, there's the rolling, spinning 'Fighter Pilot' with its Harpy chorus from The Bomberettes, another anti-war song like 'Mercenaries' from 'Sabotage' (and which I'll take the liberty of dedicating to Robert Duvall's gung-ho Marine flier in *The Great Santini).* Cale is both fascinated and appalled by militarism, its hardware and the machinery of political repression. Such ambivalence is borne out by 'Honi Soit' itself, a dum-dum slug of almost-disco that takes the royal motto stamped on every British passport very much in vain, and goes on to fret in French about clampdowns and coups d'etat.

Mining the same vein, there's 'Russian Roulette', an ominous weight of riffing that's really just an excuse for Cale to crawl over the top and deliver a punning stream of psycho-babble about the precarious state of the planet. Abandon hope all ye who enter here and are not already extremely paranoid.

Dark of heart and mind and strong of song and singing, John Cale is back, his high anxieties utterly unappeased. Listen now.

Angus MacKinnon

of that music's particular dictates; as a jazz band, they wander blindly about, aimlessly noodling over sloppy motifs.

The one surprise about 'Reckoning' is the general adeptness involved in doling out this cosy pastiche of musical sweet-nothings. Garcia and Weir's acoustic guitars stay in tune long enough for both players to whip out a few choice licks. Nothing to make those old heavy-lidded Deadhead eyes spark, but it should be noted that this is surprisingly professional picking from such habitually lame players. Most impressive is pianist Brent Mydland who *is* a very good instrumentalist, constantly adding a pleasant middle-range on the ivories to the aural souffle that is acoustic Dead.

In fact, if you're a confirmed Deadhead then 'Reckoning' will make for a worthwhile investment. At least half of the 16 cuts here have been previously unrecorded by the old lags whilst versions of 'China Doll' and 'To Lay Me Down' spotlight Garcia in something approaching reasonable voice. You'll like the jazz-tinged doodlings on 'Bird Song', sing along to old faves like 'Ripple', 'Cassidy' and 'Dire Wolf' whilst revelling in the camp-fire spirit that makes for 'Reckoning's horizontal slant.

To those, like myself, who once upon a time boasted of owning 'Live Dead' and 'American Beauty' but fell foul of the Dead's wretched excesses around '72, 'Reckoning' is a veritable trunk-load of rosy, redundant whimsy. Harmless stuff to be sure, but so frail, so flimsy, in its absense of tension, or acceleration or basic thrill, that it immediately drifts into the background.

From being purveyors of the ultimate music to turn on to (or so 'Those on the bus' told us way back . . . when?) The Grateful Dead now play music that is nothing, really nothing to turn off.

Nick Kent

NINE BELOW ZERO
Don't Point Your Finger ***(A&M)***

THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS
Butt Rockin' ***(Chrysalis)***

WITH THE kaleidoscopic effect of revivals, and revivals of revivals, it's no strange thing to see a gig like the recent one with the brand new Stray Cats supported by the original Pirates. Old and new rub shoulders with impunity, until sometimes we have the spectacle of middle-aged rockers caught in a weird time warp, with a permanently teenaged jiving audience.

Nine Below Zero have established an exciting live reputation in their relatively short career, and produced an excellent album 'Live At The Marquee' last year, to prove it. They're a hardworking band, gigging constantly, playing loud, straightforward R&B. This is their first studio album, and although it has all the right ingredients it somehow doesn't quite make it.

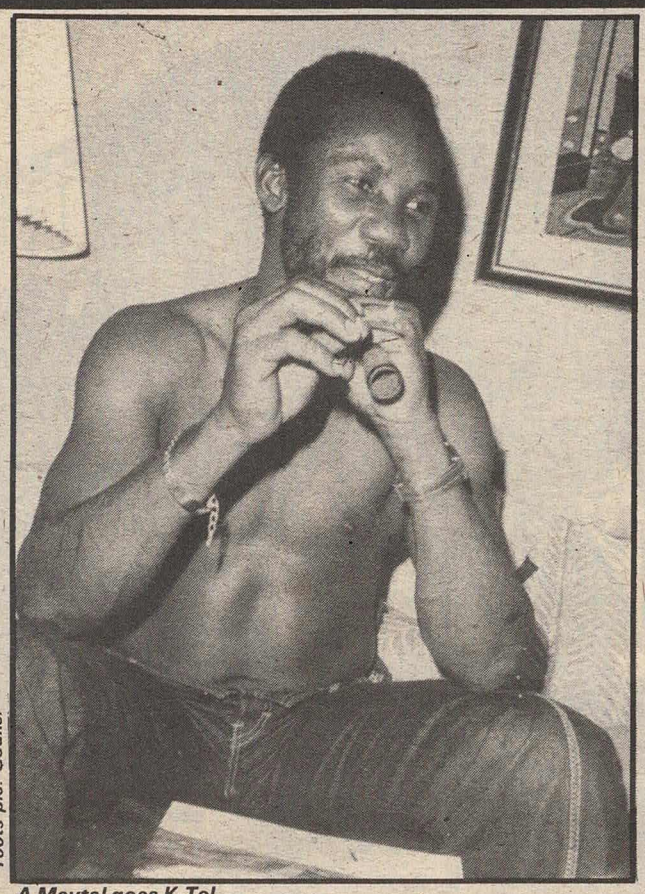
The rhythm section is powerful, the harp and guitar do all the right things, the songs are simple and direct, but it's too predictable, two-dimensional and very dull. After a couple of tracks, the tunes all sound the same, not a patch on the live feel.

The Fabulous Thunderbirds, on the other hand, are a real fundamentalist bunch from Texas, also great live, as they proved on the Rockpile tour. They have a much broader approach to their music, perhaps because they've been playing it for years, and know that true R&B's a lot more than one or two rhythms being thrashed out over and over again.

The tracks range from the whimsical Tex-Mex flavour of 'Cherry Pink And Apple Blossom White' to the hard edge of 'I Hear You Knocking'. They have the same lineup as Nine Below Zero but that's the extent of the similarity. Each song is fresh, memorable and different. Harp player Kim Wilson is also a fine singer and responsible for the original tunes. Just catch the roundness of his voice on 'Mathilda' and the depth of 'One's Too Many'.

The LP was recorded live in the studio — and in the Thunderbirds' case that's not a contradiction. If you like music that is *alive,* buy this album.

Dorota Koc



Toots pic: Godlis.

A Maytal goes K-Tel.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Rhythm 'n' Reggae ***(K-Tel)***

STRANGE THINGS, K-Tel records . . . usually a selection of chart-proven singles are lumped together with a few mediocre fillers and a complete lack of discrimination. A few tastefully segued disco compilations apart, there is rarely any thought about how the product sounds as a continuously played whole rather than as a collection of individual singles.

Yet, for some reason, if I happen to be living somewhere with a well-used TV set, after a few weeks I get this compulsion to own a copy . . .

'Rhythm 'n' Reggae' is a typical example: to claim to represent reggae on one 16-track album is as ridiculous as it would be to claim to represent 'rock' in the same space. What it gives are tasters of different eras and styles (excluding dub and toasters) with an eye on the music that has been commercially successful here, all wrenched completely out of context and stuck together quite arbitrarily.

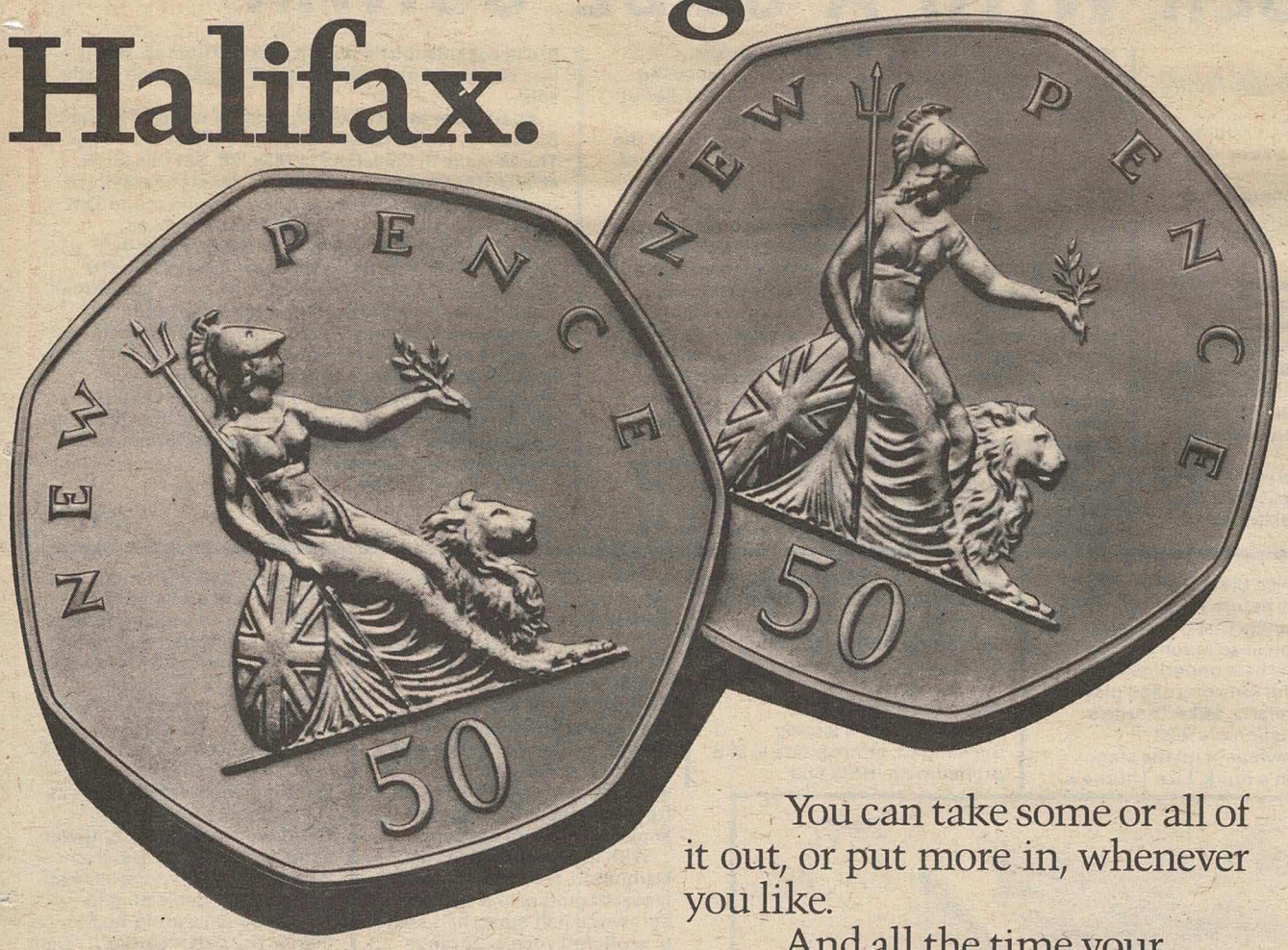
Dennis Brown with Eddy Grant, Toots And The Maytals with UB40, Susan Cadogan's catchy oldie 'Hurt So Good' with Ms. Hylton's not-so-old 'The Bed's Too Big Without You'. Not a bad selection by any means, but desperately calling for original dates and labels, just a little information so that we can see how Desmond Dekker's JA ska developed into, say, Steel Pulse's brand of UK reggae.

Highspots must include the Paragons' 'The Tide Is High', making La Harry's sassy version look all washed up, the exuberance of Rita Marley's 'That's The Way', and Judy Mowatt's affirmative 'My My People', while on the negative side, 'Dream A Lie' is UB40's most meaningless release to date, and my dislike of Black Slate's 'Amigo' grows on each hearing.

Sermon time: reggae is not an esoteric or inaccessible thing, it is a celebration of a culture and people, pop music, dance music . . . just ask The Police. This is a record that may put a lot of artists who deserve wider attention into the charts. It's just a pity that K-Tel don't take as much care in the presentation of their products as they do with the accompanying TV ads.

Sheryl Garratt

All you need to start saving with the Halifax.



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NME 2

SILVER SCREEN

Suss city flicker

Monty Smith meets Richard Donner

HIS LAST two films were *The Omen* and *Superman,* both huge box office hits, but no one wants to see Richard Donner's new movie. You tell anyone what *Inside Moves* is about — a bunch of cripples in a homely bar — and the likely response is squirms all round; no thanks, too depressing, even if this is the International Year of the Handicapped — who needs it?

"See!" says Donner, thumping the table. "That's my problem. How the fuck do I sell my movie?"

An abrasive New Yorker with a West Coast tan and tinted shades, Donner dresses like an LA jogger but talks like a suss city cab driver — confidently and with much good humour, peppering his sentences with expletives.

"If you say *Inside Moves* opens with a guy trying to kill himself and it's about a load of disabled people hanging out in a bar, who the fuck wants to pay ten bucks to go and see it? I may have fucked up making this kind of flick, but I love it."

Certainly, *Inside Moves* is not a film to be ashamed of; it's unabashedly romantic, a fairy tale with real characters, but any sentimentality is kept well at bay by a thoughtful and sourly comic script. The attractive performances, too, by John Savage, David Morse and Diana Scarwid ("She's not a raving beauty but, boy, she's pretty — I don't know a guy who doesn't want to jump on Diana's bones after seeing this picture") are impressively naturalistic, and there's plenty of Donner's own earthy wit in Bert Remsen's character Stinky, the blind cripple with a waspish tongue.

"I wanted to make an 'up', happy story and I look on this as a fable, not as reality at all — you know, there's a happy ending and even the villain gets it. Things don't happen like that — too bad."

Did he set out deliberately to make a "small" picture after all the hoo-ha over *Superman* (Donner was 'removed', amidst much acrimony, from *Superman 2* by the producers, the Salkind brothers)?

"No, I wasn't looking for a small picture particularly. If somebody had given me a big budget script and I fell in love with it, I would've done it."

Does he want to see *Superman 2?*

"I've seen it. The best part is my work — you'll spot it *(laughs).* It's more of a James Bond for children now. It'll do well and I wish it all the love and luck in the world, because it's part of my lawsuit."

I tell him I feel a bit sorry for his replacement director, Dick Lester, for inheriting such an awkward legacy.

"For him? All I can tell you is that Mr Lester was a man who claimed to be a close friend of mine during the making of *Superman 1.* I was in LA waiting to come back and Mr Lester never, ever picked up the phone to call me, his friend, to tell me 'Hey, they're talking to me about taking over your picture.' I've never heard from him. And that's what friendship in showbusiness is. But someday I'll meet him."

I apologise for bringing it up.

"No, no, it's OK. It's just that I'm happy now and whenever I think of what happened I get unhappy." (He sounds more angry than upset.) "Because I was never hurt so much in my life as I was by them (the Salkinds). No matter what differences there may have been, you'd think they'd be proud and happy that we made such a good film as *Superman.* And that we'd've gone on and made another film, no matter what."

The lawcourts will sort that one out, and Donner can be relied upon to give a good account of himself. He started out as an actor, you see ("Nothing you'd know about — before your time") and even now he does a 'Hitchcock', popping up early on in *Inside Moves* ("Yeah, my mother saw me too"). And he's ready to go back in front of the cameras.

"Let me put it this way: my card is paid up. As a matter of fact, if I hadn't been promoting *Inside Moves* over here, I'd be acting in a film called *Body Heat.* I was offered third lead."

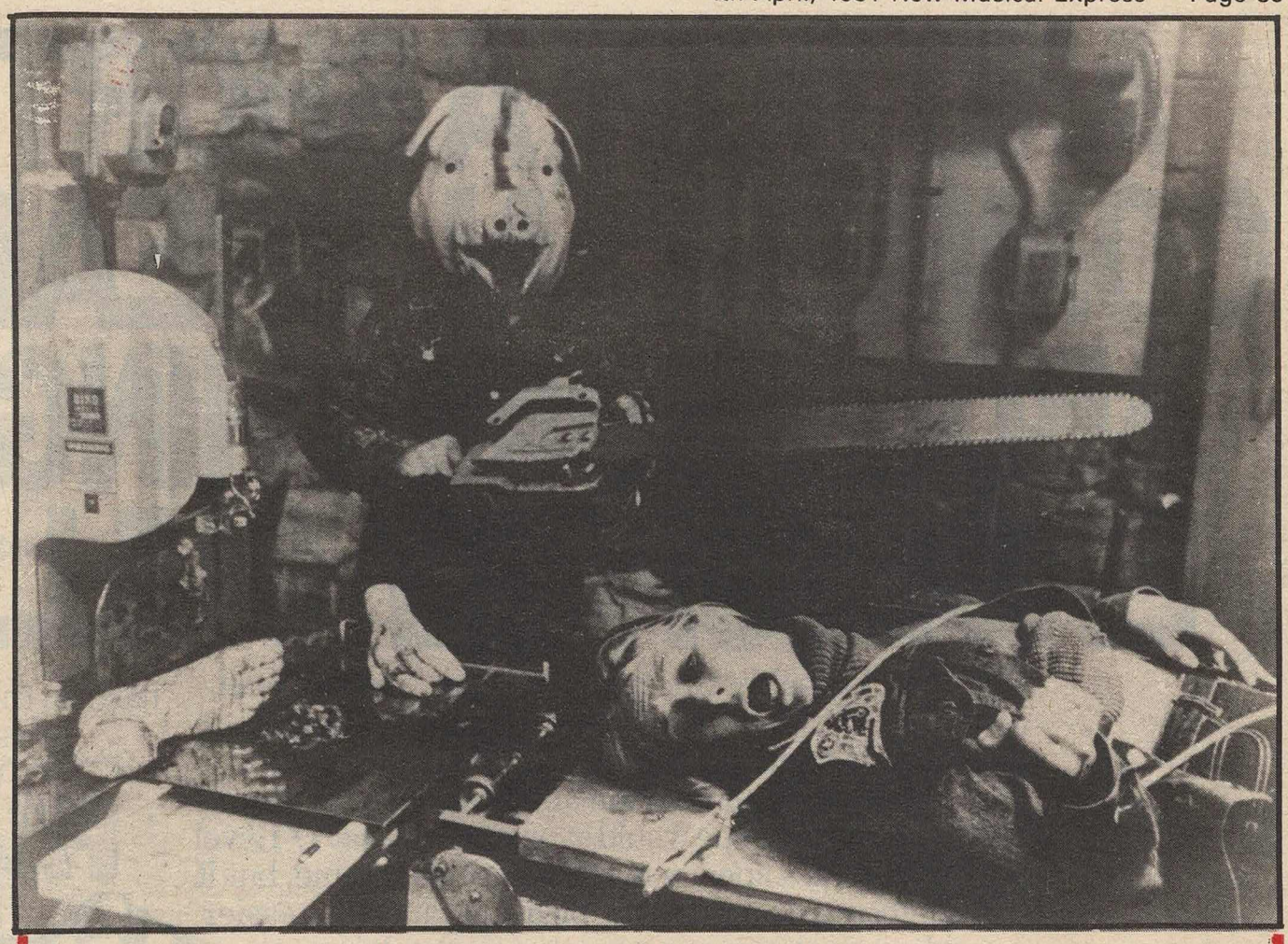
And you'd really have done it?

"Damn right I would."

You've still got the bug?

"Hell , yeah. I want to give some director a hard time."

Richard Donner
Pic by Anton Corbijn



In the meat of the night

Motel Hell

Directed by Kevin Connor
Starring Rory Calhoun, Nancy Parsons and Nina Axelrod *(United Artists)*

The Last Embrace

Directed by Jonathan Demme
Starring Roy Scheider, Janet Margolin and John Glover *(United Artists)*

"IT TAKES all kinds of critters to make Farmer Vincent fritters." And just in case you're in any doubt about the contents, *Motel Hell* is a kind of Yankee Sweeney Todd, a comic horror gourmet's guide to smoked meats, courtesy of pigs, cows and any assorted weirdos who happen to stray within killing distance.

The victims (and therefore the justification) are all social 'undesirables', ie prostitutes, bikers, a 'punk' band — Ivan And The Terribles, har har — and a couple of sexual deviants. Mmmm, fingerlickin' good!

While *Motel Hell* has its hilarious moments, it's never quite as funny as it thinks it is, and only occasionally effective as a satire on American consumerism.

What strengths it has are gained from the performances, notably Rory Calhoun's as Farmer Vincent (Colonel Sanders minus beard), the benign, silver-haired butcher; after the concluding chainsaw combat in the abbatoir — a real Errol Flynn/Basil Rathbone mockery — Calhoun's 'confession' is a moment of appalling bathos.

***Motel Hell* is neither horrible nor funny enough to be more than mildly diverting — a low level hoot, to be sure, but nonetheless a missed opportunity.**

A curious evening's entertainment is completed by *The Last Embrace,* a subtle thriller made in 1979 (unaccountably shelved since then), which is more of a tribute to Alfred Hitchcock than *Dressed To Kill* was ever intended to be.

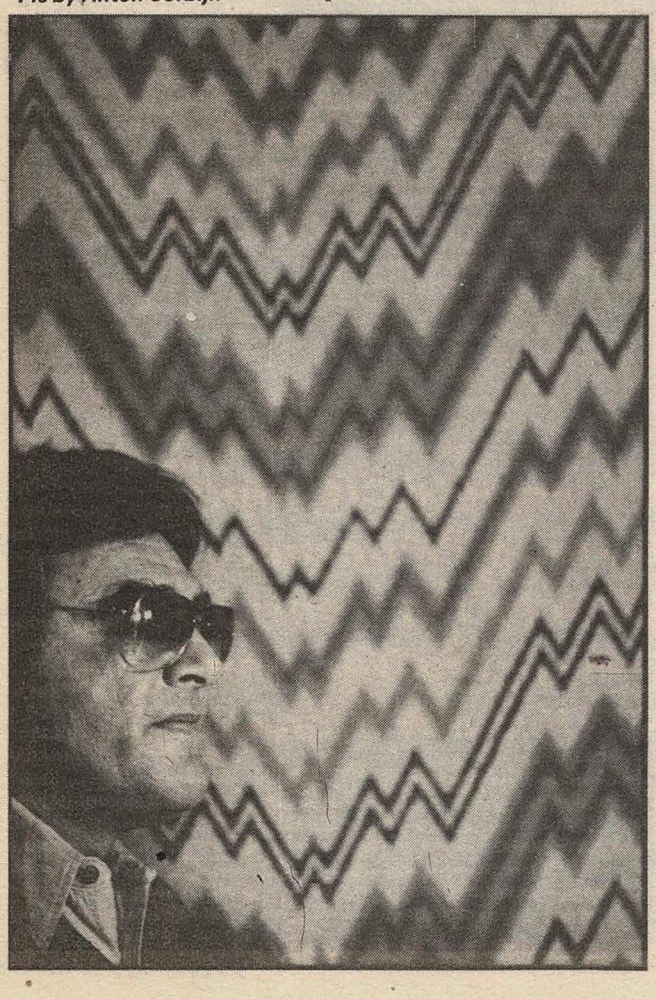
Shady agent Harry Hannan (Roy Scheider) is understandably peeved at the attempts to dispose of him following his recuperation from a breakdown. A mysterious Hebrew warning and the motives behind these attempts are unravelled stitch by stitch and the subsequent Jewish Connection, understated menace and sexual motifs are bound together by a film-maker who knows how to tell a story without selling himself short.

The well-integrated Hitchcock references disturb neither the film's structure nor its intriguing, complex plot; they are additional treats. It's a minor triumph for director Demme, whose intricate use of pace, timing and atmosphere belies his Roger Corman training.

Mysterious and romantic in approximately equal proportions, *The Last Embrace* is a stylish, unformulated movie that heralds a bright future for Demme. Attractive performances, too, by Scheider and Janet Margolin.

Be sure to catch the whole programme at your local. If you see a stranger double bill this year I wouldn't be surprised — I'd be amazed.

Neil Norman



Brothers And Sisters

Directed by Richard Woolley
Starring Carolyn Pickles, Sam Dale, Robert East and Elizabeth Bennett *(BFI)*

A PROSTITUTE is murdered in a 'northern city'. The ensuing police investigation centres around the Barratt brothers who represent, we are led to believe, opposite ends of the male spectrum, particularly regarding their attitude towards women.

Operating on several levels, Woolley keeps a tight rein on the structure by integrating the plot development and social analysis within the context of the investigation. Events and encounters are seen in flashback — a kind of audio-visual replay of the statements gathered by the police — and often prefaced by an expressionless character description. As the investigation proceeds various facts and attitudes are revealed that make any glib conclusions as to the identity of the murderer quite ambiguous. With a nod in the direction of *Rashomon,* Woolley shows us several different, though not necessarily conflicting, aspects of the same event. Any of the men, including the gentle Pete who seems to sit around watching violent films on TV all day, might have done it.

Despite this technical assurance, *Brothers And Sisters* resolutely refuses to be more than intermittently thrilling. There are two reasons for this; aside from Pete, the characters are all unrelentingly awful but even more importantly, it is Woolley's attitude to the issues at stake and his handling of their discussion (he also wrote the screenplay) that seriously undermines the film.

Having set up a series of representational characters that are invested with real humanity by the actors — especially Carolyn Pickles as both Theresa and her prostitute sister — Woolley has to introduce elements of attitude and culpability that are clearly at odds with the portrayals. His reaction has overbalanced into scarcely concealed diatribe.

A feminist film made by a man for feminists, *Brothers And Sisters* doesn't degrade women; it patronises them and contributes nothing further to an analysis of the fundamental issues it involves.

It's a strange thing — a film that needed to be made that doesn't need to be seen.

Neil Norman

HOT MAMA

FOR those within easy access of London, the ever-inventive Scala Cinema has a rare treat this week. From tomorrow (April 3) until April 9, the Scala is showing the previously unreleased *Crazy Mama,* a 1975 comedy thriller made by Jonathan Demme for Roger Corman's New World. Starring Cloris Leachman, Ann Sothern and Stuart Whitman, *Crazy Mama* bears scant relation to the usual Corman exploitation flick; it's a beautifully judged parody of the *Bloody Mama* cycle, extremely funny and, at times, extraordinarily affecting. You come out feeling better for seeing a picture like this, so make every attempt to catch it. Besides, if *Crazy Mama* does well at the Scala then its distributors, Barber International, will put it into wider release. Director Demme's *The Last Embrace* is currently on release (on an incongruous double bill with *Motel Hell)* and his *Melvin And Howard* opens soon, so now's the chance to catch up on one of America's most important new film-makers. And, Mr Demme, if you're reading this, sir, we'd love an interview.

Monty Smith

(The Scala Cinema is at 25 Tottenham St, London W1. For further details, phone 01-637 9309.)

AND NOW, A SHORT COMMERCIAL BREAK ABOUT SOMETHING EXCESSIVELY DULL.

Probably the last thing you want to read about right now is revising for your 'O' Levels.

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Doesn't that sound interesting?

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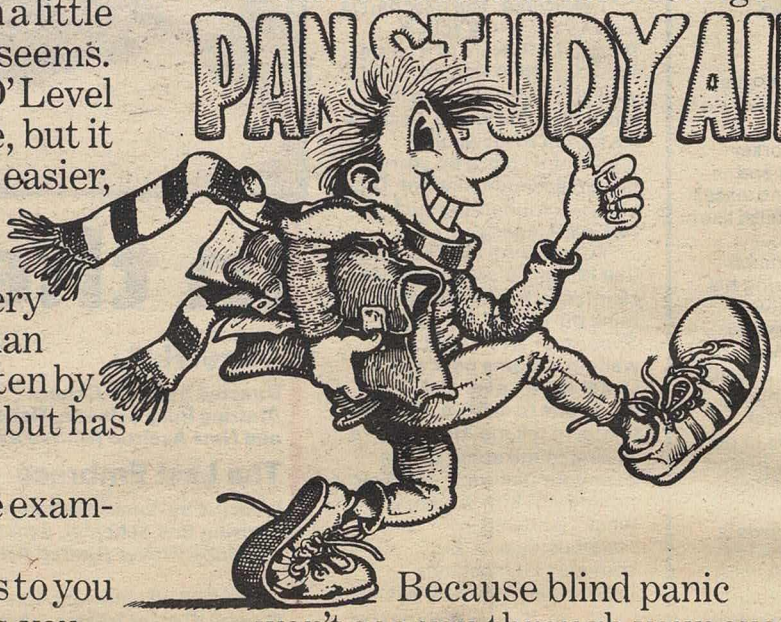
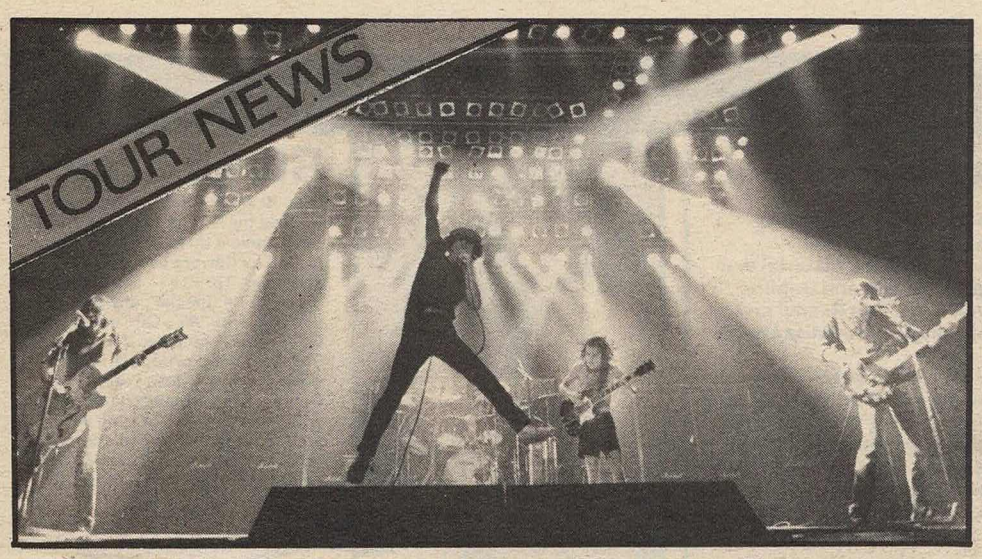


Because blind panic won't see you through your exams.



AC/DC top at Donington

AC/DC were this week named officially as the headlining attraction in the second 'Monsters Of Rock' open-air festival, to be held at the Castle Donington racing circuit in the Midlands on Saturday, August 22. And that won't come as any real surprise to regular *NME* readers, as *Data Control* forecast this in our January 24 issue — all of ten weeks ago! The promoters, Wooltare Limited, say it will be the band's only European appearance this year.

Tickets are already on sale, all at the one price of £8.50. They are available by post only and the address to write to, enclosing s.a.e., is Wooltare Limited, P.O. Box 123, Walsall W55 4QQ. Cheques and POs should be made payable to "Wooltare Ltd.", but those sending cheques should allow 21 days for clearance — so if you want your tickets quickly, postal orders are the answer. Those applying from outside the UK should use international money orders made payable in the same way, and include sufficient for return postage — enclose self-addressed envelope, but do not stamp it.

Admission on the day will be £10 from the festival site box-office.

The rest of the bill is still being finalised, and is expected to be announced in a couple of weeks, though the promoters say they are striving to ensure an even stronger line-up than at last year's event — which featured Rainbow, Judas Priest and The Scorpions, among others. There has been widespread speculation concerning other acts for the event — Whitesnake and Blue Oyster Cult are the two most popular names currently being bandied about — but clearly the organisers want to tie up the bill in its entirety before revealing any more names.

DATA CONTROL

KILLING TIME

KILLING JOKE go back on the road later this month, after the cancellation of their projected February dates, and they'll be previewing material from their second album which is currently in preparation. After playing a low-key gig at a small Lancashire club on April 24, they move on to bigger things at Middlesbrough Gastons (25), Leeds Tiffany's (26), Reading Top Rank (27), London Kilburn National Ballroom (28) and Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (29). A new single 'Follow The Leader' is due out in mid-April.

Shakin' all over the place

SHAKIN' STEVENS sets out next month on a major 23-date concert tour — which was only to be expected after topping the charts with his current single 'This Ole House'. He plays Birmingham Odeon (May 13), Liverpool Empire (14), Corby Festival Theatre (15), Warrington Parr Hall (17), Chelmsford Odeon (18), Chatham Central Hall (19), Portsmouth Guildhall (20), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (22), Brighton Dome (23), Gt Yarmouth ABC (24), Derby Assembly Rooms (25), Edinburgh Usher Hall (27), Aberdeen Capitol (28), Newcastle City Hall (30), Glasgow Pavilion (31), Preston Guildhall (June 1), Hull New Theatre (2), Ipswich Gaumont (3), Margate Winter Gardens (4), Oxford New Theatre (5), Bristol Colston Hall (6), Cardiff New Theatre (7) and London Victoria Apollo (9). Promoters are Kennedy Street Enterprises. Stevens' album 'This Ole House' is released by Epic this week — it's described as "brand new", though it's basically his previous set with the addition of his current hit.

SCARS TOUR WITH PAULINE MURRAY

SCARS, the Edinburgh-based quartet, are this month poised for a major breakthrough — with the release of their debut album, an extensive tour with Pauline Murray, and their own headlining club tour to follow. Scars and Pauline — the former Penetration singer who, since that band broke up, has already enjoyed one successful tour in her own right — this week began a series of European gigs, with UK dates starting later in the month (details to follow shortly).

The Scars album 'Author! Author!' is released by Pre Records (through Charisma) on April 10, with a retail price of around £4.25. Produced by Robert Blamire, it's to be the subject of a massive advertising campaign. There's also a cassette version containing two extra tracks, including the band's treatment of the David Essex hit 'Silver Dream Machine'. Their single "All About You' has just been issued.

Sir Douglas Quintet's first in UK since 1966

THE NEAR–LEGENDARY Sir Douglas Quintet make their first London appearance for 15 years when they play The Venue in Victoria on Thursday, May 14 (tickets £3) — and they'll also be featured in BBC–2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* two days later. They were due to come over last year, soon after leader Doug Sahm re-formed the group, but had to pull out because they had insufficient time to rehearse. Currently with Sahm in the line-up are Aurgie Meyers, Johnny Perez, Speedy Sparks and Louis Ortega. The outift have an EP issued by Chrysalis this weekend — it contains two tracks taken from their recent 'Border Wave' album, 'Sheila Tequila' and 'Who'll Be The Next In Line', plus 'Wolly Bully' and 'She's About A Mover' which were both recorded live in Los Angeles.

Tygers visit London

THE TYGERS OF PAN TANG play their most important London concert to date on Monday, May 11 — a prestige headliner at the Hammersmith Odeon. This newly confirmed show is the climax to their extensive UK tour, announced last week, on which they'll be supported by Magnum and Alkatrazz to complete a three-act package. Also added to their schedule is Manchester Club 1981 on May 4, while their gig on May 10 — originally named as Sheffield Polytechnic, which is now put back by two days to May 12 — becomes Birmingham Odeon.

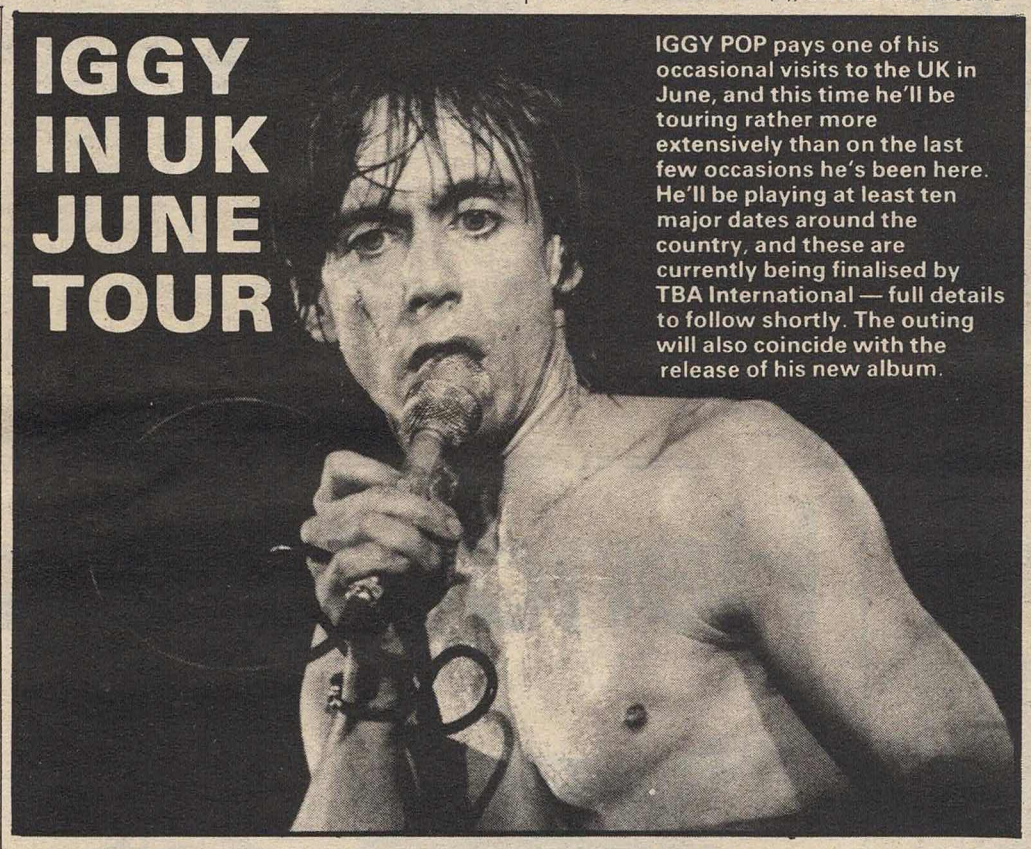
and Hazel goes home

HAZEL O'CONNOR plays a special one-off 'Scottish Homecoming' concert at Glasgow Apollo on May 9, to mark her return from her successful U.S. visit. Promoters TBA expect it to develop into an all-star event, as a number of other attractions are likely to appear on the bill — it's known that The Revillos and The Belle Stars are among those being sought. Tickets for the show are on sale now priced £3.50 and £3.

☐ **Q-TIPS** headline their first major London show on Thursday, April 30, when they appear at the Lyceum Ballroom. Support acts are The Reluctant Stereotypes and Bop Natives, and admission is £2.50.

☐ **TOYAH** have now sold out their show at London Hammersmith Odeon on June 6, the climax of their spring UK tour, so they've added a second night at the same venue — on Friday, June 5. Tickets are available from tomorrow (Friday) at £3.50, £3 and £2.50.

IGGY IN UK JUNE TOUR



IGGY POP pays one of his occasional visits to the UK in June, and this time he'll be touring rather more extensively than on the last few occasions he's been here. He'll be playing at least ten major dates around the country, and these are currently being finalised by TBA International — full details to follow shortly. The outing will also coincide with the release of his new album.

THOROGOOD, COOLIDGE IN LONDON

GEORGE THOROGOOD

GEORGE THOROGOOD & The Destroyers pay their first visit to Britain since 1979 to play a one-off concert at London's Rainbow Theatre on April 29. It's promoted by Straight Music, and tickets are on sale now all at the one price of £3.50. Sonet Records will be releasing a new single titled 'House Of Blue Lights' to coincide with the band's visit — it's taken from their latest album, issued a couple of months ago, called 'More George Thorogood'.

RITA COOLIDGE, currently hitting the high spots with her 'The Very Best Of . . .' album, features the songs from that LP when she appears in concert at London Victoria Apollo on Saturday, June 6. Tickers are on sale now priced £7.50, £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50.

John Cale's London gig

JOHN CALE flies into London to headline a special one-off concert at the Lyceum Ballroom on Easter Day — Sunday, April 19 — supported by Modern English and The Books. The former Velvet Underground star will be accompanied by his regular band comprising Sturgis Nikidas (guitar), John Goodwin (keyboards), Peter Muny (bass) and Robert Medici (drums). Tickets are on sale now, all at the one price of £3.50, and the promoters are Straight Music. Cale's visit ties in with the release this week of his new A&M album 'Honi Soit'.

MORE UPCOMING GIGS: PAGE 42

FIRST TOUR, NEW SINGLE

The big Freeez

FREEEZ celebrate the chart success of their 'Southern Freeez' album and single by going out on their first major tour, comprising dates at 17 leading venues, with the likelihood of a few more being added. The outing ties in with the release this weekend of their new Beggars Banquet single 'Flying High', available in both 7" and 12" formats, with a remixed version of the album track on the 12-inch.

Confirmed dates are at Liverpool Royal Court (April 24), Redcar Coatham Bowl (25), Edinburgh Odeon (26), Glasgow Pavilion (27), Newcastle Mayfair (29), Bradford St. George's Hall (30), Nottingham Rock City (May 1), Birmingham Odeon (2), Norwich East Anglia University (3), Bristol Locarno (5), Cardiff Top Rank (6), Manchester Apollo (8), Sheffield City Hall (9), Slough Fulcrum Centre (10), Poole Arts Centre (12), Brighton Top Rank (13) and London Kilburn National Club (14).

LIONHEART START BRITISH CRUSADE

LIONHEART have now set their first headlining tour, including a return to London Marquee where they made their live debut in January. They play Leeds Fforde Green (April 9), Walsall Town Hall (10), St Albans City Hall (11), Darley Dale Northwood Halls (15), Newcastle Mayfair (16), Liverpool Warehouse (17), Nottingham Boat Club (18), Cheltenham Eve's (19), Plymouth Fiesta (20), Bristol Granary (21), Hardstoft Shoulder of Mutton (23), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (24), Glasgow Strathclyde University (25), Ayr Pavilion (26), Peterborough Fleet Club (30), London Marquee (May 1) and Cromer West Runton Pavilion (2).

HAWKWIND CLAIM: 'WE FIRED BAKER'

HAWKWIND have now countered Ginger Baker's assertion that he quit the band, reported last week, by claiming that he was fired. Their story goes that Baker, "the world's best drummer", had a bust-up with bassist Harvey Bainbridge whom he described as "the world's worst bassist" — whereupon the world's worst bassist promptly fired the world's best drummer! Baker and keyboards man Keith Hale have now taken their new band off to Italy, leaving the three remaining Hawkwind members looking for two replacements. When these have been found, they'll be going into the studio to record the follow-up to their 'Levitation' album — and, said their spokesman, they will again be playing their annual UK autumn tour.

CAPALDI ONE-OFF

JIM CAPALDI — the former Traffic stalwart — plays one of his very rare British dates on Friday, May 1, when he headlines at London Victoria The Venue. He'll be backed by five-piece band The Contenders who, specially for this gig, will be augmented by Mel Collins on sax. Tickets are available from next Monday (6) at £3.50. Capaldi's show follows the April 10 release of his new WEA studio album 'Let The Thunder Cry' — featuring such renowned musicians as Simon Kirke, Steve Winwood, Andy Newmark and Mel Collins — and a single title 'Old Photographs' comes out a week later (17).

PENDERGRASS No.2

TEDDY PENDERGRASS has virtually sold out his debut British concert at London Victoria Apollo on April 30, announced last week, so promoter Harvey Goldsmith has now added a second show at the same venue the following night — Friday, May 1. Tickets are now on sale priced £5.50, £5 and £4.50, and the support act on both nights is Stephanie Mills.

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SUN. 5 APRIL TIFFANY'S EDINBURGH
MON. 6 APRIL BIRMINGHAM ODEON
By arrangement with Kevin Draper
TUE. 7 APRIL BRISTOL LOCARNO
WED. 8 APRIL TOP RANK BRIGHTON
THURS. 9 APRIL Rainbow

BADGE RECORD NIGHT
101 CLUB CLAPHAM
THANE
GOLINSKI BROS
THE COLORZ
APRIL 4th

ALL YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT
Albania
THE VENUE ON 6th APRIL
GIVE BACK THE GOLD

DATA CONTROL — RECORD NEWS

Lizzy, Echo: special EPs

THIN LIZZY have a special 12-inch four-track live EP issued by Phonogram on April 16, retailing at the price of a normal seven-inch single. It runs about 20 minutes, and the material was recorded over the last two years at gigs in Canada and Dublin. Tracks are 'Bad Reputation', 'Opium Trail', 'Are You Ready' and Lizzy's band version of Phil Lynott's solo single 'Dear Miss Lonely Hearts'.

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN release a 12-inch EP on Korova Records on April 10, with a total running time of almost 30 minutes (also available in cassette form). It features 'Crocodiles' and 'All That Jazz', both from their upcoming new album — plus 'Zimbo' and 'Over The Wall' from their film *They Shine So Hard*, for which independent distribution is currently being sought. The EP retails at around £1.05 for a limited period, before reverting to normal price.

Stones album, tour plans

THE ROLLING STONES have an album called 'Sucking In The Seventies' issued by EMI on April 13. It's a largely re-packaged set, containing only three previously unreleased tracks — 'Everything Is Turning To Gold', 'If I Was A Dancer' and a live version of 'When The Whip Comes Down'. It seems the Stones were contracted to a re-packaging job in the States, where the LP has already been released — and they've now decided to make it available in the UK, because import copies have started to sell here at inflated prices.

Meanwhile, Mick Jagger and Keith Richards are putting the finishing touches to a new album in Paris, and that's planned for release at the end of July. According to their London spokesman, they are also talking about British and European concerts in the late summer.

Other tracks on the re-packaged LP are **Shattered, Hot Stuff, Time Waits For No-One, Fool To Cry, Mannish Boy, Crazy Mama** and **Beast Of Burden.**

● Logo, now marketed by RCA, have signed a licensing deal with Passport Records of New Jersey — under which they acquire the rights to albums by **The Good Rats, The Hunt, Synergy** and **FM**. First releases are 'Great American Music' by The Good Rats this weekend, followed on May 8 by 'Back To The Hunt' by The Hunt, both selling initially at a specially reduced price.

● Australian singer **Marcia Hines** is currently working at the Factory Studio in Surrey on her new album, along with such luminaries as Geoff Whitehorn (guitar), Preston Hayman (drums) and Duncan MacKay (keyboards). The LP will be issued later in the year, preceded by a single in May.

● **Mickey Jupp** has returned to Stiff Records after a 2½-year absence, and has a single out this week called 'Don't Talk To Me'. It's a track from an album titled 'Oxford', which he recorded last autumn before he re-joined Stiff, though that is also expected to emerge through the same outlet before long.

● Three-piece Birmingham band **The Mood Elevators** are the second non-Beat outfit to appear on the The Beat's own Go-Feet label, with the release this week of their single 'Annapurna'. They have also landed the support spot in ten of The Beat's upcoming UK tour dates — see page 3.

Blake break

ERIC BLAKE, the Essex four-piece fronted by 17-year-old Julie Harding (left), have a three-track single issued by Carrere in a gatefold sleeve on April 16 — the main title is 'Born To Be Special', and it's coupled with '80's Girl' and 'Give Generously', all produced by former Yes writer and producer Tony Colton. Carrere boss Freddie Cannon is convinced that the band will break through in a big way this year, and they're due to start work on their debut album in mid-May. Prior to that, they'll be promoting the new single on TV and radio, both in Britain and Europe. They resume gigging in early June, when they are likely to augment by taking on a keyboards player.

● Bob Lamb, the man who launched UB40 into the big time, has formed his own Romantic Records label in association with Heath Levy Music and with distribution through MCA. Three Midlands acts — **Reality, John Caswell** and **The System** — have already signed to the label, the first release being 'What's Going On In Your Mind' by Reality this week.

● **Loose Shoes,** the four-piece signed last year by songwriter Steve Tilston, have their first single 'Put The Blame On Me' on release. It's on the Applause label, a subsidiary of Riva Records.

● To tie in with **Neil Sedaka's** UK tour opening this Sunday (5), Polydor release his new single 'Losing You' and album 'Neil Sedaka Now'.

● **The Deluxe Blues Band** comprises Danny Adler, Bob Hall, Bob Brunning and Micky Waller — all stalwarts of rock'n'roll and R&B. Last October they recorded a live album at London Putney Half Moon, and this weekend it appears on the new Hotbox label (through Armageddon Records).

● **Airstrip One** release their first single this weekend on Oval Records, a three-track 12-incher on which the main title is 'Longer To Live'. The South London band's name is derived from the title by which Britain is known in George Orwell's book *1984*.

● Our Price Records, who became Britain's biggest independent record retail chain last year when they took over all the Harlequin stores, have opened their newest and largest shop at 201 Oxford Street, London.

● A new single by **The Flying Lizards** makes its appearance on the Virgin label this weekend — it's called 'Hands 2 Take'.

● South London band **The Thompson Twins** are at present putting the finishing touches to their new album with producer Denis Bovelle. Titled 'A Product Of', it's due for release by Modern Records on May 15, and they'll be headlining a major tour to promote it.

● A&M have signed Jamaican star **Dillinger** to a worldwide deal, and the first release will be an album titled 'Badder Than Them' in May. Together with his backing band The Freedom Fighters, Dillinger is planning to tour Britain this summer.

● An upcoming Avco Embassy horror film called *Fear No Evil* features already-recorded tracks by **The B-52's, Boomtown Rats, Sex Pistols, Ramones, Talking Heads** and **Patti Smith.** A soundtrack album will be issued in due course by Sire Records, though no release date has yet been set.

● **Peter Green's** third album for PVK Records is out this week, titled 'Whatcha Gonna Do?', and he's filmed a 30-minute video for worldwide promotional use.

● The **Soft Cell** duo, who are one of the acts featured on the Some Bizzare compilation album, have two singles issued simultaneously through Phonogram. The seven-inch is 'A Man Can Get Lost' / 'Memorabilia', while on 12-inch there's 'Memorabilia' / 'Persuasion'.

● **Kit Hain** — formerly of the Marshall Hain group, who scored heavily in 1978 with 'Dancing In The City' — has a solo single out this week on Decca titled 'Danny'.

● The last album by **Swell Maps** is being issued by Rough Trade in the middle of this month. It's a double set called 'Whatever Happens Next' — featuring material from their formative years (1972-77), including home recordings, studio sessions, a live track and a John Peel session. It retails for about the price of a single album.

● **The Nightingales'** single 'Idiot Strength' is out this week and, although it's their debut for Rough Trade Records, it's also their last with their original line-up. That's because guitarist Joe Crow has left to re-form his first group, The Motivators. The band are now seeking a replacement, and hope to be ready to go on the road in early May.

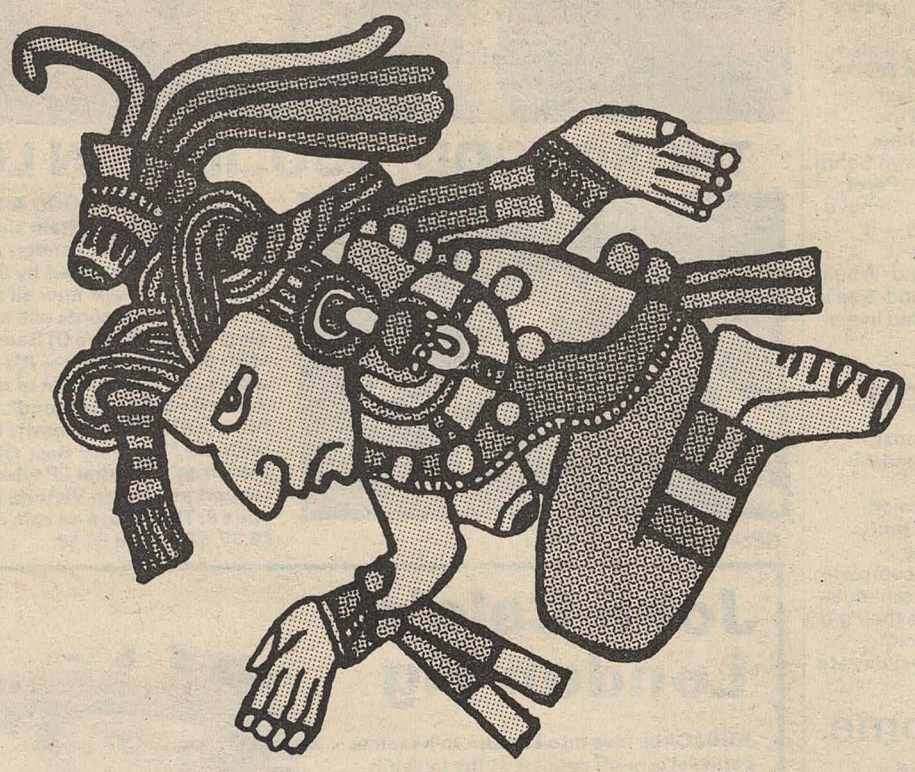
● A new **Pat Benatar** single titled 'Treat Me Right' — a Top Ten hit in the States — is released by Chrysalis on April 10, in clear vinyl and a picture bag. Currently working on her third album for July release, Pat is expected to tour Britain extensively in August.

● The two shows at London Fulham Golden Lion by **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos** this Friday and Saturday (April 3-4) are being recorded for a live EP. Titled 'Saturday Night Is Party Night', it's planned for May release on Cow Pie Records.

● **Patti Boulaye** has signed to the new Celebrity Records label, and has her single 'He Is My Guy' out this week, to be followed by her album 'Magic' on May 8.

● **The Ram Jam Band** release their first single since their re-formation last year — titled 'Freetown', it was written and produced by original founder member Pete Gage. It's on their own Ram Jam label, which has signed a distribution deal with Stage One.

Hands 2 Take



The New Single
The Flying Lizards
Virgin

DATA CONTROL — LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
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Thur 2nd April (Adm £1.25)
RAGE
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Fri 3rd April (Adm £2.00)
RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES
Plus friends & Jerry Floyd

Sat. 4th April (Adm £2.00)
JOHNNY MARS' 7th SUN
Dirty Strangers & Jerry Floyd

Sun 5th April (Adm £2.00)
METEORS
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Mon 6th April (Adm £1.25)
T.V. SMITH & THE EXPLORERS
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Tues 7th April (Amd £1.25)
MONEY
Plus Devotion & Jerry Floyd

Wed 8th April (Amd £1.25)
WHITE HEAT
Plus friends & Jerry Floyd

Thurs 9th April (Adm £2.00)
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HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE.

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★ THE ★
GREASE BAND
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
FRIDAY 3
★ THE ★
EXPRESSOS
PLUS GUESTS
DOLLY MIXTURES
SATURDAY 4
SUPERCHARGE 81
supported by MODERAIRES

MONDAY 6/HEFTY ROCK NIGHT
LIGHTNING RAIDERS KILLERHERTZ KITCH
TUES 7/FROM U.S.A....COUNTRY ROCK
STEVE YOUNG
WED 8/REGGAE NIGHT
NIGHTDOCTOR
THURSDAY 9/FROM U.S.A.
SNAKEFINGER

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD. CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 2nd April 80p
DOLLY MIXTURES
+ The Enerjetics
+ DJ Darryn Murphy

Friday 3rd April £1
ERIC BELL BAND
(ex Thin Lizzy)
+ DJ Andy Scott

Saturday 4th April £1
JACKIE LYNTON BAND
+ DJ Paul Ballance

Sunday 5th April £1.50
STAN WEBBS CHICKEN SHACK
+ The Kicks + DJ Roger

Monday 6th April £1
Futurist Night
DEPECHE MODE
+ Philip Japp
+ DJ Darryn Murphy

Tuesday 7th April 70p
Rockabilly Night
THE JETS
+ Wild Wax Show Disco

Wednesday 8th April 70p
Numerical Night
2–34
+ EL–34 + DJ Steve Fisher

Thursday 9th April 80p
DOLLY MIXTURES
+ Stolen Pets + DJ Ken Scott

OUTLAW PRESENTS

JOHN MARTYN

and his band

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
THURSDAY 21st MAY

BRIGHTON DOME
FRIDAY 22nd MAY

DOMINION THEATRE
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD
SAT. & SUN. 23rd & 24th MAY

ALL TICKETS £3·50, £3·00, £2·50
EXCEPT DOMINION £4·00, £3·50, £3·00
DOORS OPEN 7·30pm ALL SHOWS
TICKETS FROM BOX OFFICES & USUAL AGENTS

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JOHN CALE

VIC GODDARD & Subway Sect
modern english
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LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
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LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

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FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Tus. 2nd Apr £1
THE DIRECTIONS + The Singles

Fri. 3rd Apr £1.50
THE DUMB BLONDES + The Room

Sat. 4th Apr £1.50
NO DICE + GB Rockers

Sun. 5th April £1
THE ALTERNATIVE CABARET

Mon. 6th Apr £1
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FIRE ENGINES/ RESTRICTED CODE

Tues. 7th Apr £1
MICHAEL DES BARRES & THE CHEQUERED PAST + The Cubes

Wed. 8th Apr £1
NUTHIN' FANCY + Legend

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TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM

Tel 0602 412544 — Open 8 pm - 2 am

Thursday 2nd April Adv £2.50
BOW WOW WOW
+ Support

Friday 3rd April Adv £2
THE PHOTOS
+ Michael Des Barres and his Chequered Past
+ The Belle Stars

Saturday 4th April £2.50 Adv
ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80
Presents
SPIZZLES
+ Special Guests

Wednesday 8th April Adm £2 on door
NEW ORDER

Thursday 9th April £2 Adv
Some Bizarre Evening featuring
B MOVIES SOFT CELL FAST SET

Friday 10th April £3 Adv
Reggae Special
CULTURE + Far Image

Saturday 11th April Adv £2.00
THE BLUES BAND
+ Supercharge

Saturday 18th April Adv £2.00
Futurist Night
A CERTAIN RATIO + SECTION 25

Thursday 23rd April Adv £2
Heavy Metal Special
TYGERS OF PAN TANG
+ Magnum + Alkatrazz
MUST BE OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE
NO DRESS RESTRICTIONS
NO MEMBERSHIP REQUIRED

Friday 24th April £3.00 Adv
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN
+ Support

Saturday 25th April Adv £2.50
999

Wednesday 29th April Adv £3.50
BILLIE JOE SPEARS
Plus The Hillsiders

Friday 1st May Adv £2.50
THE FREEZ

Saturday 2nd May Adv £3.00
GARY GLITTER

Monday 4th May Adv £3.50
Ltd number £2.50 with dole card from Rock City only
THE BEAT

Thursday 7th May Adv £3.00
JAPAN

Friday 8th May Adv £2.50
ALEX HARVEY BAND

Saturday 9th May Adv £3.50
THE UNDERTONES
+ Support

Friday 15th May Adv £2.50
PSYCHEDELIC FURS

Tickets from Rock City, Virgin Selectadisc Victoria Box Office, Way Ahead Revolver, R E Chords (Derby), Revolver (Leicester) or by post from Rock City. Cheques payable to Rock City. Must be over 18 years of age.
No Membership Required

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UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

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THE OUTSKIRTS

Thursday 3rd April £1.25
YACHTS

Friday 3rd April £1.25
YACHTS

Saturday 4th April £1
ROBYN HITCHCOCK BAND

Sunday 5th April £1
ISLINGTON UNEMPLOYED ACTION GROUP BENEFIT
WALKING WOUNDED

Monday 6th April £1
THE VILLIANS

Tuesday 7th April £1
MOTOR BOYS MOTOR

Wednesday 8th April £1
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OUTLAW PRESENTS A BENEFIT CONCERT FOR THE KARAMOJA FAMINE VICTIMS WITH

osibisa

WEAPON OF PEACE

AND VARIOUS OTHER VERY SPECIAL GUESTS
FRIDAY 10th APRIL 8pm
Tickets £4.00, £3.50, £3.00.
FROM BOX OFFICE, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, & USUAL AGENTS.
(SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

Please phone before setting out, check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

METEORS
THU. APRIL 2. New outfit with a new musical term - psychobilly. A cross between Mark Chapman and Carl Perkins?

WEAPON of PEACE
FRI. 3. "Distinctly hard edge to the loping riff." N.M.E. reported Appeal lying in their lyrics "which avoid religious dogma (reggae)".

MARGO RANDOM
SAT. Now without her space Virgins, the confident New Yorker, still fronting the standard rhythm section, has cranked up the beat, added some new songs, and said success won't change her.

SUN. MIGHTY STRYPES + RED KITES + BLAKE'S INSTITUTE
MON. STILETTO + THE SIGNALS
TUE. OPPOSITION + VICTIMS OF CIRCUMSTANCE
BELLE STARS
WED 8. Lover's rock, reggae, slow blues from the ashes of the BODYSNATCHERS
ANTI-PASTI
THU 9. Cheerful Punk quartet more concerned with now than the spirit of 77. Top Class.

The Doors open 8.45 till late, except Sunday when it's 7.30 till 12. Real Ale & Cocktails night thru. Our restaurant is open 7 days a week - 8.30 AM till 6.00 AM. Most days. Phone for details. We are on the corner of King St. & James St. old Covent Garden (100 mtr. from tube Station).
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100 West End Lane
West Hampstead NW6

Thursday 2nd April £1.50
THE UNDERTAKERS
+ The Gist

Friday 3rd April £1.50
THE STIFFS + Facture-D-Values

Saturday 4th April £1.50
THE SCREAMING AD DABS
+ Italian parcels

Monday 6th April £1.50
TRANZISTA + A to Z

Tuesday 7th April £1.50
PANACHE + Red Shoes

Wednesday 8th April £1.50
STOLEN PETS + Life Squad

Thursday 9th April £1.50
TOUR DE FORCE
+ Gymslips

For Information Ring Peter 624 7611.

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For Info. Phone (01-677 9673) (01-748 1454)

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+ 3P Suite
+ Airstrip One

Refreshments & Late Bar (adm. £2.00)
also FRIDAY REGGAE NIGHT 9-2.30 Regular Live Artiste Best in D.J music by TWILIGHT SOUNDS

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SPIZZLES

+ Department S
Sunday 5th April
Tickets £2.50

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Sun 5th April £1
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COMBO PASSE
+ Alternative Cabret

Tues 7th April £1
TELEMACQUE

Wed 8th April £1.25
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Thanks to Geno Washington for a great evening and Micky Jupp for a great residency

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+ SUPPORT
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TICKETS £3.00 ADVANCE — CHEQUES PAYABLE TO KINGSTON CORP.

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OUTLAW AND JOHN SHERRY PRESENT

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HAMMERSMITH ODEON
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RAINBOW THEATRE
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NEW SINGLE OUT NOW 'UNDERGROUND' MCA 695

TICKETS £4·00, £3·50 £3·00 FROM BOX OFFICES, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE & ALL USUAL AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

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UB40
+ NERVOUS KIND

Saturday 11th April at 7.30pm

WOOLWICH ODEON, John Wilson St., London SE18

Tickets 3.50 available in advance from Box Office (01-854 2255) between 10am & 6pm and all usual agents.

THE STAPLETON, CROUCH HILL, N4
Wednesday 8th April

BLACK MARKET

LASERIUM

Laser Light Concerts-unique in Europe at
The London Planetarium

"Light Years" Wednesdays, Thursdays 6.00 and 7.30 pm includes music by The Beatles and Elton John

"Laserock 2" Fridays, Saturdays 6.00, 7.30 and 9.00 pm includes music by The Police and Genesis

"Starship" Sundays 6.00 and 7.30 pm includes music from Star Wars

New custom built sound system!

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THE *Venue*

Main Band on at 9.00 pm

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+ Medium Medium + Felt
Late Night £2.00
CELEBRITY DISCO

Friday 3rd April £3.00
THE PIRANHAS

Saturday 4th April £3.00
THE POLECATS

Monday 6th April £2.00
ALBANIA

Tuesday 7th April £2.00
BUZZ & THE FLIERS

Wednesday 8th April £2.00
MISTY IN ROOTS

Thursday 9th April £2.00
FATAL CHARM
+ The Fix
Late Night £2.00
CELEBRITY DISCO

COMING SOON

Friday 10th April £3.00
THE CIMARONS

Saturday 11th April £3.00
THE MEMBERS

Monday 13th April £5.00
THE KARL DALLAS HALF CENTURY PARTY
A BENEFIT FOR THE MASTER MUSICIANS OF JAJOUKA *featuring* **ARLO GUTHRIE** and other distinguished Guests

Friday 17th April £3.00
ROCKET '88

Saturday 18th April £3.00
BARRY FORD + Night Doctor

Tuesday 21st April £3.00
GEORGE MELLY

FOOD, DRINK, LIVE BANDS, DANCING 8 pm—3 am

DINGWALLS

LIGHTNING RAIDERS

KILLERHERTZ + KITCH

MON 6TH APRIL 8 Till 2 TICKETS £1.75

Tickets available for all London Concerts of the following
April 26th — GARY NUMAN

APRIL
2 Camel
3 Ronnie Lane
5 Photos
5 Black Slate
9 Culture
10 Osibisa
10-12 Neil Sedaka
11 Steeleye Span
11 Classix Nouveaux
12 Bow Wow Wow
12 Blues Band
14-19 Ella Fitzgerald
17 Dexy's Midnight Runners
17-20 Country Music Festival
19 John Cale
19-20 Fats Domino
21 Christopher Cross
21 The Spizzles
24-25 Freddie Starr
26 Gary Numan
26 Fad Gadget
28, 29 Glen Campbell
29 George Thorogood & The Destroyers
30 Teddy Prendergrass
MAY
1 Cliff Richard
2 Mike Harding
3 Gilbert O'Sullivan
4 The Cure
5 Girlschool
6-7 Leo Sayer
9 Echo & The Bunnymen
9 Larry Norman
10 Stiff Little Fingers
15, 17 Manhattan Transfer
16-17 Japan
18 Barclay James Harvest
18 Gordon Lightfoot
21, 22 Paul Anka
24, 25 John Martyn
29, 31 Whitesnake
JUNE
2 Wishbone Ash
6 Toyah
6 Rita Coolidge
11/12 Sky

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LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS

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THE DANCING DID

MOONLIGHT CLUB
Wed 8th April

TO ADVERTISE ON THE LIVE PAGE 01-261 6153

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EP . . . featuring

OPPOSITION

VICTIMS OF CIRCUMSTANCE

DIST BY . . .
Fresh Records
Pinnacle

APRIL
5 HALF MOON
7 ROCK GARDEN
16 STARLIGHT CLUB

VICTIMS OF CIRCUMSTANCE

OPPOSITION

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Offer you the long awaited opportunity of seeing

Ritchie Blackmore's

RAINBOW

at VORST NATIONAL, BRUSSELS
on Friday 19th June
THE PRICE OF £52 INCLUDES

★ A Ticket for the Concert
★ A First Class Hotel with Breakfast
★ A Return Luxury Coach Trip To Brussels
★ A Return Ferry Trip from Dover to Ostend
★ A Night Out in Brussels

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★ Please send £15 deposit to secure a place on the coach

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Please print clearly in block capitals

Name .....

Address .....

.....

No of tickets reqd .....

Please make cheques/PO's (send no cash) payable to:—
MEAD GOULD PROMOTIONS
Tel: 0702 338651
Rainbow

RAINBOW LIVE ★ RAINBOW LIVE ★

RAINBOW LIVE ★ RAINBOW LIVE ★ RAINBOW LIVE ★

DATA CONTROL NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 1

DEXYS PASSION PLAY OPENS

HENSLEY IS TAKING OFF

Former Uriah Heep stalwart KEN HENSLEY (above) takes his new band Shotgun on the road, opening in Sunderland on Friday . . . The new-look DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS (left) introduce their 'Projected Passion Revue' by way of an extensive tour, which commences an extensive itinerary in Edinburgh on Saturday . . . And THE PHOTOS (right) reach the culmination of their latest UK travels with a London Lyceum concert on Sunday.

PHOTOS LYCEUM TOUR FINALE

THURSDAY

Aylesbury Civic Hall: **Culture**
Balloch The Ben Lomons: **H20**
Belfast Pound Club: **The Trial**
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **State Secret**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Overdrive**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Princeville Club: **Chevy**
Brighton The Richmond: **GolinskiBrothers/File Under T**
Bury St. Edmunds The Griffin: **Brain Damage**
Canterbury College of Art: **Rio & The Robots**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Plain Characters/Sister Sister/Thirteen At Midnight**
Chelmsford YMCA: **Watch With Mother**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Spoiled Negatives/Flack Off**
Coventry Theatre: **Charley Pride**
Coventry Tiffany's: **The Photos/Jools Holland & The Millionaires**
Crowborough Cross: **Art Numbers/Driver**
Dublin Stadium: **Neil Sedaka**
Dymchurch Neptune: **The Staires**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Jazz Sluts**
Edinburgh Ryries Bar: **Pre-War**
Fishguard St. Mary's Hall: **Back Door Man**
Glasgow City Limits: **Frenchways**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Stark/Appropriate Noise**
Horsham Pirie's Club: **Cactus Man**
High Wycombe College of Further Education: **The West City 5**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Twelfth Night**
Ilford Oscar's: **Pagan Altar**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Kingston The Swan: **Cardiacs/The Trudy/The Magnificent 7**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **The Mess**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Liverpool The Dolphin: **Shades Of Grey**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Grease Band**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Limehouse**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Mr. J. J.**
London City Polytechnic: **The Sleep**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Kraze**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Meteors**
London Euston The Pits: **The Spectres**
London Finchley Torrington: **Morrisey Mullen**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Young Jazz Big Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Park Avenue**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Directions/The Singles**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Lucky Saddles**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Camel**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Undertakers**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Europeans**
London Homerton Deuragon: **Shader**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Yachts**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London Mill Hill Royal Enginers: **True**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Black Market**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Marquis De Sale**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Waso**
London Rainbow 2: **John Cooper Clarke**
London Soho Pizza Express: **John McLevy — Jack Emblow Quintet**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **The Hornets**
London Southall Jingles: **Level 42.**
London Southall The Cavern: **Zitz**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Flying Saucers.**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Almost Brothers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Tooting The Castle: **Future Daze**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Sound/Medium Medium**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Monnlight Club: **Repetition/The Room**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Elgin Marbles/Modern Jazz/The Flatbackers**
London W14 The Kensington: **Tranzista**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Stan Tracey Quartet**
Manchester Golden Garter: **The Stylistics (for three days)**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Spizzles**
Manchester Rafters: **Fire Engines/Restricted Code**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Rockin Horse**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Hempstalls: **Plastic Idols**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Perth Ramekins: **Wide Open**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **The Polecats**
Preston Warehouse: **The Decorators**
Reading Target Club: **Overkill**
Sandwich White Horse: **Blue Country**
Seacombe Labour Club: **Dead On Arrival**
Sheffield City Hall: **Steeleye Span**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Orange Juice**
Sheffield Marples Club: **Haze**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Ricochet**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Aswad / Revelation**
Southport Theatre: **Nana Mouskouri**
Stockport Smugglers Nightspot: **Objet D'Art/The Buzz**
Swinton Oliver's: **Pure Product**

FRIDAY

Aylesbury Friars: **Birds With Ears**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poorboys**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **The Polecats**
Birmingham First Aid: **Zounds/The Astronauts/The Entire Cosmos**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Ian Mitchell Band**
Brighton Alhambra: **Eye To Eye**
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: **The Ammonites**
Brighton Sussex University: **The MGA Band**
Burnham-on-Sea Pontins Rock Festival: **Johnny Storm**
Bury St. Edmunds The Griffin: **Profile**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Europeans/Reflector/Magnificent 7**
Chislehurst Caves: **The Run/Small Print**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Review/The Mob/Bikini Mutants**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cuckfield Kings Head: **Larry Miller Band**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Leo Sayer**
Eynsham Board Hotel: **El Seven/Shrinking Men/Johnny & The Moondogs**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Die Laughing/Silver Lynx**
Harrow College: **Martian Dance**
Harrow College of Further Education: **Equinox/XL5/Suppressed Emotion**
Hayes Bricklayers Arms: **The Chevrons**
Huddersfield Club Eros: **The Spizzles**
Hull Endyke Hotel: **Chevy**
Kirriemuir Masonic Hall: **Wide Open**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **British Intelligence**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Mike Harding**
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: **Stan Tracey Quartet**
Liverpool Brady's: **Orange Juice**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Rage**
London Camberwell Art School: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Expressos/Dolly Mixture**
London Camden Club 94: **Back Door Man**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Eric Bell Band**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Patsy/Gillie McPherson**
London Chelsea The Roebuck: **The 45's**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Red Rinse**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Snips/RPM**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **X-O-Dus**
London Euston The Pits: **Modern Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Rialtos**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dumb Blondes/The Room**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Apocalypse**
London Hayes Bricklayers Arms: **The Chevrons**
London Hendon Midland Arms: **Way Of The West/The False Dots**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **BIM/Albania**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Yachts**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Marquee Club: **The Reluctant Stereotypes**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Julian Stringle's Jam Session/Monkey**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Putney White Lion: **Mr E & The Imaginations/The Feelers**
London Rainbow 2: **Ronnie Lane Band**
London Royal College of Art: **The Passage/This Heat/Glass Animals**
London Soho Pizza Express: **John McLevy-Jack Emblow Quintet**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Tottenham-Court Road Scala Cinema: **The El-Trains**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Piranhas**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Medium Medium/The Modernairs/Airstrip One**
London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: **Bees**
Luton Faurs Club: **Tee-Vees**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Nana Mouskouri**
Manchester Mayflower: **Culture**
Manchester Pips: **Tranzista**
Manchester Rafters: **Pere Ubu**
Nottingham Rock City: **The Photos/Michael Des Barres' Chequered Past**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **No Difference**
Oxford New Theatre: **Charley Pride**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Moonstone**
Reading Top Rank: **Twelfth Night/After Dark/Predatur**
Romford Redbridge College: **Level 42**
Rugby East Warks. College: **Bron Area/3-Way Dance/Attrition/Component Erotica**
Ryde I.o.W. La Babalu: **Fury/Beggars Farm**
Sandwich White Horse: **Pete Rose Band**
Sarisbury Green Brookend School: **The New Brenda's**
Seaford Great Danes: **Anti-Nowhere League**
Sheffield City Hall: **Cleo Laine & John Dankworth**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Autobahn**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **The Freshies**
St. Helens Triplex Club: **Rockin Horse**
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: **Knife Edge**
Sunderland Mayfair Ballroom: **Ken Hensley's Shotgun**
Surbiton The Bun Shop: **En Route**
Watford Southern Cross: **Aunty Patricia, Undle Nick & Peter Leigh/Reshmi Kebabs**
Woking The Cricketers: **The Sleep**

SATURDAY

Berkhamsted Civic Centre: **Toad The Wet Sprocket**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Grace**
Burnham-on-Sea Pontins Rock Festival: **Johnny Storm / Flying Saucers**
Bury St Edmunds The Griffin: **Band Axis**
Cannock The Forum: **Cryer**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **The Backbeats**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Fruit Eating Bears / Groovy Boys / Down Beats / Flat 19**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jennies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Clifton Entertainments Centre: **The Bopcats**
Congresbury Village Hall: **The Review / Heavy Heads**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Shades**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **The Reluctant Stereotypes / The Mix / The Time**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Osibisa**
Dronfield Greenacres: **Haze**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Sub Zero**
Ebbw Vale The Level: **Andy Pandemonium**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
Harrow Leisure Centre: **Level 42**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **Culture**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Shake Appeal**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Ken Hensley's Shotgun**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Supercharge / The Modernaires**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Idle Flowers / Mick Green**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Kleen Heels**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Paul Thanè / Golinski Brothers / The Colours**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Margo Random & The Space Virgins**
London Edgware Sparrow Hawk: **True**
London Euston The Pits: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Rialtos**
London Fulham Greyhound: **No Dice / GB Rockers**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Sore Throat**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Yachts / The Directions**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Robyn Hitchcock Band**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Dingle Spike**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **The Real Thing**
London Marquee Club: **Johnny Mars' Mighty Mars**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Julian Stringle's Jam Session / Bac Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Johnny G**
London Putney White Lion: **Inch By Inch**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Keith Smith Hefty Jazz**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **Equinox**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Answer / The Introze**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Apocalypse**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Polecats**
London West Hamstead Moonlight Club: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blue Co / The Almost Brothers**
Luton College: **Tee-Vees / Project 4**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Manchester (Ardwick) Devonshire Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Manchester Benchill Hotel: **Naughty Boys**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Steeleye Span**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Zounds / The Astronauts / The Entire Cosmos**
Newport Red Lion: **Back Door Man**
Northampton Black Lion: **Fictitious**
Northampton Roadmender Club: **Religious Overdose**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Dark Star**
Nottingham Rock City: **The Spizzles**
Oxford New Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Movie Stars**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **The Corries**
Retford Porterhouse: **Chevy**
Scunthorpe Henry VIII Hotel: **Naked Lunch**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Product**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Games To Avoid / Inferior Complex**
Stafford Brooke Court: **Jocko & The Omo's / Skam & The P.I.E.'s**
St Albans City Hall: **The Photos / Michael Des Barres' Chequered Past**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Charley Pride**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

DATA CONTROL — NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 2

Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **The Cruisers**
Telford Star Club: **Product**
Wick Rosebank Hotel: **The Dolphins**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wollaston Nags Head: **C-Saim**

SUNDAY

Bath Ring o' Bells: **Is It Art**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bolton Swan Hotel: **Wiffer**
Bracknell Wednesdays Club: **Level 42**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Jenkinson: **The Spizzles**
Brighton Sussex University: **The Hoodlums**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Neil Sedaka**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Camberley Lakeside Club: **Cleo Laine & John Dankworth**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Ganine**
Crewe The Peak Club: **Back Door Man**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **The Flatbackers/Taxi**
Hatfield The Stonehouse: **Chinatown**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Kirdcaldy Dutch Mill: **Chevy**
Leeds Amnesia Club: **B Movie/Soft Cell**
Leeds Grand Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leeds Fforde Green: **Ken Hensley's Shotgun**
Leeds Staging Post: **Dodgy Tactics**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Stan Webb's Chicken Shack**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Susan Oz**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Marines/Dux Hill Dance**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Mighty Strypes/Red Kites/Blake's Institute**
London Deptford St. Paul's Crypt: **Debbie Bishop/The Electric Bluebirds/Plane Sailing/A Bigger Splash**
London Finchley Torrington: **Kevin Coyne & G.L.S.**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dana Gillespie**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Alternative Cabaret**
London Greenwich Duke of Wellington: **The Dont Know**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Opposition/Victims Of Circumstance**
London Islington Hope & Anchore: **Walking Wounded**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
London Leystonstone Olivers: **Park Avenue**
London Marquee Club: **The Meteors**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Ken Barton Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Jazz Sluts**
London Shepherds Bush Wellington: **Tranzista**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Harry Walton**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **3.P. Sweet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **C-Sharps**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Photos/Michael Des Barres' Chequered Past**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford Green Man: **Wide Open**
London Stratford Theatre Royal: **Disband/Alexi Sayle/Jack Warshaw/Peni Mai Mai**
London Tottenham The Railway: **Hank Wangford Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Eyeless In Gaza/Five Or Six**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Hefty Jazz**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **The Still/Manchester Mekon**
Newcastle City Hall: **Nana Mouskouri**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge Arts Centre: **Plastic Idols**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Mike Elliott/South Parade**
Reading George Hotel: **Relay**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Dumpey's Dirt Band**
Rishton Bay Horse New Inn: **Rockin Horse**
Sandwich White Horse: **Whirligig**
Southampton The Victory (lunchtime): **Zip Code**
Southport Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Steeleye Span**

MONDAY

Aldershot Princes Hall: **Fred Wedlock**
Barnsley Warehuse: **Back Door Man**
Bath Pavilion: **The Photos**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Marcat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Night Out: **The Stylistics (for a week)**
Birmingham Odeon: **Culture**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Ricochet**
Boston Swan Hotel: **Peruvian Drumstix**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Fast Eddie**
Brighton The Richmond: **John Clay Band**
Bury Rebecca's: **Wanda & The Dentists**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Room / Heartbeats / Lollipop Sisters**
Cheltenham Eve's Club: **Q-Tips**
Doncaster Romeo & Juliet's: **Ken Hensley's Shotgun**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Nana Mouskouri**
Grangemouth International Hotel: **Chevy**
Huddersfield Town Hall: **Mike Harding**
Hull City Hall: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Steeleye Span**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **Attempted Moustache**
London Acton Wite Hart: **Wildfire**
London Cabaret Futura: **Blah Blah Blah**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Lightning Raiders / Killerhertz / Kitch**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Depeche Mode**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **A. E. Liquid**
London Chelsea The Roebuck: **The 45's**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **720**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Victims Of Pleasure / Malchix**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Siletto / The Signals**
London Euston The Pits: **Manufactured Romance**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Fire Engines / Restricted Code**
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **Zounds / The Astonauts / The Entire Cosmos**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Hugh Mundell / Matumbi / Tribesman / Bumble & The Bees**
London Homerton Deuragon: **Burn**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Villains**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Machines**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Rotherhithe Apples & Pears: **A Bigger Splash**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Introze / The Spiders**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Stratford Green Man: **Hot Rumour**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Crash Club**
London Victoria The Venue: **Albania**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Department S / The Nice Men**
London W.1 Gillrays Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 Gossips (Dean St.): **The Untouchables**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Sheffield Byron Arms: **Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers**
Sheffield Marples Monday Club: **Grace Pool**
Southampton The Victory: **The Convertibles**
Swindon Saxs Club: **Religious Overdose**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Naughty Boys**
Watford Bailey's: **Racey (for a week)**

TUESDAY

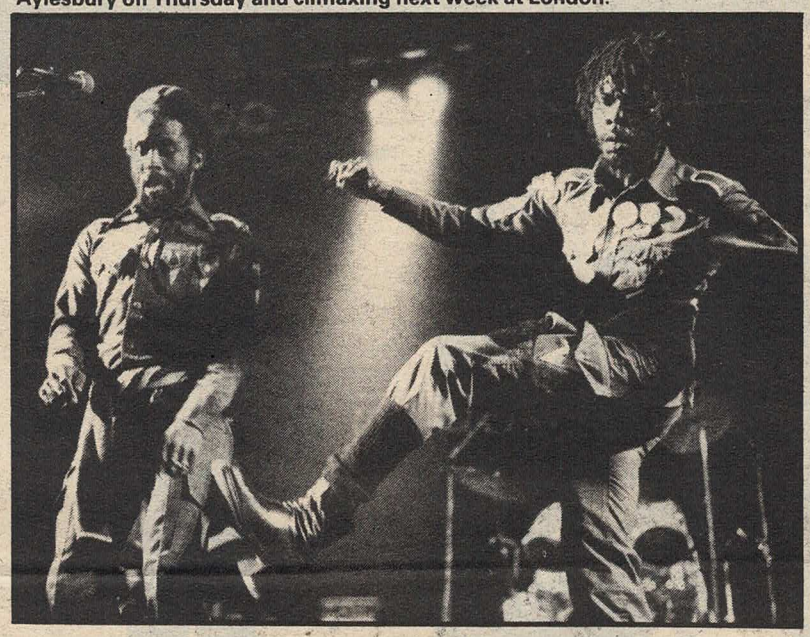
Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Nana Mouskouri**
Billingham Black Horse: **Pete Davies**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **The Spizzles**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Neil Sedaka**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Steeleye Span**
Bristol Locarno: **Culture**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Night Visitors**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound; **The Outskirts / Big Table / The Strange & Beautiful Things / Dali's Car**
Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: **Ken Hensley's Shotgun**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Iris Williams**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Lost Johnny / The Introze**
Fareham Technical College: **The Ebony Rockers**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Performing Ferrets**
Helensborough Trident Club: **Chevy**
High Wycombe Bucks College: **Herod's Race**
Huddersfield Town Hall: **Mike Harding**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Cheaters**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Steve Young**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Jets**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The 45's**
London Charing-X Road Sundown: **The Comsat Angels**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Leszek**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Opposition / Victims of Circumstance**
London Euston The Pits: **Geno Washington**
London Fulhan Golden Lion: **Siam**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Michael Des Barres & The Chequered Past / The Cubes**
London Hackney Sebright Arms: **El Seven / Shrinking Men / Johnny & The Moondogs**
London Homerton Deuragon: **Billy Karloff & The Extremes**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor / The Lucky Saddles**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Len's Seattle Six**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **A Bigger Splash**
London Putney Stars: **The Identical Twins**
London Putney White Lion: **Loose Shoes with Steve Tilston**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Southall The Cavern: **The Effect / Dif Juz**
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Alligators / The Wrecktangles**
London Victoria The Venue: **Small Print / End Games / The Papers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Lee Kosmin / The Shoppers**
Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplight Club: **The Still / Dr. Filth**
Manchester Fagin's: **Q-Tips / Pure Product**
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: **C-Saim**
Preston Guildhall: **Leo Sayer**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Red Shift**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Snipers / Basic Rate**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Stan Webb's Chicken Shack**
Wednesbury Manor Youth Centre: **The Xit**
Windermere Lake's Drama Studio: **Imaginez**

WEDNESDAY

Aylesbury The Britannia: **The Kindergarten**
Birkenhead Sir James Club: **The Accelerators**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Brighton Top Rank: **Culture**
Cardiff Sherman Theatre: **Art Pepper Quartet**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Flock Of Seagulls / Cosmetic Heroes**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Alibi**
Coventry Hope & Anchor: **Helpless Huw & The Hesitations**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Peter Pan's Playground / Pozer**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Steeleye Span**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Juvessance**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Glasgow Kelvin Hall: **Nana Mouskouri**
Hardstoft Shoulder of Mutton: **Ken Hensley's Shotgun**
Kingston Waves: **Arrogant**
Leeds Pack Horse: **Xero**
Liverpool Rotters: **The Spizzles**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Nightdoctor**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Preston Rumbaugh**
London Chelsea The Roebuck: **The 45's**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Rank Amateurs / The Refreshers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Belle Stars**
London Euston The Pits: **Den Hegarty & The Random Band / Pressgang**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Fix**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Nuthin Fancy / Legend**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Silence / Future Daze**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Stolen Pets**
London Homerton Deuragon: **Anti-Pasti**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Flatbackers**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Leytonstone Olivers: **Park Avenue**
London Marquee Club: **White Heat**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Breakfast Band**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **The Chevrons / Sinister Dexters**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm / The Elite**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Lew Hooper Quintet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **J. J. & The Flyers**
London Stratford Green Man: **Jazz Sluts**
London Tooting The Castle: **Sacre Bleu**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **BIM**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Dancing Did / The Tonix**
London W.1 Gossips: **Watch With Mother / Kan–Kan**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Fred Wedlock**
Newcastle New Tyne Theatre: **Mike Harding**
New Romney Seahorse: **Ruf Mix**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Chevy**
Preston Guildhall: **Cleo Laine & John Dankworth**
Reading Merry Maidens: **El Seven / Shrinking Men / Johnny & The Moondogs**
Runcorn Cherry Tree: **Meanstreet**
Sandwich White Horse: **Perry White Band**
Sheffield Royal Hote: **Disease**
Shrewsbury Derricks: **Basic Rate / The Bored / The Snipers**
Southampton Kingsland Hall: **Games To Avoid / Inferior Complex / Exploding Seagulls**
Southampton The Victory: **The Blazers**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stockport Warren Buckley Club: **The Ride / Marquis de Sade**
Stourbridge McCoy's: **Sub Zero**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin' Horse**
Warrington Carlton Club: **Spider**
West Bromwich Gough Arms: **The Xit**
Workington Matador Club: **The Cheaters**

UK ACQUIRES A TOUCH OF CULTURE

CULTURE fly in from Jamaica to headline a series of major concerts, opening in Aylesbury on Thursday and climaxing next week at London.



TOUR NEWS 2

THE WALL (left to right): Heed, Andzy, Rab Fae Beith.

☐ **THE WALL** were this week confirmed as special guests on the previously reported spring tour by Stiff Little Fingers — a massive 32-date schedule running from April 23 to May 24. And to tie in with the outing, The Wall have their first single 'Hsi Nao' issued by Polydor on April 24. After the tour, they start work on their debut album, provisionally set for August or September release.

☐ **EYELESS IN GAZA** have withdrawn from the '2002 Review' package because of what they describe as "spiritual differences" and are now lining up their own gig series. So far set are London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (this Sunday), Scunthorpe King Henry VIII (April 18), Newport Stowaway (20), Birmimghan Cedar Ballroom (May 2), Chadwell Heath Greyhound (13), Kingston Art College (14) and Birmingham Fighting Cocks (23) — with Five Or Six and Felt alternating as support act. The band's new single 'Invisibility' and album 'Plague Of Years' are both issued by Cherry Red this weekend.

☐ **CHEVY**, who supported Alvin Lee and Hawkwind in tours last autumn, are now headlining their own self-promoted 'Work Till We're Famous' tour. Imminent gigs are at Bradford Princeville (tonight, Thursday), Hull Endyke Hotel (Friday), Retford Porterhouse (Saturday), Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill (Sunday), Grangemouth International Hotel (April 6), Helensbro' Trident Club (7), Paisley Bungalow Bar (8), Glenrothes Arms (9), Wick Community Centre (10, Lybster Community Hall (11) and Dundee Cavalier Bar (12) — and they are now setting further dates through to the end of May.

☐ **THE FLATBACKERS** promote their first single on the Deram label, 'Serenade Of Love' (for April 10 release), with gigs at London Woolwich Tramshed (tonight, Thursday), Hereford College of Technology (Friday), Hailsham Crown Hotel (Sunday), London Islington Hope & Anchor (April 8), Birmimgham Digbeth Civic Hall (11), London West Norwood Thurlow Arms (16), London West Hampstead Starlight Room (18), London Clapham 101 Club (25), Gravesend Red Lion (28) and Woolwich Tramshed again (30).

☐ **BATTLE OF THE BANDS** are preparing for their 1981 contest, due to start in October with at least 16 regional heats. All bands will be paid for their performances, and finalists receive an RCA recording contract — and there's also £5,000 in prize money. Interested groups should send a cassette featuring three original compositions, photo and brief biography to Anthony Forrest, Battle of the Bands, London House, 266 Fulham Road, London SW10 (01-351 0421). Closing date is July 30.

☐ **THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS** begin a new series of dates towards the end of this month. Those set so far are Malvern Winter Gardens (April 21), Newport Stowaway (22), Coventry Tiffany's (23), Scarborough Taboo (24), Bolton Sports Centre (25), Rotherham Clifron Hall (27), Brafford Tiffany's (28), Paisley Bungalow Bar (29) and Aberdeen Fusion (30). Another five gigs have still to be confirmed for early May. The band are spending the first half of April in the recording studios, but won't have any new material ready for release in time for the tour.

☐ **SPIDER** continue their 'Boogie Till We Drop' tour through this month, and have set dates at Leeds Fforde Green (this Sunday), Warrington Carlton Club (April 8), Lancaster Greaves Hotel (9), Blackpool JR's Club (10), Manchester Ashton Spread Eagle (11), Pontefract Blackamore Head (12), Carlisle Mick's Place (15), Cambridge Great Northern (16), Gravesend Red Lion (17), London Hayes Brook House (19), Huddersfield Eros Club (23), Macclesfield Masonic (24), Preston Warehouse (25), Chorley Joiners Arms (26) and Peterlee The Norseman (30).

☐ **THE BELLE STARS** have London gigs this month at Covent Garden Rock Garden (8), Herne Hill Half Moon (12), Islington Hope & Anchor (17), Marquee Club (21) and Fulham Greyhound (24). Out of town, they play Brighton Polytechnic (11) and Farnham Art College (30).

☐ **THE PITS**, the venue situated beneath The Green Man in London's Euston Road, has announced a further string of bookings — The Meteors and El Trains (April 9), Micky Jupp Band and Steve Hooker's Shakers (10), The Yachts and OK Jive (11), The Purple Hearts and The Europeans (13), Dolly Mixture and The UB'z (14) and The Lemons and Going Straight (15).

☐ **RONNIE MILSAP** is the latest artist to pull out of the Wembley Country Music Festival at Easter, due to the fact that doctors won't allow him to fly after a recent eye operation. Billie Jo Spears has already been replaced by Bobby Bare, and now RCA singer Razzy Bailey takes over from Milsap. On Good Friday (2-4pm) in the adjoining Wembley Conference Centre, there will be a special gospel show — with Sandy Posey, Billy Walker and Mari John Wilkin — which will be open free to festival ticket holders.

☐ **PRODUCT** begin a new gig series at Telford Star Club this Saturday (4), and other confirmed dates so far are Hereford Market Tavern (April 10), Newcastle-under-Lyme Hempstalls (24), Burslem Bowler Hat (29) and Leamington Crown Hotel (May 12). The Stoke band are promoting their 12-inch 45 rpm ten-track album in the Clay label's 'Two Quid Deal' series.

☐ **CHICKEN SHACK**, re-formed by Stan Webb a year ago, set out this weekend on a 'London Lig' — playing every London club they possibly can. First confirmed dates are Putney Half Moon (tomorrow, Friday), Canning Town Bridge House (Sunday), Fulham Golden Lion (April 11), Croydon Cartoon (12) and West Hampstead Moonlight Club (19), with more to be announced shortly. They tour Europe next month, then return to the UK for a full club and college tour. They recently signed with RCA, who release the band's live album 'Roadies Concerto' on April 10.

☐ **FRED WEDLOCK** plays a series of concerts this month, coinciding with the release of his Rocket album which bears the same title as his recent hit single, 'The Oldest Swinger In Town'. He visits Aldershot Princes Hall (April 6), Malvern Winter Gardens (8), Paignton Festival Theatre (10), Weymouth Pavilion (11), Bristol Colston Hall (12), Salisbury City Hall (13) and Barnstaple Queens Hall (14).

STILETTO (left to right): Potter, Daggett, Laidler, Johnson, Armstrong

☐ **STILETTO** play London Covent Garden Rock Garden next Monday (6), prior to heading for Europe, but further gigs are being set for when they return later in the month. The band's drastically revised line-up retains only two former members — Bren Laidler (lead vocals) and Steve Dagget (keyboards and vocals) — but they've now been joined by newcomers Phil Armstrong (lead guitar), Neil Johnson (drums) and Adrian Potter (bass).

☐ **DOLLY MIXTURE** have London dates in April at Canning Town Bridge House (this Thursday, 9 and 30), Camden Dingwalls with The Expressos (tomorrow, Friday), Hampstead Starlight Room (11), Euston The pits (14), Fulham Geyhound (21) and the Marquee (28).

☐ **FIRE ENGINES** and **RESTRICTED CODE** co-headline a Pop Aural package, visiting Manchester Rafters (tonight, Thursday), Retford Porterhouse (Friday), Liverpool Brady's (Saturday), Bath Tiffany's (Sunday), London Fulham Greyhound (April 6), London W1 Embassy Club (7), Bristol Barkeley (8) and Sheffield Limit Club (9).

☐ **VICTIMS OF PLEASURE** play London Clapham 101 Club next Monday (6), when they will record several tracks for two upcoming 101 albums, which will be their first material to feature new keyboards man Steve Gurl. The four-piece outfit also play London's Cabaret Futura on April 20.

☐ **THE JAM** are NOT appearing at London Tottenham College of Technology, as implied in a paid advertisement in last week's NME. It was a hoax — the date on which they were supposed to play there being April 1.

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2002 REVIEW

Continued from page 13

Solo makes a revealing, even mitigating point.

"I've always been a bit extreme in my approach," he asserts, "but when the record companies I approached suggested I should try writing commercial pop songs, I did and they came out a bit weird. I suppose Classix Nouveaux are a cross between the two."

It's now turning out to be a comfortable niche, though for two years it was the opposite. Like the Ants and UK Subs, they've worked hard to expand their following by playing the Northern clubs most people ignore. How does he feel about the bands who are deliberately avoiding the accepted rock routes? "I'd never liked rock and roll myself, but it would be unrealistic, like King Canute trying to turn back the waves, to be in the rock business and pretending you're not.

"All those rock bands who say they're not rock bands do just the same as the others do — apart from playing live. To say they're not is cheating the public, feeding them that kind of rubbish. At least we're more honest than the others because we don't hide what we're trying to do."

Other groups are trying to establish their own terms, bands like the defunct Wire, PiL, B.E.F. — the list is endless.

"But we want to go further than Wire," he says.

Undoubtedly, but in Sal Solo's urge to make those extra steps, he sacrifices everything in favour of contrived entertainment, though Solo denies there's anything contrived about what they do.

Aw c'mon, I don't believe that . . .

"I knew you wouldn't."

So how come Classix Nouveaux have rubbed people up the wrong way?

"Because the look and the style is not subtle," he candidly responds. "The style of dress and my way of singing are very loud, so you can't ignore it — you either love us or hate us and I think that's the same for anything that's original. Also when we first came out we weren't doing what was happening. People were still very much into the Joy Divisions of the world then."

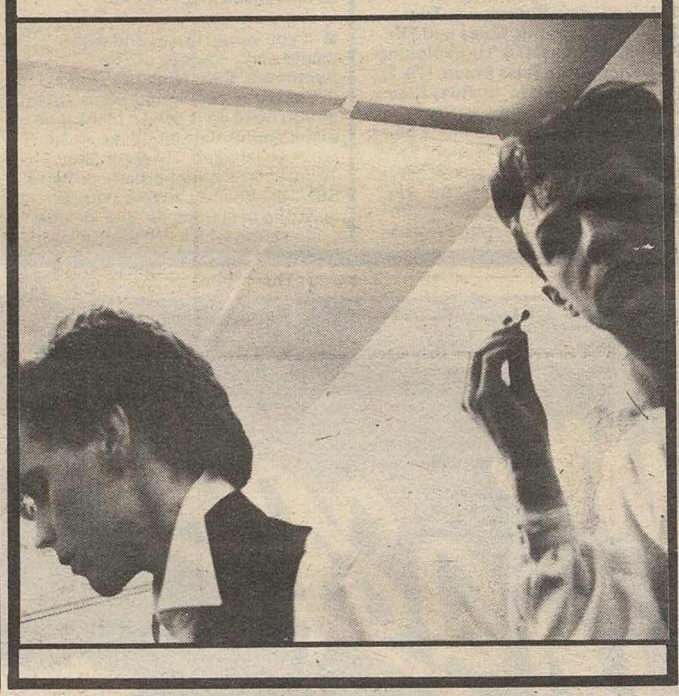
Don't mistake gimmickry for originality, but . . . we could go on like this all night, let's start the count.

POLL RESULTS

GOING BY THE OCCUPIED floor space of Doncaster Rotters, Classix Nouveaux' populist tactics are paying off, but there are still more people moving to the music of the intervals. When that situation changes I'll demand a recount, but for the moment let's declare the DJ the winner . . .

"I Am the DJ/I am what I play."

two Classix beauties, Gary and Mik



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4 The Army was no laughing matter until Judy Benjamin joined it.
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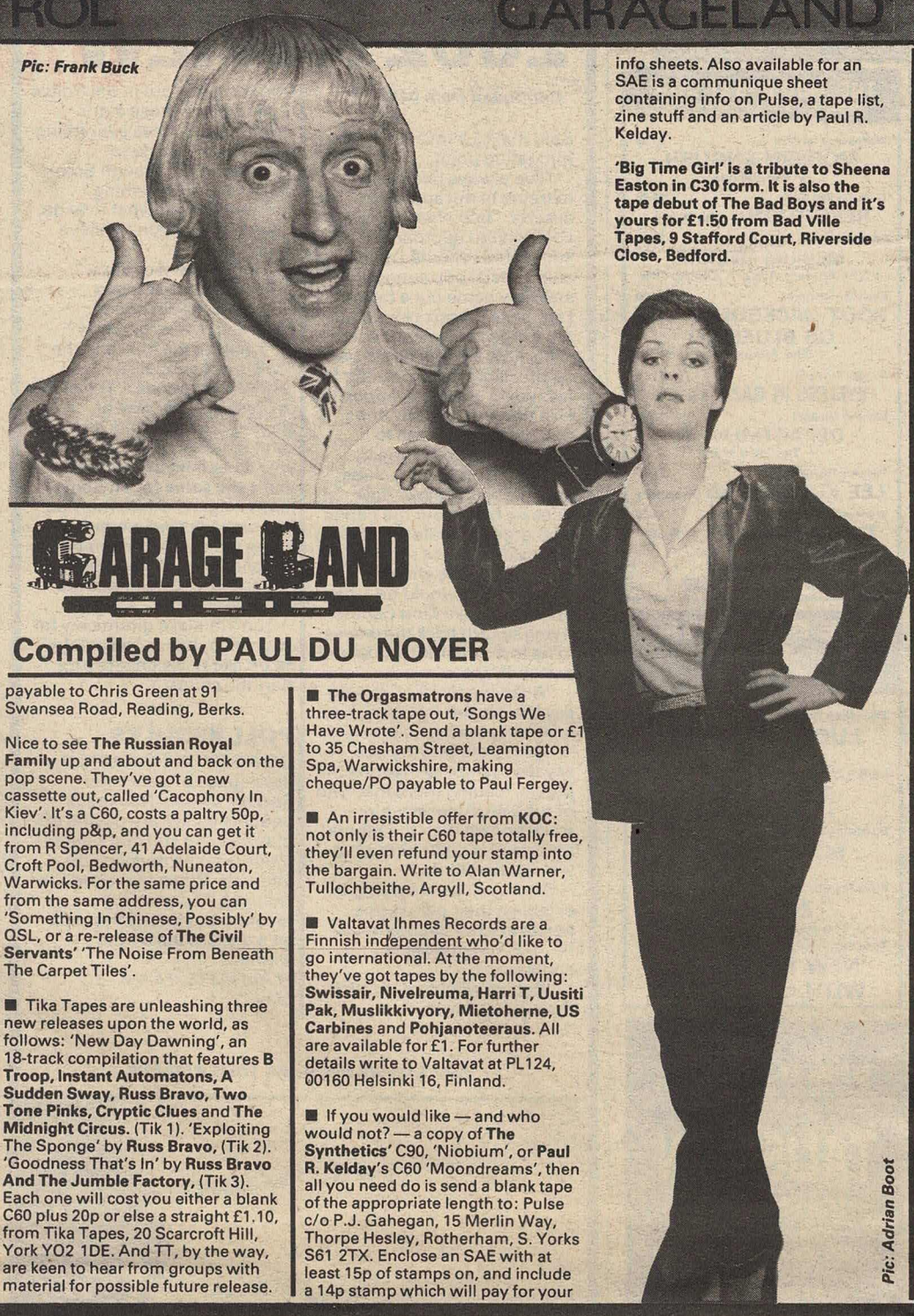

Pic: Frank Buck

Pic: Adrian Boot

GARAGE BAND

Compiled by PAUL DU NOYER

'Jimmy Savile — Scary Monster Or Super Creep?' Upon that ponderous philosophical point, we kick off this all-tape edition of *Garageland*. And, by coincidence, 'Jimmy Savile — Scary Monster Or Super Creep?' also happens to be the title of a C60, the second release from Nice Surprise Records. (The first one, as you'll recall, was 'Damp Crotch', which label overlord Mark Throat hopes doesn't sell too well, as he's making a 10p loss on each cassette.) This one's described as a "thematic compilation", featuring God And The Turds, The Hideous Android, The Jelly Babies, The Clinging Underpants, Hilary And Her Favourite Hummingbird, Junior Malawi, Quality Fish, The See-Through Windows and — last, and quite possibly least — Norman St John Stevas' Nipple. It costs £1, and is available from Nice Surprise Records (motto: "A laugh's better than earache") at their corporate HQ: 18 Mancot Lane, Mancot, Deeside, Clwyd CH5 2AH.

■ "Spontaneous, danceable, and sort of post-punk unintentionally minimalist." Yes, that's what they're saying about the debut ten-track cassette by **Life Sentence**. See if you agree by sending £1 to Orbital Nun Records (motto: "Pray by satellite") c/o Alan Davies, 3 The Crescent, East Hangbourne, Didcot, Oxon X11 9JY.

■ It it's good enough for Radio Norfolk's Wally Webb, then it's good enough for us . . . that's what we always say here at *Garageland*. And to prove it, here's a plug for Descent Music of Norwich, who are releasing the first tape by **Falling Men**. Entitled 'The Recluse', it's got ten tracks, including the airplayed 'Denigration of Beauty'. The package also comes with issue two of the *Is It Fish* fanzine.

■ X Cassettes have two new tapes out. One's by **Dance By The Controls** — a 60 minute collection of their greatest hits — and the other's a five tracker from **Religious Overdose** — "those well-known Northampton oddities" it says here. The tapes cost 75p each, plus SAE. Cheques or POs payable to Chris Green at 91 Swansea Road, Reading, Berks.

Nice to see **The Russian Royal Family** up and about and back on the pop scene. They've got a new cassette out, called 'Cacophony In Kiev'. It's a C60, costs a paltry 50p, including p&p, and you can get it from R Spencer, 41 Adelaide Court, Croft Pool, Bedworth, Nuneaton, Warwicks. For the same price and from the same address, you can 'Something In Chinese, Possibly' by QSL, or a re-release of **The Civil Servants'** 'The Noise From Beneath The Carpet Tiles'.

■ Tika Tapes are unleashing three new releases upon the world, as follows: 'New Day Dawning', an 18-track compilation that features **B Troop, Instant Automatons, A Sudden Sway, Russ Bravo, Two Tone Pinks, Cryptic Clues** and **The Midnight Circus.** (Tik 1). 'Exploiting The Sponge' by **Russ Bravo,** (Tik 2). 'Goodness That's In' by **Russ Bravo And The Jumble Factory,** (Tik 3). Each one will cost you either a blank C60 plus 20p or else a straight £1.10, from Tika Tapes, 20 Scarcroft Hill, York YO2 1DE. And TT, by the way, are keen to hear from groups with material for possible future release.

■ **The Orgasmatrons** have a three-track tape out, 'Songs We Have Wrote'. Send a blank tape or £1 to 35 Chesham Street, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire, making cheque/PO payable to Paul Fergey.

■ An irresistible offer from **KOC**: not only is their C60 tape totally free, they'll even refund your stamp into the bargain. Write to Alan Warner, Tullochbeithe, Argyll, Scotland.

■ Valtavat Ihmes Records are a Finnish independent who'd like to go international. At the moment, they've got tapes by the following: **Swissair, Nivelreuma, Harri T, Uusiti Pak, Muslikkivyory, Mietoherne, US Carbines** and **Pohjanoteeraus.** All are available for £1. For further details write to Valtavat at PL124, 00160 Helsinki 16, Finland.

■ If you would like — and who would not? — a copy of **The Synthetics'** C90, 'Niobium', or **Paul R. Kelday's** C60 'Moondreams', then all you need do is send a blank tape of the appropriate length to: Pulse c/o P.J. Gahegan, 15 Merlin Way, Thorpe Hesley, Rotherham, S. Yorks S61 2TX. Enclose an SAE with at least 15p of stamps on, and include a 14p stamp which will pay for your info sheets. Also available for an SAE is a communique sheet containing info on Pulse, a tape list, zine stuff and an article by Paul R. Kelday.

'Big Time Girl' is a tribute to Sheena Easton in C30 form. It is also the tape debut of The Bad Boys and it's yours for £1.50 from Bad Ville Tapes, 9 Stafford Court, Riverside Close, Bedford.

JUST a few bars into 'Crazy', the first cut on **Esther Phillips' 'Good Black Is Hard To Crack' (Mercury)** and I'm enraptured, elated, sad and as mad as hell. Enraptured, because the manner in which Esther May eases her way through the intro to the Willie Nelson standard is just perfection: elated, because I realise that the next 30 minutes or so is going to contain many more such moments of ecstacy; sad, because when Esther sings about the pain of loving, she turns on every emotional tap in my body: and mad as hell because everybody ignores the fact that the lady has one of the greatest voices currently gracing today's music scene.

Her 'Cry To Me' duet with Sam Dees is just one more hug-tight to be added to my constant replay list, a slow builder that eventually picks you up and dumps you on the floor in a sweaty mess. 'Pull Yourself Together' is disco as it should really be, full of pump-it-up guitar and Benny Golson-arranged brass that takes it all back home to Memphis. If talent meant anything at all, then Esther Phillips would be a superstar of such magnitude you'd need Mount Palomar's telescope to spot Donna Summer and the many other Joanna-come-latelys. But then, real talent often doesn't mean a damn.

● **Michael Bloomfield: 'Cruisin' For A Bruisin' ' (Takoma).** Bloomfield's last throw of the dice, with an album that finds him working with trios and quartets on items like Nick Gravenites' 'Motorised Blues' and Jack Clement's 'It'll Be Me', and adding horns for a number of cuts that include a Dr John-arranged version of Champion Jack's 'Junkie's Blues'.

● **Various Artists: 'Rising Stars Of San Francisco' (War Bride).** A compilation that should pull Groovies freaks, with one track culled from Roy Loney's 'Contents Under Pressure Album' and a cut by a band known as Kingsnakes, produced by Danny Mihm. Elsewhere there's music from The Push-ups, Readymades, New Romans, Fun Addicts, Holly Stanton, Barry Beam and Eye Protection.

● **The Commodores: 'Ballads' (Jap. Motown).** Hilarious — one Katsuya 'Got Cha' Kobayshi and side-kick Mary Stickles provide conversational links between such Commodore love-letters as 'Three Times A Lady' and 'Sail On'. etc., the opening dialogue being: "Ah ha ha ha, disco, sweat it out baby, disco, oh, disco." Has Danny Baker been at work again, I ask myself?

● **The Beatles: 'The Beatles In Italy' (Italian EMI).** A real con job, with a sleeve which suggests — without actually saying so — that the contents were recorded live at an Italian concert. But all you get is a dozen studio cuts, most of which all Beatlemaniacs will already own. Pass.

● **Ian McLagan: 'Bump In The Night' (Mercury).** The McFace's follow-up to 'Troublemaker'. And yes, Ronnie Wood is around, as are Bobby Keys (horns), Johnny Lee Schell (guitar) and one-time Beach Boy Ricky Fataar (drums).

Fred Dellar

IMPORTS TOP TEN

1. **Sharon Redd** ..... 'Sharon Redd' (Prelude)
2. **John Lennon and Yoko Ono** ..... 'The Wedding Album' (Jap. Apple)
3. **Alphonze Mouzon** ..... 'By All Means' (Pausa)
4. **Teardrop Explodes** ..... 'Kilimanjaro' (U.S. Mercury)
5. **The Ohio Players** ..... 'Tenderness' (Boardwalk)
6. **Denice Williams** ..... 'My Melody' (Columbia)
7. **The Monkees** ..... 'Pisces, Aquarius, Capricorn and Jones' (Jap Arista)
8. **Rainbow** ..... 'The Best Of' (Jap. Polydor)
9. **The Monkees** ..... 'Headquarters' (Jap. Arista)
10. **The Beatles** ..... 'Boxed Set' (Jap. Odeon)

Chart supplied by The HMV Shop, Oxford Street, London.

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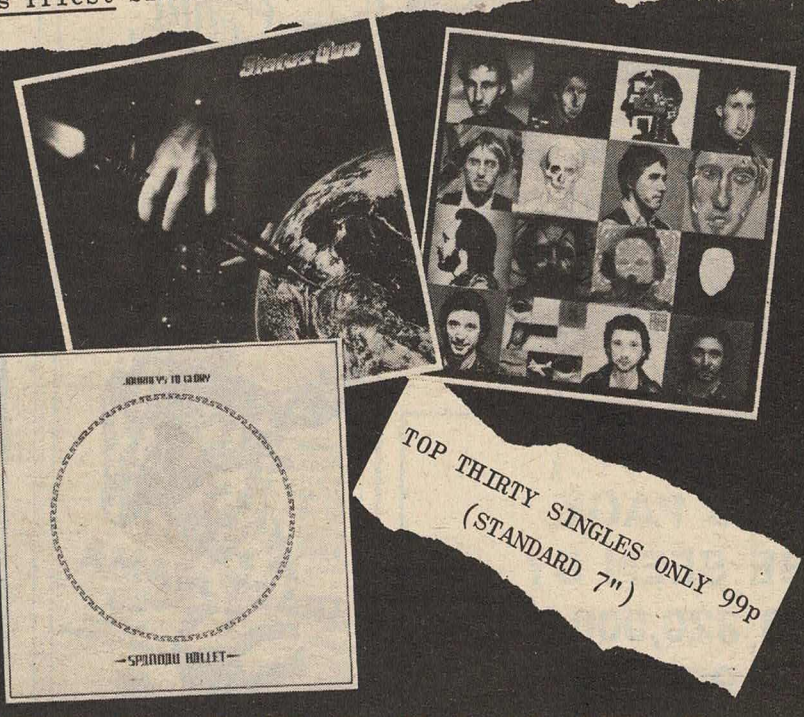

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Adam And The Ants

Dominion Theatre

THERE WAS none of the massed hysteria and pandemonium I had expected. Inside the huge, incongruously ornamented Dominion a predominantly adolescent, affectionately made-up audience soak into the atmosphere which is more like a Saturday matinee than a rock concert. The rastaman with his three primary schoolkids all in a row eating popcorn, the young couple with a little girl decorated in grease-paint and scarves — prim, relaxed, excited and anticipative like she was just about to receive a prize at a fancy dress ball. This is a family affair.

The little girls' prize bounds onstage but there's no screaming during the songs and no screaming between the songs. The Beatles at Shea Stadium this ain't.

Adam may be the most successful pop figure since Marc Bolan but he's not an idol, he's just a meeting point for this new royal family, this wild nobility. The Ant concept and the Ants' appeal is communal, and although I couldn't enjoy more than four minutes of the actual music, the whole show had a brightness and optimism of spirit which you seldom encounter at rock gigs these days. I couldn't participate in the infatuation but I could appreciate it.

The Ants' success is ultimately a stupid satire. Historically — history being the perpetual repetition of the unwanted — Antmania has grown with a crushing inevitability. The popularity of the Ants' warrior pose is a condemnation of pop's facile sense of rebellion and its life-sucking tunnel vision.

Adam And The Ants are surrounded by a warm cheerful glow; that such emotion should be wasted on them irritates me and makes me jealous. When the lights went up after the third encore the PA system was playing The Sex Pistols' 'God Save The Queen'. The irony, the real thing . . .

Of course, McLaren's swindle looms large in all this. I don't see how anyone who was touched by the original magic of the classic trilogy of Sex Pistols' singles could ever take the Ants seriously. They clean up the mess, take away the ragged edges, give you gloss instead of passion. The Ants are storekeepers to a warehouse of mythical dreams. As with Spandau Ballet, there is no genuine emotion — nor any individuality. (Come on, can you offhand name the guitar player from Ballet? Does anyone know who the Ants are?)

Adam gives the audience what they want — lots of classic little moments, as when he jumps out of his squirming dancesteps just to squeeze the last drop of Marco's chord ripfire and the tribal drum clatter between his hands and deliver a clarion call. Some of Adam's ideas are admirable — to bring sex back to music, for instance — but you don't get sex from an automated conveyor belt, you don't express it through a very ordinary rock music that hangs itself around the lead break riff from The Heartbreakers' 'Chinese Rocks' more times than I care to remember.

'YMCA' was the first encore — the most enjoyable and logical moment of the evening. Of course the parallels with The Village People are vivid — Adam And The Ants are plastic disco pap, an outrageous, self-mocking pantomime. The sooner we have the farewell tour and the cartoon series the better.

Gavin Martin

Pic: Peter Anderson

FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTENTMENT

Elvis Costello And The Attractions

Hammersmith Odeon

WITHOUT ever quite giving the impression of being listless and jaded at the end of the 'Tour To Trust', Elvis Costello's Friday night performance suggested that he was not comfortable in the obvious trap of London's least personal venue.

And with The Attractions cranked up to a level that sometimes bordered on distortion Costello's subtleties of word and mouth disappeared into the vacuum. The effect was tantamount to a watchmaker using a sledgehammer to drive home a silver pin. The band ticked over meanwhile but never sounded like exploding.

England's most literate and sophisticated songwriter can never be said to be dull and boring — the familiarity of his tunes breeds contentment. Still, he flirted with safety here while The Attractions substituted a frenetic percussive assault for their recorded melodic invention.

Of the ballads, 'Shot With His Own Gun', 'I'll Take Good Care Of You' and the sublime, owning-up 'Clowntime Is Over' were all memorable — Steve Nieve's florid acoustic piano working better than his up-tempo cheesy Mexicali organ on 'Pump It Up' or in the disguised cheerful venom of 'Oliver's Army'.

Anyone who gets Elvis' gist realises that he functions best on a mixture of scintillating instrumental energy and a diversity of lyrical techniques — he's straightforward and multi-faceted.

Too bad then that the usual savage stabbing of 'King Horse' and 'Radio Radio' came across as minor skin wounds — Costello's barbed points are better aimed from closer range.

Of course Elvis was fully aware of the night's shortcomings (apparently he worked hard to lessen them on Saturday). "Cheer up for God's sake!" he exhorted us without bitterness and later expressed dissatisfaction at his lack of communication.

The second half of the evening had more swagger and incision with one new song ('Human Hands'?) building around a clicking bass, funky walking rhythm and Nieve's embellishing piano (shades of Allen Toussaint). The resurrected song 'The Beat' ("for all of you who were with us in the Nashville days") also struck an appropriately celebratory mood.

But those peaks were isolated and even a raucously good-natured 'I Can't Stand Up For Falling Down' missed its jolting response.

Elvis paid some country dues to Patsy Cline and Hank Williams, messed up 'Big Sister's Clothes', and surprised everyone late with a sublime version of Randy Crawford's 'One Day I'll Fly Away'. The Attractions shook and finger-popped on their own standard 'Watching The Detectives' but no one was really getting blown away.

With a talent as classy as Elvis Costello's you knew this was merely a good, workmanlike performance. As he is a proven craftsman you also knew that the star of the show couldn't have been satisfied at having to second that emotion.

Max Bell

Pic: Peter Anderson.

SLIDESHOWS AND SECURITY BLANKETS

A Certain Ratio
The Bush Tetras
23 Skidoo

North London Poly

SLIDESHOWS are usually more a distraction than a reinforcement of what a band is all about. This isn't the case with 23 Skidoo who have images projected behind them in choosy, clear series of three. The flow flickers in a primitivist direction, but it's far from the dubious bleached ethnicity which The Pop Group or The Slits might inject into a slideshow if they had one.

23 Skidoo prize irony and awareness before romanticism and authenticity; very conscious that they're white boys on funk, they use images which aren't so much primitive as how artists like Miro or Dubuffet, through an array of Western cultural values, have *imagined* the primitive. *(Yeah, Mensi mentioned that to me just the other day — Ed.)*

The 'jungle' roots to the music are similarly mediated rather than immediate. The wall of sound is delicate and calculated: the drama in Tom Heslop's voice is kept low-key, just as drums, percussion, guitars, bass and tapes never let excitement become mere exoticism. Of course, there's always the danger that this kind of balancing act might end up as the cerebral funkster's version of psychedelia ("acid test" was a recurring phrase during one number!). Maybe the band even want to be a new boho self-congratulatory s(l)ideshow . . .

And, bugger me, if — on tonight's evidence — this isn't where A Certain Ratio already are. Last year the band played well with their go at the wall of sound — ionized not by a slideshow but by their boy scout explorer gear, wild colonial boys in search of a bitchy brew. Robust and gloomy at the same time, ACR used to break down the wall with trumpets and guitar and build it up again with drums and bass — or vice versa.

Perhaps all the fracturing, the squeezing and compression, was just the band's way of sorting — smoothing — themselves out; for the wall has become a blanket: ACR's effectiveness isn't now born of tension but — especially given the Poly's adverse vaulted ceiling — of a perfect sound.

Simon Topping's voice floats away on the blanket; so does the sweet female vocalist who's helped the band out from time to time. Even Donald Johnson's drums sound too echo-like and ethereal: they, too, go with the flow . . . Tonight, ACR substitute sleekness for style and intricacy for disturbance: very superior head-nodding muzak by the cosy blanket-load. Make your recession a warm one.

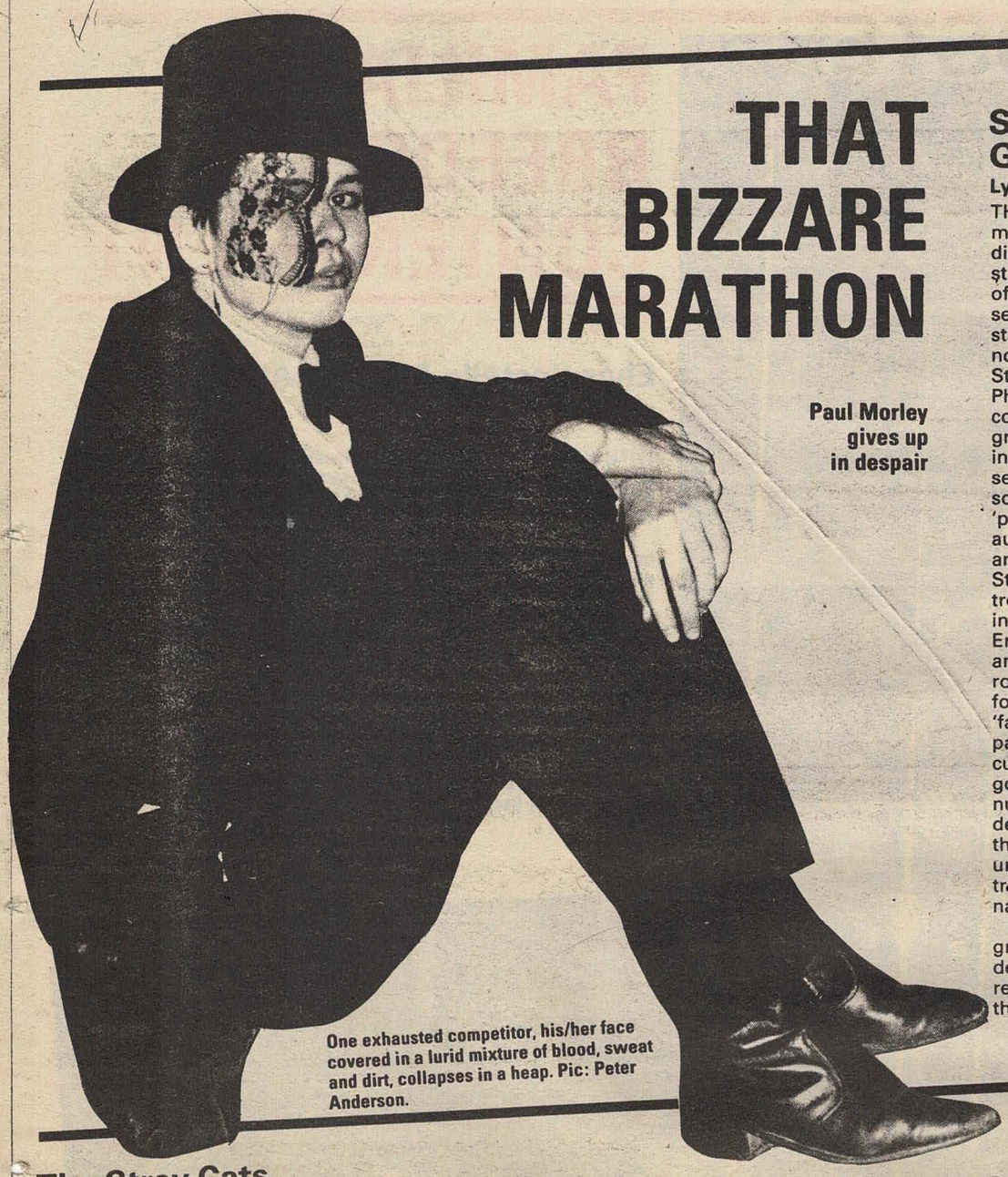
In the ill-fitting slot between Skidoo and ACR came The Bush Tetras who have slicing Gang Of Four riffs and very heavy excellent drumming but not much else. The dreary singer sang dreary lyrics about sleep and snakes and ashes. Great riffs and bad poetry have kept all sorts of berks aloft (from Patti Smith to The Skids): not The BTs, though.

Paul Tickell

It's the Edmundo Ros revival (cue shouts of 'Arriba, Arriba') Here we see a Certain Ratio (above) and a Bush Tetra (right) both playing what our resident expert describes as a 'percussion thang'.

THAT BIZZARE MARATHON

Paul Morley gives up in despair



One exhausted competitor, his/her face covered in a lurid mixture of blood, sweat and dirt, collapses in a heap. Pic: Peter Anderson.

Some Bizzare Groups Avec i-D

Lyceum

THE SECOND exhausting marathon of the day. The first I didn't enter: the bizzare-thon I started late and had to drop out of. Am I soft? Just sensible. Not sensible enough that I didn't stay at home, though. Oh, no, no, no, this isn't how to do it — Straight the promoters or Phonogram the record company pouring out the groups on 'Some Bizzare' LP into a hopeless seven hour session following through some dated principle of 'promotion'. Never mind the audience — take their money and leave them to get on with it. Straight's Sunday Lyceum bills treat performers and audiences in the same merciless way. Entertainment, passion, variety and provocation are grimly rolled out and squashed up with four or five perhaps 'fashionable' groups being paraded carelessly and cumbersomely and all for no good reason. Straight are as numbingly obvious, as desperately cynical as Virgin in the way they anaesthetise and undermine any apparent new trends. Follow the straight and narrow . . .

Considering the Bizzare groups are meant to be derisively anti-rock, and remembering that the forward thinking, fast moving *i-D* fash maggi was involved in this Sunday's package, it should have been a big massive show off, an event, a lot of noise, a lot of go. Instead, it was the same barren show as usual. Worse! It started at 3.30. I didn't see it start — although I was told some people were there — and I didn't see it end — though I presume some people did.

Perry Haines of *i-D*, one of the day's DJs, unashamedly did it for the publicity — it can't have been the kind of publicity he wanted. It was flat and colourless where *i-D* is multi-dimensional and colourful. I bet he regrets bothering.

I arrived at 5.30 just as Illustration started up. Illustration are the first thing to come out of Stockport since me, but I can't help thinking they're dreary dears. They remind me of something — Ultravox or Focus. As I'm staring at the lower level of the Lyceum half-filled with intent, ambitious or plain stupid dressers, perky Stevo waddles up to me — the first smile I see in the place burning through his archetypal floppy fringe. Stevo compiled — is that the word? — the 'Some Bizzare' LP for Phonogram. You'd imagine he'd have some say in how the Lyceum show ran, but no.

"I wanted market stalls and fish dropping from the ceiling and the DJs on the stage, but Straight wouldn't let me. You know, it's taken me two hours to get in — an hour to get into the hall and then an hour to get a backstage pass. I could tell you what's going on between me and Straight but you can imagine it. And if I told you, you'd write it. But it's absolutely stupid. They've offered me a tenner for my trouble!"

He potters off and I root myself to one spot and rot. Group follows group and, as the day progresses, the gap between acts gets longer and longer. It becomes the trial of the hopeful thousand. The Fast Set are nearly as bad as Queen. Blah Blah Blah deservedly get booed off — a rare show of life. The Jell are soft and sweet as they should be. Guests Bollock Bros. at least introduce a magician, dancer and fire eater. B-Movie are outrageously, submissively conventional, a fifth rate Teardrop dropped into a low budget Who show. The uselessness of it all was compounded by the facts that 'Some Bizzare' is supposed to stand for some kinds of newness and it went on and on and faded away with no sign of original ideas, fresh passion or sheer shaking action. Stale is the word. And steal?

Groups who'd arrived from out of London received £100. London groups got £50. And I suppose Stevo got his tenner. Trouble? "Someone's making some money out of this," he complained to me. "And it ain't me."

Paul Morley

The Stray Cats
The Pirates

Lyceum

FOR SOME time now it's been apparent that rockabilly was ripe for a rejuvenation and a hefty commercial break-through. It's been a long time coming mainly because, a year ago, no single group involved in shaking up the form — Whirlwind, The Cramps, The Polecats — appeared strong enough to pull off the coup. Something was happening certainly, but the perfect vehicle for the form's transition wasn't located until last summer when word got around about The Stray Cats.

Whatever one's feelings about their musical strengths and shortcomings, it's undeniable that The Stray Cats' meteoric rise has finally granted rockabilly its ideal focal point. In slightly less than nine months, they've produced one absolutely classic single ('Runaway Boys'), an agreeable follow-up and an album of great dance music. Tie the product in with a formidable reputation for spectacular live performances and an image perfectly in sync with a generation desperately searching for an identity through style and it's not surprising that the trio sold out three nights at the Lyceum last weekend.

With The Barracudas and a re-united Pirates as support, The Stray Cats' three night stand gave a fair insight into the audience they've attracted. Predominately teenaged, the boys sported quiffs, the girls pony-tails, but amongst these fresh-faced post-adolescents was a surprisingly diverse cross-section of 'rock fan': the denim HM squad, Ant-people and skinheads all mingled with 'mature' Teds. It's been quite a while since I've noticed such a disparate crowd co-existing peaceably.

Having unfortunately missed The Barracudas, I entered the hall just as The Pirates were polishing off their first number. If anything, they looked more ludicrous than ever — singer-bassist Johnny Spence appeared uncomfortable, bemused and certainly pissed off whilst Mick Green's weight problem made him look positively obese. Their set turned out to be a perfect testament to the middle-aged rocker hopelessly out of step with not only the times, but also the spirit of the music they're so obviously adept at panhandling. Mercifully keeping fairly strictly to old rock chestnuts, their playing packed muscle but, like a boxer well past his prime, they lacked agility, a sense of real exuberance, above all, a sense of self-confidence. Only Mick Green's expert fretboard assaults provided the group with any reason for existing. The most telling moment came during 'Cat Clothes' when about five kids from the audience leapt onstage to bop. Frontman Spence looked quite unnerved at this simple display of audience participation whilst Green simply stared at his Fender. In that single moment, it became obvious that The Pirates really have no idea of who their audience is and ultimately therefore, why they themselves are still plodding on.

This fact was more than backed up by The Stray Cats' entrance. With a simple, if slightly corny backdrop of a graffiti'd brick wall and a crass Yank announcer barracking the audience with phrases like "Are you ready for *the peoples' choice?*", the threesome materialised to a reaction so enthusiastic that they only needed to coast along to satiate their audience.

Musically, The Stray Cats lock in to their spartan set-up and simply *put out*. Their sound is ingeniously worked up with Slim Jim's snare thundercracks and Lee Rocker's bass rumbles perfectly matched to provide that essential taut locomotion for guitarist Brian Setzer's excellent guitar-work. Visually too, they are perfect: drummer Jim's snake-eyed cowboy sneer (replete with all-black outfit) and endless acrobatics provide one angle, Lee's double-bass gymanstics another with Setzer's baby face and ridiculous Mount Rushmore of a pompadour at the centre of attention.

The group's set was brusquely paced, at times almost struggling to keep all three parties in harness. Indeed, towards the set's climax with 'Rock This Town' and 'Runaway Boys' the pace reached that kind of artificial hyper-energy that often results in clumsy anarchy. The trio kept their work-outs stuck on the tracks but Setzer's guitar-work — so vital to 'Boys' — sounded a mite ham-fisted, unable to strike up the giddy bursts of feed-back and tremelo'd agility that provide the recorded version with its real punch.

It was one of several shortcomings to an otherwise great set. The others tended to centre around Setzer's vocals (adequate but nothing more) and the odd burst of tedious self-indulgence. A jazz-tinged blues — 'Drink Down That Bottle' — boasted over-wrought blues wailing from Lee Rocker and far too much Charlie Christian-style fretboard agility from Setzer. Yet the austere ferocity of 'Rumble In Brighton' and the fiery dementia of 'Ubangi Stomp' more than made up for the clumsy work-outs of 'Embassy' and 'Runaway Boys', with the audience being given full value by the appearance of Dave Edmunds looking extremely sharp and in fine voice for a shot at the old country chestnut 'The Race Is On'.

The Stray Cats have their detractors. Though musically razor-sharp, a lot of their lyrics are dim-wittedly 'reactionary', but that fact shouldn't be used to belittle the group's importance. I left the Lyceum totally entertained and exuberant, totally satisfied that The Stray Cats are one of the best groups around due, simply, to their exceptional talents as a great healthy super-agile dance band.

In 1981, I never would have believed that rock'n'roll could still provide a bounty of good, harmless fun. The Stray Cats thankfully proved me wrong.

Nick Kent

Pic: Anton Corbijn

CAMDEN JAZZ WEEK

George Adams/Don Pullen Quartet

Round House

FOR THE second time in 18 months this marvellous band tore the roof off the Camden Jazz Week. Co-led by two of Charles Mingus's best '70s sidemen and featuring the dapper Dannie Richmond, the late bassist's longtime drummer and musical alter ego, the George Adams/Don Pullen Quartet has virtuosity to give away. But beneath the peacock plumage flex the talons of a hawk.

Saxophonist Adams and pianist Pullen go back some way together and, like Richmond and bassist Cameron Brown, are equally at home in any number of idioms — trad, avant-garde or otherwise.

'Earth Beams' opened the band's account and displayed its working methods. Extrovert about the stage and enthusiastically windmilling an arm between solos, Adams made a wonderful exhibition of himself and his facility. His sandblasting tenor rushed and lunged like a porpoise, swapping one extreme of register for another while Pullen vamped forcefully with the energetic rhythm section.

Later, 'The Newcomer' allowed the pianist to demonstrate a range as extensive as Adam's. Lush lyricism soon gave way to Pullen's percussive scatterings of blocks of notes off the Bosendorfer, a mini-maelstrom duly countered by Adams, now playing improbably delicate flute.

An extended 'Don't Lose Control' had Adams back on sax, blowing gutbucket R&B and also singing for his very soul. A chunk of full-blooded funk wrapped up — no one could ever accuse this band of misplacing its roots. Few similar line-ups mix and merge so much so effortlessly and with such exhilarating results.

Earlier, Ken Hyder and his seven-piece Big Team had offered us the Scottish drummer's new suite 'Under The Influence'. Its interminable drum and bass rampaging was presumably intended to give the horn section some room for manoeuvre, but only threatened to overwhelm them.

Despite some provocative soloing against the strain by trombonist Nick Evans and saxophonist Elton Dean, 'Influence' and its tired parade of '60s devices soon browbeat me into sullen, resentful submission. I doubt very much Hyder had intended any of it so.

Angus MacKinnon

Chet Baker Quintet

Roundhouse

THE DANGER in considering Chet Baker is to succumb to the easy indulgence of sentimentality. Seeing him wander distractedly onstage, recalling the sour tragedies of his star-crossed career and hearing the downy purr of the trumpeter's first string of notes — well, the temptations are obvious.

But Baker's true greatness lies in the distillation of essence. He's honed his (always) limited technique for wholly individual ends: statements built from small gestures, shadowy inflections, acute judgement of tone and volume. Over a pliable, efficient rhythm section of guitar, bass and drums he slowly stoked the fires, growing finely incisive at fast tempos as the set progressed.

His appearance belied his playing. Seated throughout, head bowed, face more craggily lined than ever, he looked like a man grown old too quickly. Yet you could see how hard he was working; and the college kid vocal and scatting on a swinging 'Just Friends' found a burst of youthful spirits.

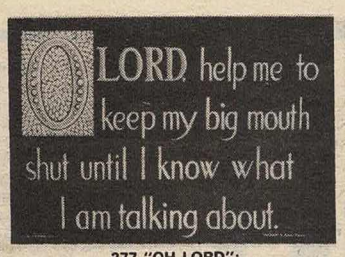
Sal Nistico proved a tremendous partner. I had him down as a burly, bullying player — that's certainly how he looks — but his tenor was full of subtleties, unexpected emphases, phrases sculpted in absolute decision. Some of the dialogue with Baker worked all kinds of harmonic seams.

All a limited brief, but I was glad of it. Mister Chet has survived, is surviving still, and I'm glad of that too.

Richard Cook

POSTERS

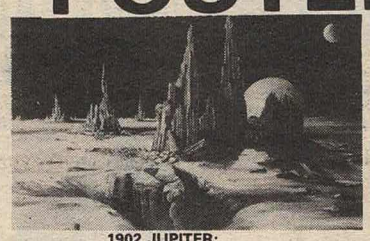
1270 ADAM (of THE ANTS): 29" x 39" £1.55



277 "OH LORD": 30" x 20" 75p

620 THE BEATLES (Palladium 1963): 20" x 30" £1.40

MS16 HENDRIX EXPLOSION: 27" x 37" £1.50



1902 JUPITER: 39" x 22" £1.60

F37 JOHN & YOKO: 23" x 33" £1.20

F297 THE REAPER: 23" x 33" 95p

055 FASCINATION: 60" x 30" £2.25

SP87 BEER DRINKERS: 23" x 34" £1.60

F78 WAITING FOR PEACE: 23" x 33" 95p

1269 HAZEL O'CONNOR: 29" x 39" £1.55

GA109 DRIFTWOOD OF A DREAM (by Jim Hammerud): 36" x 27" £1.95

P3290 SIOUXSIE: 25" x 38" £1.55

651 GRATEFUL DEAD: 14" x 22" 45p

6412 HYDROGEN BOMB: 38" x 26" £1.85

1249 KATE BUSH: 29" x 39" £1.55

2003 BEGINNINGS (by Roger Dean): 40" x 20" £1.75

P3302 ADAM (THE ANTS): 25" x 38" £1.55

1251 BLONDIE: (Life Size): 24" x 60" £1.60

505 "TOMORROW . . .": 30" x 20" 75p

P3301 POLICE: 38" x 25" £1.55

GA122 NO MEAN CITY (By R Matthews): 40" x 20" £1.95

P3300 CONFEDERATE FLAG: 38" x 25" £1.55

GA1 OSIBISA (by Roger Dean): 33" x 16" £1.60

GA55 TWILIGHT TOWER: 27" x 40" £1.95

F368 WESTERN TRUCKERS 33" x 23" £1.20

555 "TOO MUCH SEX . . ." 18" x 28" 60p

300 JIMI HENDRIX: 24" x 28" £1.20

F303 CONVOY TRUCKERS: 33" x 23" £1.20

1261 GARY NUMAN: 29" x 39" £1.55

276 "PILL": 24" x 29" 75p

F280 ELVIS: 23" x 33" 95p

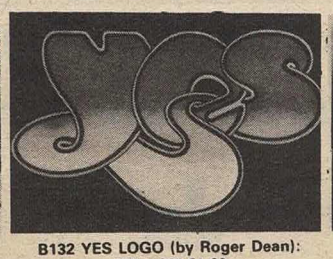
P373 MADNESS: 38" x 25" £1.55

1630 CAT NAP: 38" x 25" £1.75

B135 R. BLACKMORE: 33" x 23" £1.50

1234 DAVID BOWIE: 39" x 29" £1.55

F371 SUZUKI: 33" x 23" £1.20



B132 YES LOGO (by Roger Dean): 33" x 23" £1.60

1246 AC/DC: 39" x 29" £1.55

F289 JOIN THE ARMY: 23" x 33" 95p

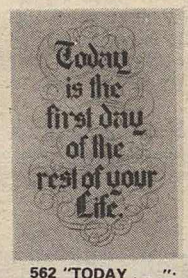
P3287 BLONDIE: 25" x 38" £1.55

905 LOVELIGHT: (dayglo) 19" x 27" 85p

P3222 KATE BUSH: 25" x 38" £1.55

GA30 THE LAST ARMADA (by Rodney Matthews): 40" x 20" £1.95

463 JAMES DEAN: 23" x 35" £1.75



562 "TODAY . . .": 15" x 20" £1.75

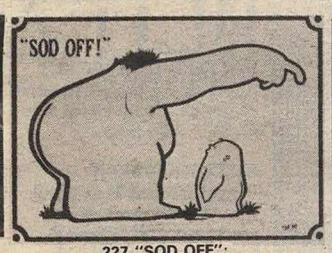
B329 R. Halford (JUDAS PRIEST): 23" x 33" £1.50

F301 OPTIC: 23" x 33" 95p

WE HAVE NOT LEARNED ANYTHING, WE DON'T KNOW ANYTHING, WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING, WE DON'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING, WE DON'T SELL ANYTHING, WE DON'T HELP, WE DON'T BETRAY.
AND
WE WILL NOT FORGET.

190 FREEDOM: (20" x 30") 65p

B243 RUSH: 33" x 23" £1.50



227 "SOD OFF": 20" x 15" 60p

1233 BLONDIE: 37" x 29" £1.55

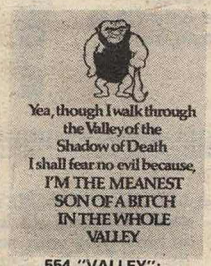
P3263 STRANGLERS: 38" x 25" £1.55

B296 POLICE: 33" x 23" £1.50

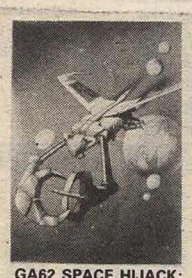
B217 QUEEN: 33" x 23" £1.50

546 CLINT EASTWOOD: 30" x 20" £1.20

GP11 AFTERMATH: 23" x 33" £1.20


Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death I shall fear no evil because, I'M THE MEANEST SON OF A BITCH IN THE WHOLE VALLEY

554 "VALLEY": 18" x 24" 60p



GA62 SPACE HIJACK: 23" x 33" £1.60

B233 DAVID BOWIE: 23" x 33" £1.50

GA52 THE ICE SCHOONER (by Rodney Matthews): 40" x 27" £1.95

F87 BEACH BEAUTY: 23" x 33" 95p

569 IF IT FEELS GOOD 15" x 20" 70p

B139 STATUS QUO: 33" x 23" £1.50

B298 SEX PISTOLS: 33" x 23" £1.50

1263 QUEEN: 39" x 29" £1.55

P3296 GENESIS: 38" x 25" £1.55

33" x 23" £1.50 Each

B164 CARLOS SANTANA
B189 BLACK SABBATH
B198 PINK FLOYD
B205 FREDDIE MERCURY
B209 RORY GALLAGHER
B216 BOSTON
B218 KISS
B220 IAN DURY
B223 ELVIS COSTELLO
B229 THE JAM
B232 BOB DYLAN

33" x 23" £1.50 Each:

B247 YES
B255 BUZZCOCKS
B262 TALKING HEADS
B263 DEVO
B269 SUPERTRAMP
B271 B. SPRINGSTEEN
B281 BOB GELDOF
B285 STRANGLERS
B287 DIRE STRAITS
B291 LED ZEPPELIN
B292 FRANK ZAPPA

33" x 23" £1.50 Each:

B303 STING
B304 SELECTER
B306 JOHN LYDON
B309 PRETENDERS
B310 B. OYSTERS CULT
B314 U.F.O.
B322 DEF LEPPARD
B323 MOTORHEAD
B326 SAXON
B327 IGGY POP
B330 IRON MAIDEN

38" x 25" £1.55 Each:

P4 GENESIS
P84 RAINBOW
P3031 DAVID BOWIE
P3037 ELVIS PRESLEY
P3094 BOB MARLEY
P3098 ABBA
P3195 THE CLASH
P3217 THE JAM
P3224 ROXY MUSIC
P3227 THE WHO
P3232 MOTORHEAD

39" x 29" £1.55 Each:

1198 10 C.C.
1222 THIN LIZZY
1223 BLACK SABBATH
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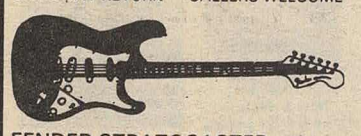

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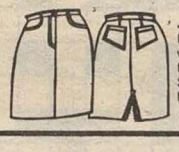

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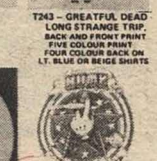

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■ From page 30

professional. About "music coming from within" and "personal messages". Nothing is given away.

The guy tries again — quite innocently — and Michael nearly lets it slip.

"We have positive messages in all our songs. We don't use terminology like *Jesus* or whatever, although he's good — we all love Jesus, God, nature — but, like the song 'Can You Feel It' is saying it all for us. The peacock and what it represents. What more can I say? We just made an animated film for that song. But I don't feel we have to use the word Jesus. . .ah, it's all in the lyric."

MICHAEL JACKSON has a room full of scripts. He likes the part he's been offered in *A Chorus Line* and the story of dancer Bill 'Bojangles' Robinson. He's keeping up with *his* dancing too. Most of his idols are dancers — Russian dancers especially. He's happy enough.

But a cloak of secrecy and protection — over-protection — seems to surround the heart-throb. Whatever lies at its core won't be penetrated in a decade. From all the advice and semi-apologies that accompanies my meeting with him, I might deduce a kid on the edge. He *is* vague, he is in possession of a butterfly thought pattern, and externally he is painfully fragile. Quite unlike his brothers. He's certainly not a Star, *a la* wonky Streisand. His aloofness stems more from a childlike shyness and apparent lack of confidence in his own conversational voice.

As for all the whispering, phone listening, and attention wandering, well, I'm beat. He struck me at times as having just a touch of the character that Peter Sellers played in *Being There*.

This was never more evident than when we parted. He shook my hand very lightly.

"See you, Michael," I said. "Mind howya go, eh?"

He stood for a second, unblinking and with that ever-present, almost hippyfied smile.

"Thank you," he began with absent-minded sincerity. "Thank you. I will. I will mind how I go."

And he slowly walked toward the lift.

ALTHOUGH JOE and me were there the next day, and the next day and the next, as were Marlon, Tito, Jackie and Randy at times, Michael never showed up for that photo session. One day he was 'ill" and on the Friday he'd "hurt his back and couldn't be available for at least a week". So it was blown out. Sorry, 'girls'. That's showbusiness.

And what about The Jacksons as a group? Well, I won't bore you with another, albeit sincere, plug for their excellent product. They may be from Gary, Indiana, but they're honorary Californians now. I know that because of exchanges like the one when I asked what their greatest dream was:

"My great dream," Marlon bubbled, "would be to sit in the seats and watch us perform."

Tito jumped in. "Right. You know I actually did dream that once?"

Michael looked over.

"Oh really? Was it sold out?"

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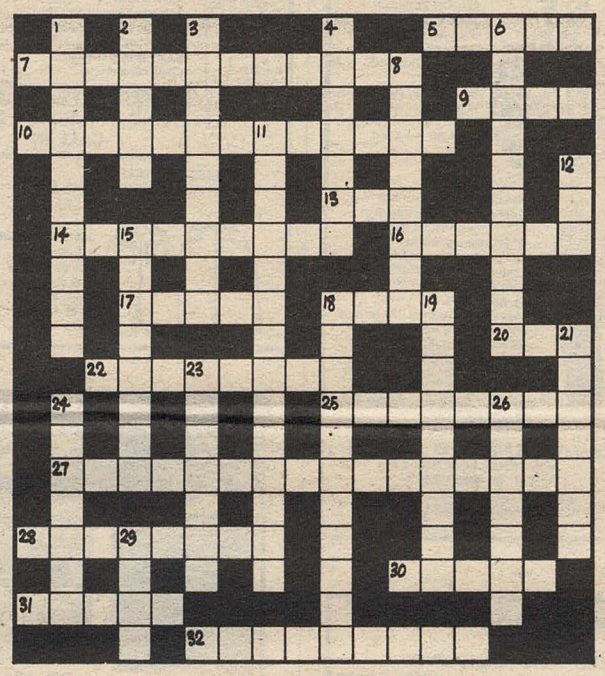

ACROSS

5 As insecure as Sylvester Stallone?
7 Reluctant Oscar winner 6,1,5)
9 Paul Kossoff's old band
10 Successor to 'Manifesto' (5,3,5)
13 Hackneyed old fart combo slightly less than helpless!
14 Genesis keyboardsman (4,5)
16 Aka William Robinson
17 Wah! Pete
18 Headgirl
20 See 32
22 Celebrated '70s D. Hoffman movie
25 An H. Devoto publication
27 Biblical retribution on the Tribes of Funk?! (5,4,3,4)
28 Musk wine for modernes! (3,5)
30 Runners theorist
31 Founded by Dave Robinson and Jake Riviera
32 & 20 1968 instrumental hit for Mason Williams

DOWN

1 Girl group formed out of remains (sic) of Bodysnatchers (5,5)
2 Scars overthrown by anarchy!
3 '60s Crystals hit (3,1,5)
4 After Beatles, once described as British Beat Boom's most consistent singles band
6 With her husband Gerry Goffin, writer of The Shirelles' 'Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow?' (6,4)
8 The Twins?
11 Peerless '60s singer who made hits out of the songs of Bacharach & David (6,8)
12 & 21 'London Calling' producer
15 Drown 'ere (3,5)
18 Ramona, Jane, June and Kate (3,8)
19 Beach Boy (2,7)
21 See 12
23 Stranglers song for the *Tatler* crowd
24 Their first hit was with a 16 across classic (3,4)
26 A Merseybeat No 1 (1,4,2)
29 Stevie's brother the producer

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 'Kilimanjaro'; 8 (Grateful) Dead; 9 'Turn (Turn Turn)'; 10 Dory Previn; 11 'The River'; 12 'Guns of (Navarone)'; 14 Soap; 15 Attractions; 18 (Manfred) Mann; 19 Eagles; 20 Mick; 21 '(You're So) Vain'; 24 Amp; 25 Radio Caroline; 27 'You're So (Vain)'; 28 Everett; 29 Aswad.

DOWN: 2 'Intuition'; 3 'I Can't Explain'; 4 'Aladdin Sane'; 5 'Journeys To Glory'; 6 'Over You'; 7 Danny (& The Juniors); 8 (Dave) Davies; 12 Grateful (Dead); 13 Note; 16 Nick Mason; 17 '(Guns Of) Navarone'; 22 Manfred (Mann); 23 Scott; 26 Dave (Davies); 27 Yes.

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Roxy Music — Jealous Guy 12" (Full version — Pic. Imp) 2.99
New Order — Ceremony 12" (Diff pic to 7") 1.75
Polecats — John I'm Only Dancing (10" in Pink vinyl) 1.49

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New Order — Ceremony (Magnificent new single — pic) 95
Pylon 10" — Cool/ Dub 4 tracks all non LP (pic) 1.99
The Jam — U.S. Imp. LP — Sound Affects (plus free Ltd. Ed. demo 45, Going Underground) 4.75
Jam — That's Entertainment 45 (re-recorded c/w Down In The Tube Station Live version German) Pic 1.05
Adam & The Ants — Blue Vinyl Flexi Disc "Ants" (Y.M.C.A.) + Pop Magazine, very ltd ..... 60p + 40p p&p
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7" OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN — Sam; Jolen, I honestly love you, If not for you, each 2.75
7" ROXY MUSIC Over you; Angel eyes; Dance away ..... each 2.75
7" BOOMTOWN RATS Mondays; D Smiles; S Looking ..... each 2.75
7" SIOUXSIE/BANSHEES Happy house; Staircase; Hong Kong each 2.75
7" KRAFTWERK Robots/Trans Europe 2.75
7" OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN/E.L.O. Xanadu 2.75
7" MADNESS One step beyond 2.75
7" CLASH I fought law/White man; L. Calling; Bankrobber ..... each 2.25
7" JAPAN 2nd emotion; Life in Tokyo; Quiet life; Sometimes I feel low; Unconventional. (All great pics) ..... each 2.25
7" QUEEN Another one bites; Now I'm here; Killer queen; Bicycle race; Play the game; Save me ..... each 2.75
7" KATE BUSH Babooshka; Hammer horror; Heavy people/Man with child; Symphony in blue; Wuth. Heights; Breathing ..... each 2.75
7" KISS Christine 16; Calling Dr. Love; I was made for loving; F. Youth; Rocket ride; Shout it out/S. Pain; Shout/Nothing; Sure know ..... each 2.75

60's & 70's & 60's & 70's & 60's & 70's

L.P. Monkees — More of; 1st; Birds Bees; Pisces, Aquarius; Headquarters (all Jap.! + Lyrics) ..... each £6.99
L.P. Family — Anyway; Fearless; Bandstand; Songs For Me; Only A Movie (all imports) ..... each £5.44
L.P. Live At Cavern (16 tracks by Heinz, Dave Berry, Big Three, Bern Elliot + others. 1964 recording) (I) £5.49
L.P. MOTT THE HOOPLE First; Mott; Live. (All I) ..... each 4.99
L.P. T. REX T. Rex/Bolan Boogie (Double album) (I) 5.99
L.P. MONKEES — 1st, More of; Birds, Bees. (All Jap.! + lyrics) ..... each 6.99
L.P. STATUS QUO Mean girl; In my chair (Both I) ..... each 4.49
L.P. D.D.D.B.M.T. If music be food; Attention. (Both I) ..... each 4.99
L.P. ELECTRIC PRUNES Mass.n.F Minor (I) 4.99
L.P. LOVE SCULPTURE Blues helping; Forms & feelings (Both I) ..... each 4.99
L.P. SCOTT McKENZIE San Francisco (includes 'Old t. movie) 5.25
L.P. MAN 2 oz. of plastic with hole in middle (I) 4.99
L.P. M. MANN'S CHAPTER THREE Vol. 1 (I) 5.49
L.P. PRETTY THINGS First; Emotions; Get picture (All I) ..... each 4.99
L.P. SHOCKING BLUE Greatest Hits (includes Venus) (I) 5.25
L.P. SPENC. DAVIS First; Autumn '66; Gimme loving (All I) ..... each 4.49
L.P. KINKS Really got me; All day & all night (Both I) ..... each 4.49
L.P. MOTT THE HOOPLE 2. Miles from heaven (includes new & rare tracks plus hits) (I) 4.99
L.P. T. REX Fut. Dragon (+ lyrics) (I) ..... 5.49 Debora (I) 3.99
L.P. T. REX Great hits (Jap.! + lyrics) 7.99
L.P. BOLAN Words & Music 1944-1977 (Dble) (I) 7.99

JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM

7" JAM — Strange Town (Jap.! + lyrics) (Diff. p. to Brit) 2.75
7" JAM — When You're Young (Jap.! + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JAM Start/When you're young (I) 1.20
JAM BOOK First biography + lots of photos ..... 3.95 + 80p P&P
7" JAM Flexidisc in BLUE VINYL or YELLOW VINYL. Pop art poem / Boys up town (remix) (+ Flexipop mag.) ..... 80p + 50p for good P&P (UK)
L.P. JAM Sound Effects (I) (Back of sleeve totally diff. pic. to Brit.) (+ free promotional copy of G. Underground/Dreams) 4.99
7" JAM That's entertainment / Tube station (live) (German I.) (P) 1.15
7" JAM Start (Original British pic) 1.25
7" JAM Start (Jap.! + lyrics) (Diff. P to Brit) 2.75
7" JAM Sat's kids/Heatwave (Jap.! + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JAM Eton rifles (Jap.! + lyrics) (Diff. P to Brit.) 2.75
7" JAM Going underground (Jap.! + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JAM David Watts (Jap.! + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JAM Sats kids/Heatwave (I) 1.25

BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE

12" BOWIE Scary Monsters (I)(P) (note: In line with our policy, this record was not advertised last week because it was not available in the country at that time) £1.49
BOWIE CASSINGLE — Up The Hill/C Japan (P)50p P&P) £1.49
BOWIE CASSINGLE — S Monsters/Because (P)50p P&P) £1.49
L.P. BOWIE (I) CHAMELEON (12 track Best of ..... Diff to any Brit)Fantastic sive ..... Bowie's face split into 4 phases) 5.99
L.P. BOWIE — EVENING WITH (rare promotional L.P. of music and interviews, 46 mins)(I)(P) 11.50
BOWIE VIDEO THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH Full length Bowie Video film. (80p for good P&P/VHS or BETAMAX) (80p for good P&P vital) £39.95
L.P. BOWIE Ziggy Stardust (gatefold sleeve) (I) 5.99
7" BOWIE (All Jap.! + lyrics ..... good pics) Starman; Be my wife; Y Americans; Boys; S & Vision; Soul love/Blackout ..... each 2.75
7" BOWIE It's no game/Fashion (Jap.! + lyrics to both) (Diff Pic) 2.75
7" BOWIE C.Japan/Alabama (Jap.! + lyrs)(Diff Pic) 2.75
7" BOWIE Rev song (Jap.! + lyrs) (Diff pic to any Brit) 2.75
BOWIE BADGES (1 inch) Low, Man who sold, John I'm, Ashes (clown) Scary Monsters (P&P 14p any quantity U.K.) ..... 25p each
12" BOWIE Ashes to Ashes (long vers) A Song (good pic)(I) 3.49
7" BOWIE Breaking Glass + 2 Itd BLUE vinyl)(I)(Diff P to Brit) 2.25
7" MANNISH BOYS, DAVY JONES, LOWER 3rd, I pity the fool/Take my tip/Habit of leaving/Baby loves that way (early pic) 1.99
LP BOWIE 1980 All Clear 10 tracks from various albums. Rare promotions LP V Itd (Good pics on sleeve)(I) 13.99
12" BOWIE John I'm (EXP) + free RCA 'John' Promo badge) 1.75
The above is a small selection from over 170 Bowie goodies

12" ALLSORTS 12" ALLSORTS 12"

12" BULLSHIT DETECTOR (24 tracks + by Crass)(P) £1.35
12" RUSH Vital Signs/Passage/Circumstances/Mood (P) £1.99
12" SPANDAU BALLET Musclebound/Glow (P) £1.99
12" BAUHAUS Bela Lugosi's Dead (P) £2.25
12" MOTELS Danger/Envy/Total Control (5.51) £1.99
12" COMSAT ANGELS Eye of a Lense/Another Word (remix) + 2 (P) £1.99
12" P. GABRIEL Biko (dif pic to Brit) (I) (P) £2.99
12" NEW ORDER Ceremony (E) (P) (+ free Joy Div. flexi) 1.99
12" LENE LOVICH New toys (E) (P) 1.99
12" P. GABRIEL — I don't remember (5.56) + 3 (P) (I) 3.49
12" PHIL LYNOTT — Yellow pearl (P) 1.99
12" BERLIN BLONDES — Framework (remix) (P) 1.99
12" CLASSIX NOUVEAUX — Guilty/Robots Dance (Both remix) (P) 1.99
12" HEAVEN 17 (½ of Human League) — Faschist Groove Thang (P) 1.99
12" HAZEL O'CONNOR D. Days / Zoo / Time is free 1.99
12" TOYAH I.E.Y.A. (8 minute version) (P) 1.99
12" PHIL COLLINS I missed again (P) 1.99
12" DURAN DURAN Planet earth (P) 1.99
12" DURAN DURAN Planet earth (P) 1.99
12" CLASSIX NOUVEAUX — Guilty/Robots Dance (Both remix) (P) 1.99
12" HAZEL O'CONNOR Time/Suffragette City (P) 1.99
12" DEVO Whip It / Snowball / Gates of Steel (P) 1.99
12" BEAT Too nice to talk to (Beat design sleeve) 1.99
12" ORCHESTRAL MANOEVRES Enola Gay (P) 1.99
12" SIMPLE MINDS I travel (6.13 remix) (P) 1.99
12" UB40 Earth dies screaming/Dreams I.e (E) (P) 1.99
12" HUMAN LEAGUE Empire state human (P) 2.25
12" SPECIALS Too much too young EP (I) (P) 2.99
This is a selection from our catalogue of over 2000 12"

12" 12" TOP DISCO 12" 12" 12"

12" BURUNDI BLACK Burundi Black (remix)(P) £1.99
12" SHALAMAR Make that move (E) £1.99
12" LIGHT OF WORLD Time (10 mins)/I'm so happy (E) £1.99
12" LIQUID GOLD Don't panic (E) £1.99
12" DETROIT SPINNERS — Yesterday once more 1.99
12" SUGAR MINOTT — Good thing going 2.25
12" LINX Intuition (4.05) (P) 1.99
12" WHISPERS It's a love thing (E) 2.25
12" HEATWAVE Jitterbuggin' + 2 ..... 1.99
12" T. S. MONK Bon bon vie (E) 1.99
12" KELLY MARIE Hot love/Feels like (remix) 1.99
12" SISTER SLEDGE All American girls 1.99
12" SHARON REDD Can you handle it (E) 1.99
12" KOOL & GANG Jones V Jones/Funky stuff/H. Swinging + I (P) 1.99
12" STARS ON 45. (Various disco cuts for D.J. or party use) (I) (P) 3.49
12" JACKSONS Can you feel it (5.58)/Shake your body (8.40) 1.99
12" FREEEZ Southern Freeez (E) (Beggars label) 1.99
12" BEGGAR & CO Somebody help me out (E) 2.25
12" YARBOROUGH & PEOPLES Don't stop music (7.49) 1.99
12" GAP BAND Burn rubber on me (5.30) 1.99
12" EDDY GRANT Do you feel my love (E) 1.99
12" KOOL & GANG Celebration (E) 1.99

POLICE POLICE POLICE POLICE POLICE POLICE

7" POLICE De do (in SPANISH)/De do (in JAP)(K)(P) In stock now 1.25
LP NOW WAVE-(PIC DISC)(has 2 Police tracks)(I) £4.99
7" POLICE De do do do (sung in JAPANESE)/Behind My Camel (diff pic to Brit) (Jap ! + lyrics in Japanese) (P) 2.75
7" POLICE Don't stand (+ poster); Message (P); Walking/Visions (P); Roxanne/Can't stand (P). (All Jap ! + lyrics in Eng) ..... each 2.75
12" POLICE Message live (I) (badge shaped PIC DISC) (P) 8.50
12" POLICE Rox/Can't stand (I) (badge shaped PIC DISC) (P) 15.00
7" POLICE Don't stand / Sermon (Diff. pic to Brit. & other imports) (I) 1.25
7" RADIO ACTORS Nuclear waste (P) (Features Sting on vocals) 1.15
7" POLICE De do do do (Diff. P to Brit. & U.S.) (I) 1.99
7" POLICE Walking on moon/Visions (Diff pic to Brit) (I) 1.99
7" POLICE Don't stand close (Pic sl've ... not poster) (I) 1.99
7" POLICE Fall Out (P) 1.15
7" POLICE PACK 6 singles in wallet ..... £5.99 + £1 for good P&P (U.K.)

BLONDIE BLONDIE BLONDIE BLONDIE BLONDIE

BLONDIE CALENDAR (US Promo calendar)(P&P 60p UK) £1.00
12" BLONDIE Do the dark/Faces/Live it up/Tide (Promo copy) (I) 10.50
12" BLONDIE Rapture (10.02)/Live (8.17) (Diff. pic to Brit) (I) 3.49
7" BLONDIE Rapture/Walk (Diff. pic. to Brit. & other 7" imp) (I) 1.99
LP. BLONDIE Autoamerican (+ 7" Call me in Spanish/Heroes + poster + gatefold lyric sheet + Blondie sticker) (Jap.!) 8.99
7" BLONDIE Rapture (6.33 L.P. version) (Diff. P. to Brit.) (I) 1.25
7" BLONDIE (All Jap.! + lyrics. Diff. pics to Brit.) Call me; Atomic; Dip to shreds; S. Girl; Denis; Dreaming; Heart; Kidnapper ..... 2.75 each
12" BLONDIE Rapture (long version) (P) 1.99
12" BLONDIE Call me (6.23) (Sung in Spanish)/Call me (Inst) (6.10) (I) 3.25
12" BLONDIE Call me (Voc in Eng. & Inst) (I) (P) 2.99
The following 4 singles all have different pics. to each other
7" BLONDIE Tide is high (U.S. Import) (P) 1.25
7" BLONDIE Tide is high (chequered pic) (I) 1.99
7" BLONDIE Tide/Suzy (Jap.! + lyrics to both) (splendid pic) 2.75
12" BLONDIE Tide is high (long version) (I) (P) 2.99
LP. BLONDIE Parallel lines (Picture disc) (I) 15.00
12" BLONDIE Atomic/Die young/Heroes (live) (P) 1.99
12" BLONDIE Heart (Voc. & Inst.) (P) (British Original) 3.50
12" BLONDIE Sunday Girl (Eng. & Fr.)/I know (P) 1.99
7" N.Y. BLONDES Little G.T.O. (I) (P) 1.99
This is a small selection from our large Blondie catalogue

ADAM & ANTS ADAM & ANTS ADAM & ANTS

12" ADAM & ANTS Antmusic (this item has never been available and has now been cancelled) £4.75
L.P. ADAM & THE ANTS Kings (+ P. Darlings & M. History) (I) 3.99
7" DALEK I (Not Adam) Heartbeat (Merrick on drums) (P) 1.15
12" DALEK I (Not Adam) Heartbeat (Merrick on drums) (P) 1.99
7" ADAM & THE ANTS — Stand and Deliver (+ poster) Not released yet
L.P. JUBILEE (Has Plas Surgery & Deutscher girls by Adam) 4.99
ADAM & ANTS MAGAZINE (Opens into Poster) 50p (P&P 50p or free when buying a 12") 1.99
7" ADAM & ANTS A.N.T.S. (Flexidisc in BLUE vinyl) (+ flexipop mag.) 50p + 50p P&P (Post free if buying a 12") 1.99
7" ADAM & ANTS Whip in my valise / Zerox : Ant music : Car trouble : Young Parisians : Dog eat dog : Kings wild frontier . (All pic) ..... each 1.15

STRANGLERS STRANGLERS STRANGLERS

7" STRANGLERS (Deleted Japanese Imports ..... all pic + lyrics) Duchess; Nice 'n sleazy; Walk on by; No more heroes; Something better; Sometimes/Go Buddy; 5 mins/out Tokyo/Death & blood (7 in all) ..... each 2.75
7" STRANGLERS All quiet on Eastern front (I) (P) 1.99
7" STRANGLERS Duchess/Raven (I)(Diff. P to Brit) 1.25
12" STRANGLERS Bear cage + 4 others (Jap.! + lyrics)(P) 4.99
12" STRANGLERS Harry (French)/Sverige + 4 (Jap.! + lyrs) (P) 4.99
L.P. STRANGLERS IV (+ 4 track e.p. with 'Choosey') (I) 4.99
LP. NO WAVE (PIC DISC) (Has 2 Stranglers tracks) (I) 4.99

ABBA ABBA ABBA ABBA ABBA ABBA ABBA

ABBA VIDEO CASSETTES Music Show No.1 & Music Show No.2 (Abba performing 7 different hits on each one) (VHS or BETAMAX) (No.2 only on VHS at moment) ..... each £39.95 + 80p P&P
7" ABBA On & on & on/The Piper (Jap.! + lyrics) (nice pic) 2.75
12" ABBA Chiquitita/Lovelight (I) (P) 3.99
12" ABBA Voulez vous/Angel eyes (I) (P) 3.99
12" ABBA Winner takes it all/Elaine (I) (P) 3.99
7" ABBA Winner takes it all (Jap.! + lyrics) (P) 2.75
12" ABBA I have a dream/Take a chance on me (I) (P) 2.99
12" ABBA Voulez vous/Does your mother (I) (P) (Col. vinyl) 2.99
This is a small selection from over 70 Abba goodies

BEATLES (GROUP & SOLO) BEATLES

Cassingle JOHN LENNON Watching the wheels (P)(p&p 50p) £1.20
L.P. BEATLES Sgt Pepper (pic disc)(Same pic both sides) £4.99
L.P. BEATLES Sgt Pepper (pic disc)(full drum pic on one side)(I) £5.99
7" BEATLES My Bonnie/Skinne Minnie (I)(P) £1.99
12" JOHN LENNON It's so hard/Imagine (I)(P) 2.99
12" JOHN LENNON Working class hero/Imagine (I)(P) 2.99
12" PLASTIC ONO BAND Give peace a chance/R Love (I)(P) 2.99
LP. BEATLES Hard days night (Diff P)(includes 'Ringo's theme instrumental)(I) 4.99
7" LENNON — Starting Over (Jap.! + Lys) (p) £2.75
L.P. McCARTNEY — McCartney 2 (+ free 7" of coming up live) (I) £5.49
L.P. BEATLES Abbey Rd. (PIC DISC) (I) 4.99
Cassingle YOKO ONO Walking on thin ice (P) (50p P&P) 1.20
BEATLES ALBUMS (re-issues of early albums, all with original American sleeves ..... good pics) ..... 4.99 each
MEET THE BEATLES; BEATLES 6; SOMETHING NEW; BEATLES 65; YESTERDAY & TODAY; HEY JUDE (Diff sive to Brit); EARLY BEATLES; HELP (S'track ..... gatefold sive, diff to Brit); BEATLES LIVE AT STARCLUB (Single LP); SONGS & PICTURES OF (V Jay); INTRODUCING BEATLES (V Jay); BEATLES TELL ALL (Interviews etc); LONG TALL SALLY; BEATLES 2nd ALBUM; BEATLEMANIA; TWIST & SHOUT
JOHN & YOKO BOX SET Wedding album (Jap.! + lyrics) (In splendid presentation box) ..... 9.50 + 1.75 good P&P (UK)
Cassingle LENNON (P) (50p P&P) 1.20
L.P. JOHN LENNON Life with Lions/Unfin music (Jap.! + lyrics) 9.25
JOHN LENNON BOX SET (Contains 3 Albums in individually numbered Ltd. edition box) (I) ..... £37.50 (+ 2.25 good P&P)
7" JOHN LENNON Imagine (Jap.! + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JOHN LENNON Stand by me (Jap.! + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JOHN LENNON Mother (Jap.! + lyrics) (P) 2.75
12" SUZY / REDSTRIPES (WINGS) Sea Woman (P) 1.99
L.P. BEATLES In Italy (Gatefold Sleeve) (I) 4.99
L.P. BEATLES Rarities (Diff. recordings of well known tracks. Contains rare pics + Butchers shot. Gatefold sleeve (I) 5.25
12" McCARTNEY Temporary Sec. (10 mins) 1.99

GARY NUMAN/TUBEWAY ARMY/GARY NUMAN

7" G. NUMAN (All Jap.! + lyrics & pics) Cars; Are friends; Complex; We are glass; I die, you die ..... each 2.75
12" G. NUMAN Remember vapour (live & studio vers.) (I) (P) 2.99
G. NUMAN VIDEO Touring principle '79 (VHS or BETA) (80p P&P) 29.95
7" G. NUMAN I dream of wires/Remind me to smile (I) 1.20
12" G. NUMAN Complex (British original) (P) 3.95
7" T. ARMY Bombers/That's too bad (dbl single) (P) 1.60
7" T. ARMY Are friends/Down in the park (I) (P) 1.99
7" T. ARMY Are friends/You are in my vision (I) 1.20
7" GARY NUMAN Cars/Metal (I) 1.20
7" GARY NUMAN Sleep by windows/I die you die (I) 1.20
12" T. ARMY Are friends electric (I) (P) 2.99
12" GARY NUMAN Cars/Asylum (I) (P) 2.99

CASSINGLES (singles on cassettes) CASSINGLES

Cassingle BOW WOW WOW W.O.R.K./C.30 (In Spanish) (P) 1.20
Cassingle ULTRAVOX Slow motion/Quiet men + 3 (P) 1.50
Cassingle HAZEL O'CONNOR — B Days (P) 1.20
Cassingle IRON MAIDEN Twilight Zone (P) 1.20
Cassingle ROD STEWART Oh, God I wish (flip top) (P) 1.20
Cassingle STEVIE WONDER Lately (flip top) (P) 1.20
Cassingle STRAY CATS Rock this town (P) (flip top pack) 1.40
Cassingle PRETENDERS Message of love (P) (flip top) 1.15
Cassingle S WINWOOD While you see a chance (P) (flip top) 1.40
Cassingle BOW WOW WOW C30, C60, C90 go (P) 1.15
Cassingle LENE LOVICH New Toy + 3 (P) 1.15
P & Packing — 50p (Overseas £1) — any quantity

METAL METAL METAL METAL METAL METAL

7" SAXON And The Band Played On (Pic Disc — V Ltd) 1.05
L.P. RAINBOW (dble, 15 track best of, gatefold sleeve)(Jap.! + lyrics) £13.75
12" BILL NELSON Banal + 2 (P) 1.99
7" TYGERS PAN TANG Story so far (Ltd. 3 tracks + badge) (P) 1.15
12" IRON MAIDEN — Live sanctury (4.23)/Phantom (7.12)/Drifter (8.16) (All Live) + Women (I) (lyrics) (has great pic of group) 4.99
7" IRON MAIDEN — Twilight zone (clear or red vinyl) (P) each 1.20
L.P. SCORPIONS Lonesome crow (I) (with M. SCHENKER) 4.49
L.P. SCORPIONS Action (I) (with M. SCHENKER) 4.99
7" GILLAN Trouble (dble single) (P) 1.99
L.P. SCORPIONS Virgin killer

BONAPARTE

BONAPARTE MAIL ORDER

CASSETTES

Ultravox — 4 Track Cassingle. Latest 99p
Cure — Faith LP. Other side is soundtrack of forthcoming Cure Cartoon (not on LP) £3.99
Robert Fripp — Let The Power Fall + League Of Gentlemen on reverse side £3.99
BEF — Music For Stowaways LP. cassette £3.99
David Bowie — Up The Hill Backwards 99p
Hazel O'Connor — New Version of D-Days 99p
Bow Wow Wow — W.O.R.K. etc £1.10
Lene Lovich — New Toy £1.10
Stray Cats — Rock This Town £1.10
Pretenders — Message Of Love In Cassette form £1.10
Various — From Brussels With Love. 80 min. Cassette in pouch + booklet. Incl. John Foxx, Eno, Certain Ratio etc £3.99
Sex Pistols — Interview On Factory cassette in special pouch. Very Ltd £2.99

BLANK CASSETTES

Buy your blank tapes at discount price to do your own tapes. Special offer C90 DCTDK 1.10 each C90 BASF 95p each
+ 25p each post and packing
IN STOCK NOW

Jam — That's Entertainment. New imp. Different picture cover. Great colour pic of band ..... Only £1.15
Bow Wow Wow — Louis Quatorze/Sexy Eiffel Towers. Imp 7". great colour cover ..... Only £1.15
The Face — April Edition (inc Ants, Beat, Gang Of 4) ..... 65p + 25p p&p
Flexi pop magazine + Jam unreleased single (flexi) 60p Eno/Harold Budd — The Plateau of Mirror/Ambulance LP £2.50
Tighten up, vols 5+6 (Classic Reggae LPs) each £2.50
Buzzcocks 6 track 12" (inc 3 latest singles US imp — Pic) £2.99

NEW U.K. 7" VINYLS

Public Image — Flowers of Romance (Pic) 99p
Flying Lizards — Hands To Take (Pic) 99p
Nightingales — Idiot Strength (Pic) 99p
Fire Engines — Everythings Roses (Pic) 99p
Another Pretty Face — Soul to Soul EP (Pic) 99p
Nice Men — Senile Youth (Pic) 99p
Gary Numan — Cars Jap imp 7" (Pic cover) £2.50
Gary Numan — We Are Glass Jap imp (Pic cover) £2.50
David Bowie — Up The Hill Backwards/Crystal Japan (Pic) 99p
UK Subs — Keep On Running. Limited edition on blue vinyl (Pic) 99p
Ultravox — 4-Track Double Single. Very limited (Pic) £1.50
Young Marble Giants — Testcard EP (Pic) 99p
Josef K — Sorry For Laughing (Pic) 99p
Aztec Camera — Just Like Gold (Pic) 99p
Bush Tetras — Too Many Creeps (Pic) 99p
Colin Newman — Inventory (Pic) 99p
Bureau — Only For Sheep (Dexys) (Pic) 99p
Scars — All About You (Pic) 99p
Fad Gadget — Make Room (Pic) 99p
Eyeless In Gaza — Invisibility 3-Track (Pic) 99p
Rezillos — Can't Stand My Baby (Pic) Only 49p
Cure — Primary (Pic) 99p
Comsat Angels — Eye Of A Lens (Pic) 99p
Honey Bane — Baby Love (Pic) 99p
U2 — Pete The Chop (Pic) 99p
Orange Juice — Poor Old Soul (Special cover) 99p
Bauhaus — Kick In The Eye (Pic) 99p
Spandau Ballet — Muscle Bound (Special cover) 99p
XTC — Respectable St (3-Track) (Pic) 99p
Snips — 9 O'Clock (Prod Midge Ure) re-release (Pic) 99p
The Normal — Warm Leatherette/Nod (Pic) 99p
Hazel O'Connor — D Days (New Version) (Pic) 99p
New Age Steppers — Fade Away (Pic) 99p
Gang Of Four — What We All Want + unreleased B side (Pic) 99p
Shakin Pyramids — Take A Trip. Double single pack. Very limited (Pic) 99p
Stiff Little Fingers — Just Fade Away (Pic) 99p
Altered Images — Dead Pop Stars (Pic) 99p
UK Decay — Dresden (Pic) 99p
B52s — Rock Lobster 7" (Pic) V-Ltd 99p
Dalek I Love You — Heartbeat (Pic) 99p
Dexys Midnight Runners — Plan B (Pic) 99p
Heaven 17 — We Don't Need This Groove Thang. (Pic) 99p
Ginax — No GDM (Pic) 99p
T.V.21 — On The Run (Pic) 99p
Steve Diggle — 3 track EP (Pic) 99p
Ben Is King — Back From The Dead (Cubre Libre) (Pic) 99p
Stranglers — Just Like Nothing On Earth (Pic) 99p

WHO WAS CHAIRMAN YOUTH?

Chairman Youth — Uncertainty/Business Partners — Stunning Debut. Great new label. 7" (Pic) 99p

Bow Wow Wow — Work (No No Nah My Daddy Don't) (Pic) 99p
Modern Romance — Tonight (Pic) 99p
Lene Lovich — New Toy (Pic) 99p
Polecats — John I'm Only Dancing (Pic) 99p
Artery — Unbalanced Double Pack (Pic) 99p
Artery — Cars In Motion (Pic) 99p
Visage — Mind Of A Toy (unreleased B side) (Pic) 99p
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Richard Mintoff, c/o The Reptilioso Reprobate, N. East.
The latest rumours to hush Wardour St links the names of Buster Bloodvessel and Mama Cass, no less. — I.P.

God, did you see Hazel O'Connor on *T.O.T.P.* last week?
B.A.G. Bringol, Bangor.
Another rumour has it that Miss Piggy has left *The Muppet Show* and ...

Is there any truth in the rumour that Robert De Niro is playing the part of John Conteh in a 'bio pic' titled *The Raging Ram* and in the process having part of his brain removed to bring authenticity to the role?
Willoughby Fairfax, Liverpool.
No. But he is to play Phil Neal in a film called *England's Pain* and is having both feet removed to better facilitate a realistic performance. — I.P. No more football jokes, please — Sensitive, arts lab Ed.

Antonio Gramsci, a famous 1920's communist who died in a Fascist prison, established a paper called *Ordine Nuovo (New Order)* in 1923. He can hardly be branded "stupid" and "irresponsible" since the Nazis came a good bit later.
You are too sensitive. I mean, you could ban nearly every word in the English language just because Hitler used them in *Mein Kampf.* I doubt the name will drive hundreds into the ranks of the BM, and if it does they mustn't have been too clever in the first place. What name would you like them to have ... something original like The Police or Tony Snow & The Blizzards? It's a different name because they are so different — in fact, "a different story".
Olaf The Much Read, N.1.
Whilst they were still deliberating over a name, I suggested The Problem of Political Leadership in the Formation and Development of the Nation and the Modern State in Italy, but Tony Wilson said it was "too ambiguous." — I.P.

I feel justified to complain about the C81 cassette. I've counted up the times of all the songs and it comes to 79 minutes 27 seconds. You claim — in *NME* 31.1.81 — the C81 is "81 minutes of new noises, new words, new trousers (?) and sometimes new bands ..." Well, it's 1 minute 33 seconds too short (either that or my arithmetic's wrong).
Ian Lee, Leighton Buzzard, Beds.
You left out the Cabaret Voltaire tribute to John Cage. — I.P.

I went to the pictures last Saturday night. The film was sexist. The trailer featured a quote from Mr Angus MacKinnon. How rockist, I thought. The last time my companion was in the building, she had seen the Bay City Rollers. Very Scottist, I smirked. Why not get into the Marxist Gang Of Four, I suggested. Is that the band whose first album was eponymous, she asked. No, I replied, you're thinking of one of the purists from the halcyon daze of whatever summer you want to name.

Well, have I passed the test?
Roberto Texaco, Newtonabbey, N. Ireland.
No, all your isms are *very* passe. For instance, I'm at present engaged on a campaign against all the shopkeepers in the country who make no bones whatsoever about being stockists. — I.P.

There is no doubt, The Leader of the Pack is back in town. Good to see Glitter getting his eyeliner on again, ready set for a comeback. He always was the silly, human face of rock 'n' roll, a clown amongst pretenders. So who wants to get old and cynical. I don't care about the teddy bear wrapping himself in cellophane to be delectable to the kids. In action he's like a vicious, pumping sausage roll frying at the heat of 1500 watt. A true Santa Claus, firing red glowing hits accompanied with smoke and laser beams for the kids. You may think I'm foolish, expressing my childish glee in a reader's page. I was never anything but a fan. The music press has once more started to kick, we should place more importance on the present and less belief in the future, swallow it with a teaspoon of sugar. What we don't use, we don't need. Throw the remains on the log fire and warm yourself to the inner glow of a new found freedom.
George Robin Hawks, Mumford, Norway
No comment. — I.P.

It's your policy to mention *Grange Hill* in *Dangerous Visions,* so it seems you're predicting it to be the *Coronation Street* of this decade. It's not bad if you just observe it, without going into lengthy descriptions of Tommy's toothache or Timmy's piano lessons. What the kids are doing is mostly meaningless, they're not grown up, they are irresponsible. So, why not give the other soaps a chance, they *might* have something to tell. By the way, I think the whole screen needs a clean scrub, the way it's now it's just outta hand, too many soppy, wishy washy accounts of family breakdowns, depression time. Let's see if we can get something straight.
Brady-in-Black (postmarked Norway)
Can I just say that it's never too late to campaign for the repeat, at a civilised time, of *For Maddie With Love?* and *Barney Miller,* 3.45 on a Tuesday afternoon, Thames? Swell breakfast-time TV for decadent poets like me — but what about the rest of the population? — I.P.

IF Mr 'non aligned' of Wolverhampton *(Gasbag* 21.3.81) is so fed up of having politics "pushed down his throat" by features such as that on the Anti Nazi League, then perhaps he needs to ask a few of the non-white residents of his hometown what *they* feel about it. The NF have just published a booklet entitled *We Are National Front* which contains such witty and heartfelt sentiments as the photograph of a man holding a box of peaches with the word 'Blair' written above 'Peach Slices in Syrup' and the accompanying caption which reads: 'One of my favourite photos. I really wanted to get one of Blair, but I could not open the coffin lid'. . .
Non-aligned, London.

As one who always reads the Letters page first — finding fellow readers much more congenial company than the paid staff, as well as being more economical and talented writers — I received young Morley's apology for the Jerry Garcia article before I had a chance to digest it. Having now done so, I'm presuming that the lad is apologising for himself and his astonishing, misplaced arrogance, rather than for Mr Garcia, who — whatever one's opinion of his music — must have endeared himself to millions with his sheer tolerance and semblance of mature behaviour.

Paul begins by attacking Garcia for only being interested in music and drugs, and then proceeds to judge the man purely on a musical basis. And to berate Garcia for not being The Fire Engines is like asking Chet Baker why he doesn't sound like Don Cherry; Count Basie why he doesn't play like Steve Nieve; or August Darnell why he doesn't dress like Adam Ant.

Unlike his more successful encounter with Jagger the meeting with the Dead guitarist didn't even begin to work, entirely because Garcia's best music has always had that American, spacey, timeless feel to it — in common with purer blues and country — and doesn't operate on a pure pop/youth music level and doesn't pretend to, unlike Jagger's music. For this reason it's possible to appreciate a record like 'American Beauty' today for its own sake and *still* swoon to a Delta Five gig or the new TV Personalities album, or . . . whatever's your fascination.

Paul Morley was last seen putting the finishing touches to his make up and staring intently at his reflection in the mirror. Tonight is going to be the biggest night of his life, they're all going to be there — Orange Juice, Josef K, New Order, The Walker Brothers — and all playing only for him, in the living room of his mind, where it is always NOW. A trickle of sweat from anticipation appears and streaks the Dorian Gray mask. "But if you're not an adult, what are you?" he asks the reflection.
Mike McCormack, Surbiton, Surrey.
I once asked August Darnell why he didn't dress like Adam Ant, actually. The reply can be found in the form of 'I'm An Indian Too' by Don

Armando's Second Avenue Rhumba Band (Ze/Buddah 12" ZEA 12 003)

There is a natural disposition, chronic in some ages, to escape from existence into the aesthetic and the intellectual, and to find in these preoccupations a dispensation from the decisions and experience which form and mature the personal self. One who lives in the aesthetic, plays emotionally and imaginatively with all possibilities, renounces nothing, commits himself as little as possible in vocation, marriage, belief, enjoys a literary interest in all faiths and customs and relationships, comes and goes in his wishes and desires of the moment, and is subject to fortune and misfortune. One who lives in the intellectual, claims to rise above the world of change and chance, to regard and judge everything from the point of view of the eternal, with detachment, to put everything in its place in the system, coordinated and understood.

And there, dear readers, you have Paul Morley and Ian Penman.
Soren ('It means nothing to me') Kirkegaard, Wembley.
Uncommitted? Detached? You should try us come throwing-out time at Heaven or Cabaret Futura some morning! — I.P.

So, the open season for Who-bashing, that favourite blood sport, culminates in your columns in a dual attack on the new album and the tour. Congratulations. It's unfortunate that your record critic, while ready to flaunt his erudite understanding of Wilfred Owen — a poet on whom typical studies are readily available — is unable to understand the lyrics of 'Cache Cache', which he singles out for his especial disapproval. For your information, Gavin dear, the song is about sex: it is a rejection of machismo, which originates in the man's fear of female sexuality (the *vagina dentata,* here represented by the bears), and a celebration of equality, sensitivity and understanding.
Jocelyn Rose, Wormingford, Colchester.
Tell that to Goldilocks. — I.P.

I want to be the first to start a 'New Romantic' backlash . . .
Leigh '1978-9' Collis, Littleover, Derby.
Well you're too late. Next severely edited letter, please. — I.P.

It's about time *NME* faced the fact that a lot of people still like (long hair, b.o.f.) rock . . . What the hell do *NME* staffers play at their parties for a good time?
G P Lambert, Seaford, Sussex.
I should be lucky enough to get an invite! — I.P.

FOR THE ATTENTION OF MR CHRIS BOHN
Dear Cretin,
How unfortunate that the editor chose to send someone so advanced in his musical knowledge to a Status Quo concert . . .
Mrs Karen Hall, Chadwell Heath, Romford.
I agree. My fantastic Pere Ubu/Subway Sect/Furious Pig Heaven review could have been printed instead. What *do NME* staffers play at their parties? — I.P.

Did Gavin Martin really listen to 'Face Dances'; and did Paul Tickell actually go to Wembley for the Who concert?
Eric Mackay, Whitley Bay, Tyne and Wear.
NO and NO. Reassured? — I.P.

Here's a letter to print. I've just purchased your rag for the last time. What a shit. I saw The Who at . . .
M F Benson, Kirton, Boston, Lincs.
And I saw this letter a million times this week. In future, will you all just get a petition together? Repetitive harangues are a sap's business. *Sapping,* sorry. — I.P.

T-ZERS

BY ERROL G.

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE STRUMMER

A surprise entrant in last Sunday's London Marathon enters the final stretch of the 26 mile course, closely pursued by seasoned veteran Bernard Rhodes (32).

DEXY DICTATOR **Kevin Rowlands** has finally broken his self-imposed silence to bare his soul to the world. Not directly to lowly **Errol** or one of his lowlier minions, you'll understand, but an alert radio monitor managed to pick up a few pearls from his revelations to **Sarah Ward's** excellent World Service rock programme, Friday night/Saturday morn 1.45 am.

"I wouldn't say I'm bored with soul," he reveals, in that sulky Brummie accent, "but I don't listen to it all the time — nowhere near as much as I could." Don't jettison your Stax collections yet Dexys fans, there's more. "There are lots of great records that still stand out to me, like **Aretha Franklin's** 'Say A Little Prayer' which I listen to at least once a day. I'm just moving on a little bit."

To what, you may ask. "New influences are definitely jazz, bebop jazz and early '50s gospel music, which will unfold in the next few records actually."

So how did he feel after the first Dexy's split — devastated? Not really. "I sort of felt the emotional impact about six months before it happened . . . it wasn't something that happened over night, it was something that was building up for a long time and I was far from happy with the way things were going and I knew it couldn't go on like that."

Modest Kevin confessed to being Dexy's sole innovator: "It was obviously my initial ideas. Therefore it was built around my lifestyle, if you like, and I went and got other people along. They at first related to it and decided to go along with it and one day they probably woke up and realised it wasn't really them."

How does he feel about the boys' new band **Bureau?** "I'm really flattered that they wrote a song about me. Their current record, I have it on close authority, that it's about me.

"I think the angle is they can only be as sheep with a dictator like me in the chair."

Well, our close authority, ie **Gavin Martin,** claims that Bureau's 'Only For Sheep' was included in Bureau singer **Archie Brown's** old group **Upset's** repertoire. Still, let's forget the past and move onto the present. About his new Dexy's he says: "(There's) no illusions on either side now . . . they know that I'm the leader of the group and I've got quite strong ideas about where we want to go and what we're not going to do. We start off on that kind of understanding . . "

MULTI-TOASTERED anarchic couth London reggae rockers **Talkover** are a little quieter than usual this weekend following the theft of roughly £2,000 worth of amps, tannoys and related tools from their Brixton rehearsal basement. They're still gonna try and meet their forthcoming dates, but would be a lot better placed to do so if anyone were to phone **Ed** on 499-2051 with details of the snaffled studio stuff . . .

THE **Bush Tetras** themselves, meantime, were forced to cancel their date of Dingy — y'know, Dingwalls — upon returning from two weeks in France and Germany. Exhaustion was the reason given, although the group had recovered sufficiently by the weekend to play three jigs, record their 'Das All Riot' single for Fetish and basstetra **Laura** even bought a new pair of boots in Kensington Market, where she bumped into **Errol** on Saturday. So what does she think to all the Beau Blitzy fashion on display and parade? "There's nothing like it in New York, but at least what we do have is a hell of a lot cheaper! I mean, some of this stuff is fun but it's a bit *frightening!*"

Steve Jones left London last Friday to renew acquaintances with his old pal **Biggsy** in Barbados . . .

Following the now-official demise of the **Buzzcocks, Paddy Garvey** auditioned for **Kevin Mooney's** vacant bass stool in the **Ants.** He failed. The humilation of it all! . . .

THIS WEEK'S love line and a transatlantic one at that: would you believe **Belle Cat Sarah-Jane Owen** and **Stray Star Slim Jim Phantom**? Jim, not to mention most of **Madness,** checked the Belles at the Hope And Anchor on Friday night. **Chas Smash** turned up with a pile of comics under his arm for the soundcheck and considered jamming on trumpet with the Belles on their encore version of 'Funky Chicken'. Perfectionist Chas then went home to try and learn the song, but didn't reckon he could get it exactly right in time. There's always another day . . .

STEADY ON! **Rusty Egan** a little miffed at **Simple Minds'** sideswipe at **Ultravox, Visage** et le Beau Monde in their recent *NME* feature. *"I* don't know why the Minds aren't massively successful. I *love* that group! I've been going to see 'em for two years! I'd love to see 'em in the chart." Egan's latest pet project, meantimes, is an electronic versionette of **Mahler's** Fifth Symphony. Mmmmmm. Egan, though, is *not* producing the new **Phil Lynott** LP. Jus' drumming on a coupla tracks . . .

IT was a night," says **Mo-Dettes** manager **Bob Black,** "when there seemed to be a fight every 20 minutes." However, the Big One was delayed until the final encore of The Mo-Dettes Friday night gig at Borehamwood Civic Hall. It was then that the local chapter of British Movement Nazis formed up in front of the stage to enact their tedious Teutonic ritual. On this occasion it climaxed when around 35 meatheads attempted to storm the stage and trashed £500 worth of the group's equipment. Roadies formed a barrier in front of stage preventing even further damage. As a result of the incident, a BM supporter was hospitalised and, when the local Police arrived, a Mo-Dette roadie was charged with two cases of assault . . .

SPANDAU BALLET took time off from the smoke recently to visit England's beautiful Lake District where they shot a video to promote their new single 'Glow'. Cost of the venture? A paltry £30,000, which is a damn sight more than they coughed for their album . . .

The Professionals are completely remaking their dubious album and would like to enlist the assistance of producer **Chris Thomas.** It's unlikely that the Welsh millionaire will be able to oblige, however, as he is already booked to twiddle the knobs on a brace of albums by boring old **Pete Townshend** and **Elton John** . . .

CONTRARY TO the impression given in our recent **Buzzcock** reports, it should be stressed that **The Invisible Girls** — with whom **John Maher** is joining up — are not actually **Pauline Murray's** group, but **Martin Hannett's.** And what's more, they'll be bringing out an LP in their own right, for May or June release. The IGs at present comprise of Hannett, **Maher, Steve Hopkins** and a transitory cast of thousands . .

Not only that but Polydor were a mite ruffled (for which read very uptight) about the wording on our **Killing Joke** *T-zer* last week, when we said the company were keen to make the new Joke 45 number one in the Hit Parade. This, they thought, implied (erk!) hyping and like malpractices; it never entered our heads honest, honi soit qui mal y pense . . .

Popular R&B combo **The Little Roosters** recently demonstrated a fine disregard for the laws of probability by driving safely all the way from Paris — got a bit damp crossing the channel but no other mishaps — until they were three miles from home, at which point they totalled their van. No injuries except that **Garrie Lammin's** haircut got flattened and he was taken to hospital for a transplant. This *T-zer* did not originate at Cabaret Futura . . .

AND NOW . . . how the stars see themselves, the Belle Stars to be precise. As a prelude to Adrian Thrills' feature on the Belles next week, we thought the nation has a right to see this exceedingly flattering portrait of the group by their keyboard player Penny Leyton — that's her behind the Farfisa, the one with knobbly knees. The others, from left to right, are Stella, Jennie, Lesley, SJ, Miranda and Judy. See you in the flesh next week girls.

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BETTER BADGES

This Last Week			
1	(—)	Ceremony — New Order	20p
2	(3)	Nagasaki Nightmare	20p
3	(2)	Ant Music	20p
4	(1)	Ants Invasion	20p
5	(—)	Ants No 3	20p
6	(—)	Pop Art — Jam	20p
7	(10)	Ants No 1	20p
8	(9)	CND	20p
9	(8)	Physical Ants	20p
10	(—)	Black + White — Ants	20p

NEW RELEASES
New Order — "Ceremony" 1"; Gang Of Four — "History" 1¼"; Delta 5 — "D.V." 1"; Pere Ubu — "Art Of Walking" 1"; Crass — "Nagasaki Nightmare" 1"; U.K. Decay — "Unexpected Guest" 1"; Bow Wow Wow.
NEW FANZINES (inc P&P)
ID3 — Fashion Fanzine 85p; Over The Top 1 — Heavy Metal 40p; Panache 15 — Ants Special 45p; I.D.3 85p.

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